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Selections from the works of the British classical poets from Shakespeare
to Shelley

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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

BRITISH CLASSICAL POETS.

SELECTIONS
FROM THE WORKS
OF THE
BRITISH CLASSICAL POETS

FROM
SHAKESPEARE TO SHELLEY.

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

BY
MARIA MARY MARINACK.



LEIPZIG:
F. A. BROCKHAUS.

1861.

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BRITISH CLASSICAL POETS

AND

TRANSLATED TO SHEW

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED

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TO HER EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY BLOOMFIELD

BY

HER MOST OBEDIENT, GRATEFUL, AND DEVOTED SERVANT

MARIA MARY MARINACK.

LADY BLOOMFIELD
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
TO HER EXCELLENCY
DEDICATED

MARIA MARY MARINACK
HER MOST OBLIGED, GRATEFUL, AND DEVOTED SERVANT

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN offering to the Public a new Anthology from the works of the British Classical Poets, beginning with Shakespeare and terminating with Shelley, I think it my duty to inform my readers, in a few words, its object, and the principles which guided me in my selection.

The design of my work is two-fold: first, to endeavour to supply a void which is experienced more and more every year; and, secondly to refine the taste for, and extend the study of English Literature. With respect to the first point, I hope to have attained my purpose and that this collection will be found to be one of the most complete, of all those which have been hitherto published in Germany or England. It is not my wish to compare my Anthology with those Manuals, Selections, &c., which have heretofore appeared; but I have tried to improve them in which I found wanting in them, and have willingly retained all I considered valuable; this, a careful perusal of my work will prove. It may be asserted that the various compilations now used have passed through so many editions, that there can be no better proof of their utility and sufficiency, and thus render any new publication of a similar kind superfluous. On the contrary I must confess that this fact confirmed me in my intention and showed me the necessity of such a selection as that which I have now published. As to the second point, I have had the opportunity of observing during the space of five years, the increase of the general interest throughout Germany for English Literature, particularly Poetry, and being incited by a fervent admiration for my native Poets and aware of the great difficulty and expense which must be incurred to procure their complete Works, as well as acquainted

with the defects and insufficiency of the ordinary compilations, I considered it a very gratifying undertaking to give a general insight into the character and style of British Writers and so engage the attention of my readers that they may be inclined to further their researches by perusing more amplified editions of those authors whose extracts or more concise productions they may find suited to their taste.

The first principle which influenced me in my selection, was, to give as faithfully as possible those effusions of the poets, the matter and form of which are considered the most perfect, and I may be assured I have conscientiously made my choice and that I have often after much mature reflection on the admittance or rejection of some of the pieces. The second principle which directed me, was, to avoid all that is improper for the perusal of youth, and I am convinced, that, by following this rule, I have not omitted the most beautiful passages. Thus, this volume may be safely recommended to the heads of the higher Schools and Institutions, and to the Libraries of Young Persons.

The Prefaces will concisely acquaint the readers with the life and fate of the Poets, and, I hope, tend to create an interest in their Works, Person, and Character; but, beyond this, they possess no biographical worth.

Should my project be crowned with success, I intend to add to the two more Parts; the first of which will commence with the earliest Poets and extend to Shakespeare, the last will be a continuation from Shakespeare to the present time, so that they will form a complete series in three volumes.

Finally, I embrace, with much pleasure, this opportunity of publicly thanking Dr. Pfund, of the Royal Library of Berlin, for so disinterestedly and kindly assisting me to procure those works which were necessary for the fulfilment of my undertaking.

BERLIN, MICHAELMAS, 1860.

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SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the most illustrious dramatic poet of England, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23rd, 1564. He was the son of a dealer in wool, who appears, also to have carried on the business of a butcher. He was educated at the free-school of his native place. Nothing definite is known of his early career; it is recorded that he was wild and irregular and fled to London in order to escape being prosecuted for deer stealing, but this story is now generally disbelieved. While there he received many marks of favor from Queen Elizabeth. He was the great poet of nature. His dramatic writings are perfectly original and form a singular mixture of beauties and blemishes.

Dryden says "of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, Shakespeare had the largest and most comprehensive soul." He expired on the anniversary of his natal day A. D. 1616 at his native town.

COUNSEL IN AFFLICTION.

PATIENCE, unmoved, no marvel though she
pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of
pain,
As much, or more, who should ourselves
complain.

COMEDY OF ERRORS. Act II, Scene I.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his
crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. Act IV, Scene I.

APOSTROPHE TO ENGLAND.

As a long parted Mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in
meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle
earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's ene-
mies.—

By that sin fell the angels, how can man,
 then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that
 hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
 fear not!
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
 O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in;
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny. 'Tis the king's; my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Crom-
 well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

HENRY VIII. Act III, Scene III.

MACBETH

BEFORE THE MURDER.

Is THIS a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let
 me clutch thee;
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed
 brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which I now draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was
 going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon gouts of
 blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such
 thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
 world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
 abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his
 stealthy face,
 With Jarquin's ravishing sides, towards his
 design,

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
 earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
 for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat
 he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
 gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

MACBETH. Act II, Scene I.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON, GOING TO TRAVEL.

GIVE thy thoughts us tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption
 tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of
 steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
 ment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
 Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may be beware of
 thee.
 Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
 judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gandy,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This, above all, to thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HAMLET. Act I, Scene III.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

TO BE, or not to be, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous for-
 tune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to
 sleep,—
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
 shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's
the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose
bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we
have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET. Act III, Scene I.

LOVE.

CLEOPATRA. If it be love indeed, tell me
how much.

ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that
can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be
belov'd.

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Act I, Scene I.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
Music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bims:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

* * *

We are never merry when we hear sweet
music.

The reason is our spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful or unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore,

the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
rage,

But music for the time doth change his
nature:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet

sounds;
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. Act V, Scene I.

SONG.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking, Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My Lady, sweet, arise;

Arise, Arise!

CYMBELINE. Act II, Scene III.

DESCRIPTION OF A COXCOMB.

I REMEMBER, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my
sword,

Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new
reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came
there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and
talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being
cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me
mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so
sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save
the mark!),
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on
earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

HENRY IV. Part 1. Act I, Scene III.

PRINCE HENRY ON SEEING THE
CROWN OF HIS FATHER.

WHY doth the crown lie there upon his
pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it
now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin
bound,
Shores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou
dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of
breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless
down
Perforce must move. My gracious Lord!
my Father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear Father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and
blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
(putting it on his head)
Which Heaven shall guard: And put the
world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

KING HENRY IV. Part 2. Act iv, Scene iv.

THE KING AND HIS SON PRINCE
HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

I NEVER thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seekst the greatness that will over-
whelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few
hours
Were thine without offence; and, at my
death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony
heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! can'st thou not forbear me half an
hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave
thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my
hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the
worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink,
dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour,
might;

For the fifth Henry from curb'd licence
plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

KING HENRY IV. Part 2. Act IV, Scene IV.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. First the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining schoolboy, with his
satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like
snail

Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a
soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the
pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel:

Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
side;

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too
wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
voice,

Turning again towards childish treble,
pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
every thing.

AS YOU LIKE IT. Act II, Scene VII.

FLATTERY AND FRIENDSHIP.

EVERY one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery:
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends 'tis hard to find;
Every man will be thy friend,
While thou hast wherewith to spend.
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will keep thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow he will weep;
If thou wake he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful Friend from flattering Foe.

CONTENT.

Two easy things will satisfy mankind,
An easy fortune, and an easy mind.

LABOUR.

WEARINESS can snore upon the flint, when
resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
daineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when
heaven's sun staineth.

SONNET.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift con-
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall
stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O! no; it is an ever-fix'd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste

Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night.

And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SONNET.

LET those who are in favour with their
stars

Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves
spread,

But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior, famed for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

SONNET.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the sullen surly bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to
dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be
forgot,

If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:

Lest the wise world should look into your
moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, a lawyer and poet, was born at Tisbury in Wiltshire in 1570, and studied at Queen's College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple. He was expelled from the latter, in consequence of his unruly temper, but was subsequently restored. During the time of his exclusion he wrote most of his poems which met with great success. James the First employed him in Ireland, where he filled the offices of Attorney General and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. In 1620 he sat in the English parliament. He was just raised to the dignity of chief justice of England when he died, in 1626. His principal poem, entitled "Nosce teipsum" has very considerable merit; there is a strong moral feeling in his verses, and his prose works prove him to have possessed sound political and moral principle.

FROM THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy
breast?

What jewels and what riches hast thou
there?

What heavenly treasure in so weak a
chest?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties
find,

Like those which drowned Narcissus¹ in
the flood:

Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted
good.

Think of her worth, and think that God
did mean,

This worthy mind should worthy things
embrace:

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts un-
clean,

Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening² power with sur-
feitings:

Mar not her sense with sensuality:

Cast not away her wit on idle things:

Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou thinkst of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature
is;

Think it a birth: and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a swan³, as if thou wentst to
bliss.

¹ Narcissus, a beautiful youth, fabled to have died from love of his own image, which he accidentally saw reflected in a stream, and to have been changed into the flower that bears his name.

² quickening, life-giving.

³ swan, the swan is fabled to utter some melodious notes immediately before its death.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst
nothing see;

Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear
no more;

Now when thou diest, thou canst not
hoodwinked be.

And thou, my soul, which turnst with
curious eye

To view the beams of thine own form
divine,

Know, that thou canst know nothing per-
fectly,

While thou art clouded with this flesh of
mine.

Take heed of overweening¹, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's
train:

Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to
raise

The Glory of the Maker's sacred name:

Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to
praise,

Which gives thee power to be, and use
the same.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stoll'n
fire,

For which the thief still chain'd in ice
doth sit?

And which the poor rude satyr did ad-
mire,

And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips
with it?

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he
monsters got?

¹ overweening, self-importance.

Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd
 with pain,
 Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
 Which the youth sought, and sought his
 death withal?
 Or the boy's wings, which when he did
 approach,
 The sun's hot beams, did melt and let
 him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are
 burn'd,
 Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
 When we have all the learned volumes
 turn'd
 Which yield men's wits both help and
 ornament:

What can we know, or what can we dis-
 cern,
 When error clouds the windows of the
 mind?
 The divers forms of things, how can we
 learn,
 That have been ever from our birth-day
 blind?

When reason's lamp which (like the sun in
 sky)
 Throughout man's little world her beams
 did spread,
 Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie,
 Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and
 ear,
 This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
 Can recollect these beams of knowledge
 clear,
 Which were infus'd in the first minds by
 grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath, in
 play,
 Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient
 rent,
 By painful earning of one groat a day,
 Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

* * *

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's
 looks,
 (Making us pry into ourselves so near)
 Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all
 books
 Or all the learned schools that ever
 were.
 This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught;

Hath made my senses quick, and reason
 clear;
 Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my
 thought.

To do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
 So working seas settle and purge the wine:
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
 Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
 Could in my brain those beams of skill in-
 fuse,
 As but the glance of this dame's angry
 eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath
 brought,
 That now beyond myself I will not go;
 Myself am centre of my circling thought,
 Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
 As force without fevers, within can kill:
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all
 things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
 I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
 I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing:
 And to conclude, I know myself a man,
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched
 thing.

We seek to know the moving of each
 sphere,
 And the strange cause of th' ebbs and
 floods of Nile;
 But of that clock within our breasts we
 bear,
 The subtle motions we forget the while.

For this few know themselves; for mer-
 chants broke
 View their estate with discontent and
 pain;
 And as the seas troubl'd, when they do
 revoke
 Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we
 find
 Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
 These things transport and carry out the
 mind,
 That with herself the mind can never
 meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword
and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A
PERFECTION OR REFLEXION OF
THE SENSE.

ARE they not senseless, then, that think the
soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enrol,
A quick resulting and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse
Both of false judgments and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most
refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

* * *
Could any pow'rs of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage
stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and
prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

* * *
Sense outside knows—the soul through all
things sees,
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance
view:
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of
trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concord
true.

* * *
Then is the soul a nature which contains
The power of sense within a greater power,
Which doth employ and use the sense's
pains,
But sits and rules within her private bower.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE
TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS
OF THE BODY.

If she doth, then, the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the
blood,
Or in the body's humours temper'd well?
As if in them such high perfection stood.

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd in-
strument;
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still
with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish
still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water, find;
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessences of these from out the
mind?

If th' elements, which have nor life nor
sense,
Can breed in us so great a power as this,
Why give they not themselves like ex-
cellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then we should be with it sick, maim'd,
and blind;
But we perceive, where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS
UNITED TO THE BODY.

BUT how shall we this union well express?
Nought lies the soul, her subtlety is such,
She moves the body which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit,
Nor as the spider in his web is pent,
Nor as the wax retains the print in it.

Nor as a vessel water doth contain,
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain,
Nor as the voice throughout the air is spread;

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams im-
part,

And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and every
part.

* * *
So doth the piercing soul the body fill
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still,
Nor forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, nor con-
fus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below,
So from the Eternal light the soul doth
spring,
Though in the body she her powers do shew.

REASONS FOR THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and
 wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

* * *

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their
nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount
above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty
veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a
birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the
land
From whose soft side she first did issue
make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and
 carry,
As that her course doth make no final
 stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly
mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly
things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers
here,
And mounts not up with her celestial
wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment
find?

Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had
health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in
mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre
fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth
all,
But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar
away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Oh! what is man? great Maker of Mankind,
That thou to him so great respect doth
bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so great a
mind,
Mak'st him a king and e'en an angel's
peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling
fire!
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like Thee) it should be infinite!

But it exceeds man's thoughts, to think how
high
God hath raised man', since God a man
became!
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the
same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life de-
pend:
The soul, though made in time, survives
decay,
And though it hath beginning sees no
end.

JONSON.

BENJAMIN JONSON, a celebrated dramatist, was the contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. He was born in Westminster in 1574, about a month after the demise of his Father. He was the son of a clergyman, but his Mother married the second time a bricklayer, and removed Benjamin from the Westminster school to follow his step-father's trade. He, however, enlisted as a private soldier and served in the English army during a campaign in Holland. On his return he entered at Cambridge; but his means were so limited he was obliged to quit the university and take to the stage. As an actor Jonson was not successful. Dryden, speaking of the great rival dramatists, says, "Shakespeare was the Homer, or Father, of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare." In 1617, Jonson was appointed poet laureate. He died August 16th, 1637.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

EPIGRAM TO KING JAMES.

How, best of Kings, dost thou a sceptre
bear!
How, best of poets, dost thou laurel wear!
But two things rare the Fates had in their
store,
And gave thee both, to shew they could no
more.
For such a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are said t'have
been,
And such a prince thou art, we daily see,
As chief of those still promise they will be.
Whom should my muse then fly to, but the
best
Of kings, for grace; of poets, for my
test?

OF DEATH.

He that fears death or mourns it in the just,
Shews of the Resurrection little trust.

ON MY FIRST SON.

FAREWELL, thou child of my right hand, and
joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I
thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! for why,
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon scaped world's, and flesh's
rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth
lie
BEN JONSON his best piece of poetry:
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be
such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN, most reverend head, to whom
I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know,
(How nothing's that!) to whom my country
owes
The great renown, and name wherewith
she goes.
Than thee the age sees not that thing more
grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would
crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast
thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique
springs!

What weight, and what authority in thy
speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou
canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee
Many of thine this better could, than I,
But for their powers, accept my piety.

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO
SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

SEEKING GOD'S HELP AND GUIDANCE.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand:
Of thy goodness
Fill our souls with heav'nly bread.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the living waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Guide us all the desert through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still our help and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Lead us through the parted river;
Bring us safe to Canaan's side:
Grateful praises
We will ever give to thee.

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done
That gav'st a son
To free a slave.
First made of nought;
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in
Before my loss,
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE ports of death, are sins; of life, good
deeds;
Through which our merit leads us to our
meeds,
How wilful blind is he, then, that would
stray,
And hath it, in his powers, to make his
way!
This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here, it should be one of our first
strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us
past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked
taste it.

TO ROBERT EARL OF SALISBURY.¹

WHAT need hast thou of me, or of my
muse,
Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?
Which should thy country's love to speak
refuse,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their
hate.
Tofore, great men were glad of poets: now,
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee:
Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but Cecil's
name,
And what I write thereof find far, and free,
From servile flattery, common poet's shame,
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

¹ Younger son of Lord Burleigh. He and his elder Brother, William, were both created earls in the same day. Robert, in the morning, to give his descendants precedence of those of William.

TO THE AUTHOR.¹

TRUTH is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth shew the Holy One.

This, blessed Warre, thy blessed book
Unto the world doth prove;
A worthy work and worthy well
Of the most worthy love.

¹ Taken from the complimentary verses prefixed to "The Touchstone of Truth" by T. WARRE.

A HYMN

ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The author of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet search'd and true they found it.

The son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget this story?

DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, a Scotch poet, was born at Hawthornden in 1585. He was the son of Sir John Drummond, and was educated at Edinburgh. He studied civil law at Bourges. On the demise of his Father he abandoned the law and the romantic beauties of Hawthornden inspired him with the desire of engaging in the more attractive pursuits of literature. He was betrothed to an amiable and beautiful lady who died and after her loss he retired to the continent, where he remained for eight years. He then returned to Hawthornden and married. His prose works include a History of the five Kings of Scotland of the name of James. His poems are written with elegance and delicacy. He died in 1649, and it is said his decease was hastened by grief for the death of Charles the First.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MÆLIADES.

(Mæliades is a name which Henry, Prince of Wales, was wont to use in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades; Mæliades, Prince of the Isles, which in anagram makes a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, a knight (if time had suffered his actions to answer the world's expectations), only worthy of such a word, Miles à Deo.)

O HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art
gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan;
Mæliades, bright day-star of the west,
A comet blazing terror to the east;

And neither that thy spirit so heavenly
wise,
Nor body (though of earth), more pure than
skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of cruel destinies could quench the rage?
Of fading hopes! O short-while lasting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can de-
stroy!
Then even of virtue's spoils death trophies
rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.

Forc'd by hard fates, do heavens neglect
our cries?
Are stars set only to act tragedies?
Then let them do their worst, since thou
art gone,
Raise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd
dethrone;
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even
to Gange,
In cypress sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy plea-
sant prime:
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus'
rays;
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Chok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our
sight;
Astonish'd nature sullen stands to see
The life of all this all so chang'd to be;
In gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
The sea with murmuring mountains beats
the shore,
Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand
show'rs
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
Her lover set and night bursts forth ere
noon.
If heaven, alas! ordain'd the young to
die
Why was 't not where thou might'st thy va-
lour try;
And to the wond'ring world at least set
forth
Some little spark of thy expected worth?
Mæliades, O that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling
gleams
Of warm vermillion swords, and cannon's
roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian
shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing
helms and shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies 'long the
fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou ended hadst thy life, and christian
war;
Or as brave Bourbon thou hadst made old
Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy
tomb!
So heaven's fair face, to th' unborn world
which reads,
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds:
So to their nephews, aged sires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of
old;

Towns ras'd and rais'd, victorious, van-
quish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd, by thy
hands!
And in rich arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country
brought:
While some new Homer, imping wings to
Fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy
name,
That thou didst not attain these honour's
spheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of
years.
A youth more brave, pale Troy with trem-
bling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars-like
knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the high-
est height
Of wit and courage, shewing all their might
When they thee fram'd. Ah me! that what
is brave
On earth, they as their own so soon should
crave!
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
When Forth, thy nurse, Forth where
thou first didst pass
Thy tender days (who smil'd oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze), meand'ring with her
streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from
Phœbus' beams
She sought to fly, but forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to
mourn:
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
She seem'd to plain that heaven had done
her wrong.
With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy
rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains
clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death;
The ocean it roar'd about the earth;
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told,
Who shrunk through grief, and down his
white hairs roll'd
Huge streams of tears, which changed were
to floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains
and woods.
The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a concert to the public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with down-
cast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
Some brake their pipes, and some in sweet-
sad lays

Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Chaste maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad; thy music Phœbus turn
To doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.

Dead is thy darling who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.
You Acidalian archers break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams (though dazzling) do delight;
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause;
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;
Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty that doth all excel.
Rest, happy soul, and wonder in that glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And nothing be, but an eternal day.
For ever rest; thy praise fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf to cheer the mourning skies.

The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear,

Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Of jet,
Or porphyry,
Or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Of these in azure dye,
Which seemed to scorn the sky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
Nor Artemisia's huge frame,
That keeps so long her lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold,
To please the vulgar eye shall it behold.

The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of
their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his
worth appears.

EPITAPH.

STAY, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame,
Time, nature, place, could show no mortal
eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracles of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could
claim
This marble holds (hard like the destinies);
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious
name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flow'r that
bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your
tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,
You saw where earth's perfections were
confin'd.

ANOTHER.

A PASSING glance, a lightening long the
skies,
Which, ushering thunder, dies straight to
our sight;
A spark that doth from jarring mixtures
rise,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day
and night:
Is this small trifle, life, held in such price
Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge aught
aright?
Of Partheon shaft so swift is not the
flight,
As life, that wastes itself, and living dies.
Ah! what is human greatness, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to
sit,
Thrall earth's vast round triumphal arches
raise?
That all's a dream, learn in this prince's
fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortal was
at all.
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all
she claims.
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them be-
tray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his
prey!

Tagus bewails his loss in golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she
claims.

Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thules to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Eye-pleasing meads, whose painted plain
forth brings

White, golden, azure flow's, which once
were kings,

To mourning black their shining colours
dye,

Bow down their heads, while sighing ze-
phyrs fly.

Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush
the morn,

Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple
mourn;

O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves
now fill:

And you, O flow'r of Helen's tears that 's
born,

Into these limpid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, forests, cut; to weeping
myrrhs,

To deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your [palms and myrtles change; from sha-
dows dark

Wing'd syrens wail, and you sad echoes
mark

The lamentable accents of their moan,
And plain that brave Mæliades is gone.

Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now
become

A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it still wat'ry Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mæliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thules to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely
tears,

By which our loving mind, though weak,
appears:

Our loss, not thine (when we complain),
we weep,

For thee the glistening walls of heaven do
keep,

Beyond the planets wheels, 'bove highest
source

Of spheres, that turns the lower in his
course:

Where sun does never set, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:

Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not
sound,

Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds
astound.

From cares, cold climates far, and hot
desire,

Where time 's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire,
'Mong purest spirits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below t' have been
but dreams:

And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven powder'd with troops of stream-
ing stars,

And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold;

Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance:

Thou wonder'st earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloister of this all;

And that poor men should prove so madly
fond,

To toss themselves for a small spot of
ground:

Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers
above,

From this base stage of change that cannot
move.

All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise,
Like smoke that 's scatter'd in the empty
skies.

Other high hills and forests, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor
bow'rs;

Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason
blinds.

Thou sweeter songs dost hear, and carol-
lings,

Whilst heavens do dance, and choirs of
angels sings,

Than muddy minds could feign; even our
annoy

(If it approach that place is chang'd to joy).

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.
Upon her head she wore
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did
bear;

Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hair in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star
of day.

The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd;
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to
hear.

World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent,
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest
bliss:

From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from foul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall when time's swift glass is run
endure.

Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by
wit.

Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phoenix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.

Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flat-
terer's voice.

Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form
doth spring.

Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds did blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

All these have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal
trance.

No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him to be by him possessed:

When to the balmy east
Sun does his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray:

To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:

Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth
glide;

So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your
harm:

To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair
acquires;

To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill:
Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your
hell;

Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all;
A love, which while it burns

The soul with fairest beams,
To that increated sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.

Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, earth, enjoying angels,
heaven.

Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace:
Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting
bliss.

This when the nymph had said,
She div'd within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after
staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness.

SONNET.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glo-
rious lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not
when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their beams
divine
Both in one place, but part by days and
nights.
Earth vaunt not of those treasures ye en-
shrine,
Held only dear, because hid from our
sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your dia-
monds fine,

Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights.
Nor seas, of those dear wares are in you
found,
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do
stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground;
These all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to
behold.

SONNET.

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the ocean streams;
Too long refreshment sought amidst the
fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are
blames.
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of
dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think;
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen shall be; thy blood, mine
ink;
Thy winding-sheet, my paper; study, grave:
And, till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I'll have but only, only thee.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend;
Visit our minds with thy bright flame;
And thy celestial grace extend
To fill the hearts which thou didst frame:
Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows;
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.
Thy sevenfold grace thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand thou finger art;
Thou, by the Father promised, friend,
Unto our mouths dost speech impart.
In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse thy love into our hearts;
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.
Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.
Be pleased to instruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son;
The Spirit who them both doth bind
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

A HYMN.

SAVIOUR of mankind! Man Emanuel!
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquish'd
hell,
The first fruits of the grave, whose life did
give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we
live—
O strengthen thou my faith, correct my
will,
That mine may thine obey: protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the
hour
When thou, whose body sanctified thy
tomb,
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious judge shalt
come,
To judge the world with justice; by that
sign
I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame;
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble
are,
Which envy, avarice, time, ere long con-
found,
Or misdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from
death;
And, though despis'd and scorned here be-
neath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair virtue's temple, they did
dwell,
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel,
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces' darling, and the maids of Jove;
Court'd by Fame for bounties, which the
Heaven
Gave thee in great; which, if in parcels
given,
Too many such we happy sure might call;
How happy then wast thou, who enjoydst
them all?
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now, sequester'd, cannot be but blest;
Enrob'd in glory, midst those hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies,
Bright saints and angels, there from cares
made free,
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good
from thee.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smell-
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy
 Thou thy great Creator's goodness dost
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not
 A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy
 (Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind
 To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels'
 As WHEN it happeneth that some lovely
 Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
 Who both by sword and flames himself in-
 And (shameless) it in tears and blood doth
 Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made
 His spite yet cannot so her all throw
 But that some statue, pillar of renown,
 Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping
 So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and
 That time, the world, and death, could
 Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
 Safe and all scarless yet remains my
 From this so high transcendent rapture
 That I, all else defac'd, not envy
 Kings.

FLETCHER.

GILES FLETCHER was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher. He was born in 1588 and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Wood describes him as "equally beloved by the muses and graces." He was the author of a fine poem entitled "Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death", the merit of which must procure him the approbation of posterity. He died in 1623, at his living of Alderton, in Suffolk.

ON SALVATION.

SHOU'D any to himself for safety fly?
 The way to save himself (if any were)
 Is to fly from himself.—Should he rely
 Upon the promise of his wife? What
 What can he see, but that he most may
 A siren, sweet to death? Upon his
 Who what he needs, or what he hath
 Or wanting aid himself, aid to another
 His strength? 'Tis dust;—His pleasure?
 Cause of pain:
 His hope? False courtier:—Youth or
 beauty? Brittle:
 Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and
 vain:
 Just recompense? The world were all
 too little:
 Thy love? He hath no title to a tittle:
 Hell's force? In vain her furies hell shall
 gather:
 His servants, kinsmen, or his children
 rather?
 His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall
 curse his father.

His life? that brings him to his end, and
leaves him:

His end? that leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? What good in that which so
deceives him:

His gods of wood? Their feet alas! are
slow

To go to help, which must be helped to go:
Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth
they be

Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes
him see,
He wanted wit, who thought he had it,
wanting THEE.

What need I urge, what they must needs
confess?

Sentence on them, condemn'd by their
own lust;
I crave no more, and Thou canst give no
less,

Than death to dead men, justice to un-
just;
Shame to most shameful, and most shame-
less dust;

But if thy mercy needs will spare her
friends,

Let mercy there begin where justice
ends.

'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right
defends.

CHRIST'S VICTORY. Part I.

ON MERCY.

AS WHEN the cheerful sun, light spreading
wide,

Glads all the world with his diffusive ray,
And woo's the widow'd earth afresh to pride
And paint her bosom with the flow'ry
May;

His silent sister steals him quite away,
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the spar-
row flies.

But soon as he unclouded is again,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd
sight,

As tho' another day were now began;
The cozen'd birds industrious take their
flight,

And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So Mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open
lays

Those sunshine looks, whose beams wou'd
dim a thousand days.

How many a worm¹ that crawls along the
dust,

Ascend the azure mountains thrown so
high,

And bring from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those bright abodes doth hidden
lie,

Cloth'd with such light as blinds the angel's
eye:

How may weak mortal ever hope to file
His unsmooth tongue, and his so uncouth
style?

O! raise thou from his corpse, thy now en-
tomb'd exile.

If any ask² why roses please the sight?
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do
bow'r;

If any ask why lilies are so white?
Because their blossoms in thy hand do
flow'r;

Or why sweet plants such grateful odours
show'r?

It is because thy breath so like they be;
Or why the Orient sun so bright we see?

What reason can we give, but from thine
eyes and thee.

Ros'd in all lively crimson are thy cheeks,
Where beauties ever flourishing abide;

And as to pass his fellow either seeks
Both seem to blush at one another's pride:

And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
Ten thousand graces³ sit, and when they
move

To earth, their looks so beaut'ous, from
above,

They fly from heav'n, and on their wings
convey thy love.

As melting honey,⁴ dropping from the comb,
Distill the words that spring between thy
lips;

Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps
her home,

And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips:
He, that his pen but in that fountain
dips,

How nimbly will the golden phrases fly;
And send forth strains of choicest poesy,

That captivate the ear with their sweet har-
mony.

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and opes at every
show'r,

As though her hungry clefts all heav'n wou'd
eat;

Which if high God into her bosom pour,

¹ Our inability to describe this glorious attribute.

² Her beauty resembled by the creatures, which are all but frail shadows of her perfections.

³ Her attendants.

⁴ Her persuasive power.

Though much refresh'd, yet more she
 could devour:
 So angels greed'ly hear those words so
 sweet,
 And every breath, a thousand longing
 meet;
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her
 fleet.
 Upon her breast, delight doth softly sleep,
 And with eternal joy is nourished;
 Those snowy mountainets, through which
 do creep
 The milky rivers, that are inly bred
 In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
 On weary travellers in heat of day,
 To quench their fiery thirst, and to
 allay
 With dropping Nectar floods the hardships
 of their way.
 If ¹ any wander, thou dost call him back;
 If any be not forward, thou incit'st him;
 Thou dost expect, if any shou'd grow slack;
 If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him;
 Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him;
 Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him
 that flies;
 Healing the sick, and quick'ning him
 that dies;
 Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the
 blind man's eyes.
 So fair thou art, that all wou'd thee behold;
 But, none can thee behold, thou art so
 fair:
 Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold!
 That with poor shadows striveth to com-
 pare,
 And match the things which he knows
 matchless are:
 O thou bright mirror of celestial grace!
 How can frail colours, e'er portray thy
 face,
 Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such sem-
 blance base?
 Her upper garment ² was a silken lawn,
 Richly with needle-work embroidered;
 Which she herself, with her own hand had
 drawn;
 And all the world therein had portrayed,
 With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
 As if the world she new-created there;
 And the mistaken eye wou'd rashly
 swear,
 The silken trees did grow, and the beasts
 living were.
 Low ³ at her feet the earth was cast alone,
 (As tho' to kiss her foot it did aspire,
 And gave itself for her to tread upon)
 With so unlike and different attire,
 That every one who saw it, did admire
 What it might be, was of such various
 hue;
 For to itself, it oft so diverse grew,
 That still it seem'd the same, and still it
 seem'd anew.
 And here and there few men she scattered,
 (Who in their thoughts the world esteem
 but small,
 And themselves great) but she with one
 fine thread
 So short, and small, and slender wove
 them all,
 That like a sort of busy ants that cowl
 About some molehill, so they wandered;
 And round about the waving sea was
 shed:
 But for the silver sands, small pearls were
 there sprinkled.
 So curiously the under-work ¹ did creep;
 And curling circlets so well shadow'd lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
 But those that near the margin pearls did
 play,
 Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway;
 As tho' they meant to lull the gentle
 ear,
 And hush the former that enslumber'd
 were;
 And here a dang'rous rock the flying ships
 did fear.
 High ² in the airy element was hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
 (As tho' his purer waves from heaven sprung)
 To crawl on earth as doth the sluggish
 main:
 But it, the ground wou'd water with his
 rain,
 That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and
 season would;
 And oft the sun wou'd cleave the limber
 mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in liquid roll'd.
 Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud
 Dropping with thicker dew did melt
 apace,
 And bent itself into a hollow shroud;
 On which if Mercy did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchase;
 That wondrous 'tucas to see the silk
 distain'd,
 With the resplendence from her beauty
 gain'd;
 And Iris paint her locks with beams so
 lively feign'd.

¹ Her kind offices to man.

² Her dress composed of all the creatures.

³ Earth.

¹ Sea.

² Air.

About her head a Cyprus wreath¹ she wore,
 Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire;
 In which the stars so burn'd in golden ore,
 As if the azure web was all on fire;
 But hastily to quench their sparkling ire,
 A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
 That on his curdled wave swift Argus bore;
 And the immortal Swan that did her life
 deplore.

CHRIST'S VICTORY. Part I.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

CHRIST is a path,—if any be misled;
 He is a robe,—if any naked be;
 If any chance to hunger,—he is bread;
 If any be a bondman,—he is free;
 If any be but weak,—how strong is he?
 To dead men, life he is;—to sick men,
 health;
 To blind men, sight; and to the needy,
 wealth;
 A pleasure without loss;—a treasure without
 stealth.
 Who can forget? Never to be forgot,
 The time², that all the world in slumber
 lies;
 When like the stars, the singing angels shot
 To earth; and heav'n awaken'd all his
 eyes,
 To see another Sun, at midnight rise:
 On earth, was never sight of equal fame:
 For God before, man like himself did
 frame;
 But God himself, now like a mortal man
 became.
 A child he was, and had not learnt to
 speak,
 Who with his word, the world before did
 make;
 His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
 Who with one hand the vaults of heav'n
 could shake:
 See how small room my infant Lord doth
 take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to
 hold.
 Who of his years, or of his age hath
 told?
 Never such age so young, never a child so
 old.
 And yet but lately was this infant bred;
 And yet already he was sought to die;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished;
 Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly;
 But scarcely fled away, when by and by,

¹ The celestial bodies.

² Whom she celebrates from the time of his na-
 tivity.

The tyrant's sword with blood is all
 defil'd;
 And Rachel for her sons, with fury
 wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel King! and O my sweetest
 child!

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus
 springs,

Who straight to entertain the rising Sun,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings:
 But now for drought the fields are all un-
 done;

And now with waters all is overrun;
 So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd
 their snow;

When once they felt the Sun so near
 them glow;
 That Nilus, Egypt lost, and to a sea did
 grow.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of
 peace;

The cursed Oracles were all struck dumb;
 To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds
 press;

To see their King, the kingly Sophies
 come,
 And them to guide unto their Master's
 home,

A star comes dancing up the orient,
 And springs for joy over the strawy
 tent;

Where gold, to make their Prince a crown,
 they all present.

CHRIST'S VICTORY. Part I.

THE SORCERESS OF VAIN DELIGHT.

THE garden like a lady fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled
 right
 In a large round, set with the flowers of
 light:
 The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks
 of dew,
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did
 shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the
 evening blue.
 Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
 On which the bower of Vain Delight was
 built.
 White and red roses for her face were
 plac'd,
 And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
 Them broadly she display'd, like flaming
 gilt,

Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine:

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be!

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his
mind

Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight
(The starting air flew from the damned
sprite),

Where deeply both aggrieved plunged them-
selves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his
thought,

A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they
knew,

After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew;
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past
all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their
joys,

Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their
noise;

And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.

But now our Lord to rest doth homewards
fly:

See how the night comes stealing from
the mountains high.

CHRIST'S VICTORY. Part II.

FROM CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

TWICE had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from Heaven her silver shafts, to
rouse

The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drowse
Since him the silent wilderness did house:

The Heav'n his roof, and harbour harbour
was,

The ground his bed, and his moist pillow
grass;

But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers
none did pass.

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest,
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the

best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest

With benedicites, and prayers store,
But the bud ground was blessed ne'er the

more,
And all his head with snow of age was
waxen o'er.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with drop-
ping brine,

And alms, and fasts, and church's dis-
cipline:

And dead, might rest his bones under
the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtesy
kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to
throw;

What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this Saint a thousand souls con-
vey

Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither
stray!

What care they for beasts, or for the
weary way?

* * *

Ere long they came to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave.

The ground no herbs, but venomous, did
bear,

Nor ragged trees did leave, but every
where

Dead bones and skulls were cast, and
bodies hanged wear.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering
bat

Did waive her leather sails, and blindly
float

While with her wings the fatal screech owl
 smote
 Th' unblessed house: there on a craggy
 stone
 Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
 And all about the murdered ghosts did
 shriek and groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy
 grove,
 Such was the light in which Despair did
 dwell;

But he himself with night for darkness strove,
 His black uncombed locks dishevelled fell
 About his face; through which, as brands
 of hell,

Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
 That made him deadly look, their glimpse
 did show

Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of
 poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns
 pin'd fast;

And as he musing lay, to stony fright
 A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:
 As when a fearful dream in midst of night,
 Skips to the brain, and fancies to the sight,
 Some winged fury, strait the hasty foot,
 Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root:

The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth
 gapes without boot.

CHRIST'S VICTORY. Part II.

MAN.

A MAN was first the author of our fall;
 A Man is now the author of our rise;
 A garden was the place we perish'd all;
 A garden is the place He pays our price,
 And the old Serpent with a new device,
 Hath found a way, himself for to beguile:
 So he that all men tangled in his wile,
 Is now by one Man caught, beguil'd with
 his own guile.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH. Part III.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

So HAVE I seen a rock's heroic breast,
 Against proud Neptune, that his ruin
 threats,
 When all the waves he hath to battle prest,
 (And with a thousand swelling billows
 beats

The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafes,
 and frets,

To heave him from his root), their force
 withstand;

And tho' in heaps the threat'ning surges
 band,

Yet broken they retire, and wash the yield-
 ing strand.

So may we oft a tender father see,
 To please his wanton son; his only joy,
 Coast all about, to catch the roving bee;
 And stung himself, his busy hands employ
 To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
 Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth
 erase,

Making his child the toothless serpent
 chace,
 Or with his little hands her swelling crest
 embrace.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow
 gives,

While dew'd in easy sleep dead Peter lies;
 Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
 While Christ alive with thousand horrors
 dies;

Yet he for ours, not his own pardon cries:
 No sins he had, yet all our sins he bear;
 So much doth God for other's evils care,
 And yet so careless men for their own evils
 are.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH. Part III.

THE MORNING OF THE RESURREC- TION.

BUT now the second morning from her
 bower

Began to glisten in her beams, and now
 The roses of the day began to flower
 In the eastern garden; for heaven's smiling
 brow

Half insolent for joy began to show;
 The early sun came lively dancing out,
 And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
 That heaven and earth might seem in
 triumph both to shout.

The engladdened spring, forgetful now
 to weep,
 Began to emblazon from her leafy bed;
 The waking swallow broke her half-year's
 sleep,

And every bush lay deeply purpured¹
 With violets, the wood's late wintry head
 Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
 And his bald trees put on their green
 attire,

Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds
 conspire.²

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new
 attire,
 And stickst thy habit full of daisies red?
 Seems that thou dost to some high thoughts
 aspire,

And some new-found-out bridegroom
 meanst to wed:

Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,

¹ "Purpured", made to appear of a purple colour.

² "Conspire", breathe, or rather sing together.

So never let the spiteful canker waste
 you,
 So never let the heaven's with lightning
 blast you,
 Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither
 haste you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
 So often wanders from his nearest way,
 As though some other way thy stream
 would slide,
 And fain salute the place where something
 lay;
 And you, sweet birds, that shaded from the
 ray
 Sit carolling and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you dance
 and play,
 Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so
 fain would say?

And thou, fair spouse of Earth, that
 every year,
 Getst such a numerous issue of thy bride,
 How chance thou hotter shinest and
 drawest most near?
 Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight
 hast spied,
 That in one place for joy thou canst not
 hide;
 And you, dead swallows, that so lively
 now,
 Through the fleet air your winged pas-
 sage row,
 How could new life into your frozen ashes
 flow?

Ye primroses and purple violets,
 Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy beds,
 And woo men's hands to rent ye from
 your sets,
 As though you would somewhere be carried,
 With fresh perfumes and velvets garnished?
 But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
 You all would to your Saviour's triumph
 go;
 There would ye all await, and humble
 homage do.

There should the Earth itself, with gar-
 lands new
 And lovely flowers embellished, adore;
 Such roses never in her garland grew,
 Such lilies never in her breast she wore:
 Like beauty never yet did shine before:
 There should the Sun another Sun be-
 hold,
 From whence himself borrows his locks
 of gold,
 That kindle heaven and earth with beauties
 manifold.

There might the violet and primrose
 sweet,
 Beams of more lively and more lovely grace,

Arising from their beds of incense, meet;
 There should the swallow see new life em-
 brace
 Dead ashes, and the grave unveil his face,
 To let the living from his bowels creep,
 Unable longer his own dead to keep:
 There heaven and earth should see their Lord
 awake from sleep.

Their Lord, before by others judged to
 die,
 Now Judge of all himself; before forsaken
 Of all the world, that from his aid did
 fly,
 Now by the saints into their armies taken;
 Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
 Now worthy to be God confessed; before
 With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
 Now worshipped by angels that him low
 adore.

Whose garment was before indipt in
 blood,
 But now imbrightened into heavenly flame,
 The sun himself outglitters, though he
 should
 Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
 And force the stars to hide themselves for
 shame:

Before that under earth was buried,
 But now above the heavens is carried,
 And there for ever by the angels heried.¹

So fairest Phosphor,² the bright morning
 star,
 But newly washed in the green element,
 Before the drowsy night is half aware,
 Shooting his flaming locks with dew be-
 spreng,³
 Springs lively up into the orient,⁴
 And the bright dove, fleeced all in gold,
 he chases
 To drink, that on the Olympic mountain⁵
 grazes,
 The while the minor planets forfeit all their
 faces.

So long he wandered in our lower sphere,
 That Heaven began his cloudy stars despise,
 Half envious to see on earth appear
 A greater light than flamed in his own
 skies:
 At length it burst for spite, and out there
 flies

¹ "heried", served as their master.

² "Phosphor", the bringer of light, i. e. the morning star.

³ "bespreng", besprinkled.

⁴ "orient", the east; that part of the heaven in which the celestial luminaries seem to rise.

⁵ "Olympic mountain"; Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, was fabled by the heathen to be the heaven of their gods.

FLETCHER.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, a brother of the foregoing, was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. In 1621 he obtained the living of Hilgay, in Suffolk. He is the author of "The Purple Island" in twelve cantos, an allegorical poem in the style of Spenser, "Piscatory Eclogues", Poetical Miscellanies, and a drama entitled "Sicelides". Headly remarks that his works "give him a claim to a very high rank among our old English Classics." He died at Hilgay, Suffolk, in 1650.

INTELLECT, THE PRINCE OF THE
PURPLE ISLAND.¹

THE island's prince, of frame more than
celestial,

Is rightly called the all-seeing Intellect:

All glorious bright, such nothing is ter-
restrial;

Whose sun-like face, and most divine as-
pect,

No human sight may ever hope decry;

For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
Dull and amazed he stands at so bright ma-
jesty.

Look at the sun, whose ray and searching
light,

Here, there, and every where itself dis-
plays,

No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,

Soon back he flings the too bold ventur-
ing gleam,

Down to the earth the flames all broken
stream;

Such is this famous Prince,—such his un-
pierced beam.

Though travelling all places, changing
none;

Bid him soar up to heaven, and thence
down throwing,

The centre search, and Dis² dark realm;
he's gone,

Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him
going;

And while his weary kingdom safely
sleeps,

All restless night he watch and warding
keeps;

Never his careful head on resting pillow
steeps.

¹ "The Purple Island"; the island is an allegor-
ical representation of man, and Intellect is naturally
described as its sovereign.

² "Dis"; Pluto the pagan god of the infernal
regions, where the souls were supposed to reside
after death.

He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble
age,

But as his time, his strength and vigour
grows;

And when his kingdom, by intestine rage,
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;

And battered sconce¹ now flat and even
lies;

Sooner than thought to that great Judge
he flies,

Who weighs him just reward of good, or
injuries.

For he the Judge's viceroy here is placed,
Where, if he live, as knowing he may die,

He never dies, but with fresh pleasures
graced,

Bathes his crowned head in soft eternity;
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever
new,

And blessings thicker than the morning
dew,

With endless sweets rain down on that im-
mortal crew.

There golden stars set in the crystal
snow;

There dainty joys laugh at white-headed
caring;

There day no night, delight no end shall
know;

Sweets without surfeit, fulness without
sparing;

And by its spending, growing happiness;
There God himself in glory's lavishness,

Diffused in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

But if he here neglect his Master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord
rebels,

Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends
him draw;

Deeps where night, death, despair, and
horror dwells,

¹ "Sconce", a fortification, a redoubt.

And in worst ills, still worse expecting,
 fears;
 Where fell despite for spite his bowels
 tears;
 And still increasing grief and torment ever
 wears.

Prayers there are idle, death is wooed in
 vain;
 In midst of death poor wretches long to
 die;
 Night without day, or rest, still doubling
 pain;
 Woes spending still, yet still their end less
 nigh;
 The soul there restless, helpless, hope-
 less, lies;
 There ceaseless racks¹ the body agonize;
 There's life that never lives, there's death
 that never dies.

Hence, while unsettled here he fighting
 reigns,
 Shut in a tower, where thousand enemies
 Assault the fort; with wary care and pains,
 He guards all entrance, and by divers
 spies,
 Searcheth into his foes' and friends'
 designs;
 For most he fears his subjects' wavering
 minds;
 This tower then only falls when treason
 undermines.

Therefore, while yet he lurks in earthly
 tent,
 Disguised in worthless robes and poor
 attire,
 Try we to view his glory's wonderment,²
 And get a sight of what we so admire;
 For when away from this sad place he
 flies,
 And in the skies abides, more bright than
 skies,
 Too glorious in his sight for our dim mortal
 eyes.

THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

THE shepherds, guarded from the spark-
 ling heat
 Of blazing air, upon the flowery banks,
 (Where various flowers damask³ the
 fragrant seat,
 And all the grove perfume), in wonted
 ranks,

Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
 At length thus Thirsis ends his broken
 lay,
 Lest that the stealing night his later song
 might stay.

"Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's
 life and state!
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns.¹
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
 Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns
 and fawns:²
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
 Singing all day, his flock he learns to
 keep:
 Himself as innocent as are his simple
 sheep.

"No Serian worms³ he knows, that with
 their thread
 Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken
 pride:
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little
 need!
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him
 fright,
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune
 bite;
 But sweet content exiles both misery and
 spite.

"Instead of music and base flattering
 tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early
 songs,
 And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock
 his eyes.
 In country plays is all the strife he uses;
 Or song, or dance, unto the rural Muses,
 And but in music's sports all difference re-
 fuses.

"His certain life, that never can deceive
 him,
 Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:
 The smooth-leaved beeches in the field
 receive him
 With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage
 is spent:
 His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful
 ease:
 Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his
 God can please.

¹ "Racks", instruments of torture.

² "Wonderment", wonderful nature.

³ "Damask", adorn with various colors and de-
 vices.

¹ "Pawns", the lowest in rank; the least valuable
 of chess men are called pawns.

² "Fawns", fawnings, flatteries.

³ "Serian worms", silk worms, originally brought
 from the country of the Seres, or northern Chinese.

⁴ "Sidonian Purple", the finest purple dye
 known to the ancients was obtained from a shell-
 fish, found on the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. The
 color is more frequently called Tyrian than Sidonian.

"His bed of wool yields safe and quiet
sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath
place:

His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:

Never his humble house or state torment
him;

Less he could like, if less his God had
sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy
tomb, content him.

"The world's great light his lowly state
hath blessed,

And left his heaven to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe
addressed:

Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones,
ran apace,

And serpents flew to hear his softest
strains:

He fed his flock where rolling Jordan
reigns;

Then took our rags, gave us his robes, and
bore our pains."

PURPLE ISLAND.

DECAY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

FOND man, that looks on earth for hap-
piness,
And here long seeks what here is never
found!

For all our good we hold from heav'n by
lease,

With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd and giv'n
anew,

Yet daily we it break, then daily must
renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual
good,

At ev'ry loss 'gainst heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound
feeds,

And loving pelican in fancy breeds:
There screeching satyrs fill the people's
empty stedes.¹

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly
paw?

Where that great Persian bear, whose swell-
ing pride

The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?

¹ "Stedes", places.

Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions
far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd
kingdoms shar'd.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer
shades,

A second fall succeeds, and double death
invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in
Tiber's fen,

Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and
clay:

His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil
hands

And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven
heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture, which with death-
ful wing

O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal
sight

Frighten'd the Muses from their native
spring,

Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance,
change, and death,
And life itself 's as flit as is the air we
breathe.

PURPLE ISLAND.

A WISH.

THERE may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change
their fare,

My lovely mate shall tend my sparing flock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing
care;

Whose love, and look, shall speak their
father plain.

Health be my feast, heaven hope, con-
tent my gain;

So in my little house, my lesser heart shall
reign.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chant to th' echo-
ing wood;

Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's
flood,

The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out her life and verse,
And chanting her own dirge, rides on her wat'ry hearse.

What need I then to seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout;
Or shine upon me with her geminies?¹
What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or heed I, if they do me right, or wrong?
A shepherd's bliss, nor stands, nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

THE MUTABILITY OF ALL WORLDLY THINGS.

VAIN men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind
The aged world tho' now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows.

Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's hour must lose.

How like 's the world unto a tragic stage!
Where ev'ry changing scene the actors change;
Some servile crouch and fawn; some reign and rage;
And new strange plots, brings scenes as new and strange,
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have done:
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and groan,
Till all put off their robes; and stage, and actors gone.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

ON HAPPINESS.

BUT, ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;
But joy of lighter presence, easily flies,

¹ In Astronomy, the twins, the third constellation or sign in the Zodiac.

And seldom comes, and soon away will go;
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

ON ENVY.

ENVY the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
On best man's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:

Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.
Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
Which both his sight, and th' optics self bely;

So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises,
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

ON AMBITION.

THE cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweetest song awakes the drowsy light;
The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;
Teaching the proud, who soar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the less they seem, and see.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

AGAINST A RICH MAN DESPISING POVERTY.

IF well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty,
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and birth alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little wishing mind,
 Thou having more than much yet seekest
 more:
 Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to
 find;
 Who wishes, wants: and whoso wants is
 poor;
 Then this must follow of necessity,
 Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

* * *

Whatever man possesses, God has lent,
 And to his audit liable is ever
 To reckon how, and where, and when he
 spent;

Then thus thou bragg'st thou art a great
 receiver.

Little my debt, when little is my store,
 The more thou hast, thy debt still grows
 the more.

But, seeing God himself descended down,
 To enrich the poor by His rich poverty;
 His meat, his house, his grave, were not
 his own;

Let me be like my head whom I adore!
 Be thou great, wealthy—I still base and
 poor!

MISCELLANIES.

HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London, in 1591, and educated at St. John's College and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1629 he received the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during Cromwell's usurpation, but was reinstated on the restoration of Charles the Second. His "Hesperides" contain many poems of exquisite beauty. Campbell remarks: "he has passages where the thoughts seem to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure". His poems are remarkable for prettiness rather than sublimity; and in many instances he evinces great want of delicacy and good taste. He died soon after his return to his Rectory.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'T was pity nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite!

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave,
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run

But to the even-song;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything:

We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips we do know,
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then and see
Your frailties, and bemoan ye,
For lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING-DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower,
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make
known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep,
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?

Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears
brought forth.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,

In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields
appear

Reclothed in fresh and verdant diaper;
Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty
spring

Gives to each mead a neat enamelling:
The palms put forth their gems, and every
tree

Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.
The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly
sings

With warbling notes her Terrean sufferings,
What gentle winds perspire; as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their dis-
tress,

Leaving them to a pitied nakedness:
And look, how when a frantic storm doth
tear

A stubborn oak or elm long growing there,
But lull'd to calmness; then succeeds a
breeze,

That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of
trees:

So when this war, which, tempest-like,
doth spoil

Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine, and
oil,

Falls to a temper and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last;

The gentle dove may, when these tumults
cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of
peace.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S IMPRISONMENT.

NEVER was day so over-sick with show'rs,
But that it had some intermitting hours.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning
too.

Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light or day did never peep.
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
But they left hope-seed to fill up again.
So you, my Lord, though you have now
your stay,

Your night, your prison, and your ebb;
 you may
 Spring up afresh, when all these mists are
 spent,
 And star-like once more gild our firmament.
 Let but that mighty Cæsar speak, and then
 All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave, as
 when
 That earthquake shook the house, and gave
 the stout
 Apostles way, unshackled, to go out.
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;
 Though you, my Lord, have been unkind
 to me:
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy.
 Well, though my grief by you was gall'd
 the more,
 Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM HERRICK.

LIFE of my life, take not so soon thy flight,
 But stay the time till we have bade good
 night.
 Thou hast both wind and tide with thee;
 thy way
 As soon dispatch'd is by the night as day.
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
 Till we have wept, kiss'd, sigh'd, shook
 hands, or so.
 There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell
 When once true lovers take their last fare-
 well.
 What? shall we two our endless leaves take
 here
 Without a sad look, or a solemn tear?
 He knows not love that hath not this truth
 proved,
 Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
 Pay we our vows and go, yet when we
 part,
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
 Into thy loving hands; for I'll keep none
 To warm my breast, when thou my pulse
 art gone:
 No, here I'll last, and walk, a harmless
 shade,

About this urn, wherein thy dust is laid,
 To guard it so as nothing here shall be
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to heav'n we go?
 High is the roof there, but the gate is low:
 Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly
 eye—
 Grace is increased by humility.

TO GOD, IN HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
 Both hung upon the willow-tree?
 What though my bed be now my grave,
 And for my house I darkness have?
 What though my healthful days are fled,
 And I lie number'd with the dead?
 Yet I have hope, by thy great power,
 To spring—though now a wither'd flower.

MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

I'll hope no more
 For things that will not come,
 And if they do, they prove but cumbersome:
 Wealth brings much woe;
 And, since it fortunes so,
 'Tis better to be poor
 Than so to abound,
 As to be drown'd
 Or overwhelm'd with store.
 Pale care, avaunt!
 I'll learn to be content
 With that small stock, thy bounty gave or
 lent.

What may conduce
 To my most healthful use,
 Almighty God! me grant;
 But that, or this,
 That hurtful is,
 Deny thy suppliant.

QUARLES.

FRANCIS QUARLES, was born in 1592, near Romford, Essex. He studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, and at Lincoln's Inn. He was cup-bearer to Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of James I.; and afterwards secretary to Archbishop Usher in Ireland. He lost all his property in the rebellion of 1641 and suffered greatly from his attachment to the cause of Charles I. At that time he was driven from Ireland and appointed chronologer to the city of London. The most celebrated of his works is his "Emblems", a set of designs in prints, illustrated by verses. His other works are "Argalus and Parthenia", a romance; "Enchiridion of Meditations"; "Divine Fancies", and "The Shepherd's Oracles". His writings have often been made an object of satire; but, his poetry is above contempt. It frequently possesses great force and originality; but, at the same time displays much false taste and conceit. At the commencement of the civil wars, he wrote a work entitled the "Loyal Convert" which offended the parliament; and, on joining the King at Oxford, his property was sequestered, and his books and manuscripts plundered. His grief was so intense that it is supposed to have hastened his death. His decease took place in 1644.

FAITH.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the world, whereby t'in-
herit

The airy purchase of a transitory
And glozing title of an age's glory;
Would'st thou by conquest win more fame
than he,

Subdue thyself! thyself's a world to thee.
Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted
o'er

With Wealth and Honour, banded on the
floor.

Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery
court,

Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights
supplying,

To still the fondlings of the world from
crying;

And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But wouldst thou conquer, have thy con-
quest crown'd

By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the
sound

Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the
shrill

Celestial choir, recorded with a quill
Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel's wing,
Confirm'd with joy by heaven's eternal
king;

Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chase those false affections that rebel.
Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand
hath given thee?

Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or be-
reaven thee,

Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom
friend?

Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an
end?

Despair's a whisp'ring rebel, that within
thee,

Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again'
thee:

Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let
flee,

If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer
thee:

Advance thy shield of Patience to thy
head,

And when grief strikes, 'twill strike the
striker dead:

In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and
stout,

And bravely win thyself, heaven holds not
out

This bow for ever bent; the disposition
Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,

Exasperate the more: a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more
bright;

Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite
of Fate,

Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest
state.

But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh
and blood?

Receives He glory from, or reaps He
good

In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?

May not a potter, that, from out the
ground,

Hath fram'd a vessel, search if it be
sound?

Or if, by furbishing, he take more pain
To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay; then shall not he,
That fram'd thee for his service, season
thee?

Man, close thy lips; be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs; dispute not with thy
Maker.

EMBLEM I. BOOK III.

MY SOUL HATH DESIRED THEE IN THE NIGHT.

ISAIAH 26, 6.

Good God! what horrid darkness doth
surround

My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!

The bold-fac'd lamp of heaven can set and
rise,

And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, tho' she often
wane,

As oft repents her darkness primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-em-
brace

Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver
face.

But, ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:

My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow
light;

Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.

Falls have their risings; wanings have their
primes,

And desperate sorrows wait their better
times;

Ebbs have their floods; and autumns have
their springs;

All states have changes, hurried with the
swings

Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies and celestial too.

How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage
out,

That I might catch those beams mine eye
desires,

And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her
mew,

To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags preparing t'overlook

The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets off from perch to perch; from stock to
ground,

From ground to window, thus surveying
round

Her dove-befeathered prison, till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and
strength

Whereto her wing was born, her ragged
beak,

Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to
break

Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At every glimpse, and darts at every grate:

E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,

Lock'd up by cloud brow'd error, which
invites

My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black
delights,

Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art

The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can
fright

These dusky clouds that make so dark a
night;

Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I
may see,

Both how to loath myself, and honour thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny

Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine
eye!

If I must want those beams I wish, yet
grant

That I at least may wish those beams I
want.

NOTHING PERFECT ON EARTH.

EVEN as the soil (which April's gentle
showers

Have filled with sweetness and enriched
with flowers)

Rears up her succing plants, still shooting
forth

The tender blossoms of her timely birth;
But if denied the beams of cheerly May,

They hang their withered heads, and fade
away:

So man, assisted by the Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand;

But left awhile, forsook, as in a shade,
It languishes, and nipped with sin, doth
fade.

No gold is pure from dross, though oft re-
fined;

The strongest cedar's shaken with the wind;
The fairest rose hath no prerogative

Against the fretting canker-worm; the hive
No honey yields unblended with the wax;

The finest linen hath both soil and bracks;
The best of men have sins, none live secure,

In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

MAN.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
 Or he be strong, that airy breath can
 cast?
 Can he be wise, that knows not how to
 live?
 Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
 Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and
 wan?
 So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is
 man.
 So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
 Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth
 at last;
 So strong is man, that with a gasping
 breath
 He totters, and bequeaths his strength to
 death;
 So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
 So rich is man, that (all his debts being
 paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's
 laid;
 So young is man, that, broke with care and
 sorrow,
 He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
 Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five
 feet long?
 Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise,
 nor rich, nor young.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the
 earth,
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
 She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
 But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with
 thee?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?
 I love the air, her dainty fruits refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite
 me;
 Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with
 their flesh
 And with their Polyphonian notes delight
 me:
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that
 she
 Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to
 thee?
 I love the sea; she is my fellow-crea-
 ture,
 My careful purveyor, she provides me
 store;

She walls me round, she makes my diet
 greater,
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign
 shore:
 But, Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with
 thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine
 eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attor-
 ney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
 But what is heav'n, great God, compar'd
 with thee?
 Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n
 to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no re-
 fection;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no trea-
 sure;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank in-
 fection;
 Without thy presence, heaven itself no
 pleasure,
 If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n to
 me?

The highest honours that the world can
 boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 Its brightest beams of glory are at most
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
 But nightly glow-worms if compar'd to
 thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of
 cares:
 Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are
 snares;
 Pleasures, but pain, and mirth, but pleasing
 madness:
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what
 they be,
 Nor have their being when compar'd with
 thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what
 have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labours
 got?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
 Possess'd of heav'n, heav'n unpossess'd of
 thee.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what's a Life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the
stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit
age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-
day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow
hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day! hour eats up
hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies which thy hands have
made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon
they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too
soon;
My nonag'd day already points to noon:
How simple is my suit: how small my
boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth
a smile.

ON TIME.

TIME's an hand's breadth, 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night;
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepar'd, O man, to die.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

BEHOLD,
How short a span
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man;
In those well-tempered days, his time
was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore
years and ten.

Alas!
And what is that!
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what;
The posts of time are swift, which,
having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-
lived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times
told, we give
To unrecovered loss, we rather breathe
than live.

We spend
A ten year's breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death:
Our childish dreams are filled with
painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking
prove but toys.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest, few at
most:
They are but bad at best; yet lavished out,
or lost.

They be
The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles'
wings:
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of
death,
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time
shall strike a Death.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged moon!
And this, how soon, to gray-haired
night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and
we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they
flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun:
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is
done:

Man, count thy days, and if they fly
too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every
day thy last.

AN ELEGY.

PEOPLE, that travel through thy wasted land,
Gaze on thy ruins, and amazed stand,
They shake their spleenful heads, disdain,
deride
The sudden downfal of so fair a pride,
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their
tongues
With hisses, ballads, and with lyrick songs;
Her torments give their empty lips new
matter,
And with their scornful fingers point they
at her:
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted
fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that state? Are these those goodly
stations?
Is this that mistress, and that queen of na-
tions?

FROM DIVINE EMBLEMS.

O! WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will
hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day
And find some desert? if she springs away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as
they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice and not cleave in
twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock',
nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd Fury means to smite, can
save.

The seas will part, groves open, rocks will
split;
The shield will cleave, the frighted shadows
flit:
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must
hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means
to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rise in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee, 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand for-
bear;
Ah me! where is he not, that 's every
where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the further off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier
blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more
nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming
eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are
false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as safe as prince's halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my
foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must
guard the blow.

Thou art my God! by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace has giv'n me courage to with-
stand
All tortures but my conscience, and thy
hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just God, thy very self in mercy too;
If not to thee, where, wither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to
thee.

HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT was the brother of Lord EDWARD HERBERT, of Cherbury, and was born, in 1593, at Montgomery Castle. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge; was for eight years orator of the University, and in 1630, became rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire. He was a man of such exemplary piety and benevolence that his Brother observes, "where he lived benefited, he was little less than sainted." He was distinguished as a poet and divine and wrote a volume of sacred poems, entitled "The Temple". He died at his rectory in Wiltshire in 1632.

THE THANKSGIVING.

OH KING of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,

Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why thou hast wept
such store,

That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.

*My God, my God, why dost thou part
from me?*

Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, thy doleful
story,

And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns,
my flower?

Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?

Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.

If thou dost give me honour; men shall
see,

The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy
name,

I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chapel, die or live,
As for thy passion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.

For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,
I'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.

Then I will use the works of thy creation,
As if I used them but for fashion.

The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive, that I am here.

My music shall find thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing;

That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.

If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.

Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;

Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on
thee,

Oh my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy passion—I will do for that—

Alas, my God, I know not what.

The Temple.

EASTER—WINGS.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and
store,

Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,

Till he became
Most poor:

*

With thee
O let me rise

As Larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:

Then shall the fall further the flight in
me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame

Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became

Most thin.

*

With thee
Let me combine,

And feel this day thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on thine,

Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

The Temple.

REPENTANCE.

LORD, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flower, thy momentary
bloom;

Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my most foul trans-
gression:

I do confess
My foolishness
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to
fair weather:

For if thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well set song,
Full of his praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cured make us more
strong.

The Temple.

PRAYER.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's
age,
God's breath in man returning to his
birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrim-
age,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven
and earth;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing
spear,
The six days' world-transposing in an
hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and
fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and
bliss,

Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The Milky Way, the Bird of Paradise,

Church bells beyond the stars heard, the
soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

The Temple.

LOVE.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never
fade;

How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious
name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou
hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they to-
gether

Bear all the sway, possessing heart and
brain,
Thy workmanship, and give thee share in
neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out
the game,
Thou standing by; and though thy glo-
rious name
Wrought out deliverance from the infernal
pit,

Who sings thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them
write of love.

The Temple.

CONTENT.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not
grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast.

Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle
measure

Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet
with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang
content

From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd
tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' won-
der:

And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost: and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and
fret

Thy name in books, which may not vent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou
feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, soul, till thine own
ground;

Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once
found,

Hath ever found a happy fortune.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pur-
sue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most
true:

Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it
blind:

Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags be-
hind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly
stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth
pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and
straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is
done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can
run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom pas-
sions sway,
Allows for that and keeps his constant
way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part
doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his
will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend
the ill.

This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

AFFLICTION.

My heart did heave, and there came forth,
O God!
By that I knew that thou wast in the
grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptre of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and
shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's
assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then be-
hind?

Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities;
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his sodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.

As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our
salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

AVARICE.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of
woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh
and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now
hast got,

That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee
bright:

Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd
our right:

Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee
rich;

And while he digs out thee, falls in the
ditch.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My Music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

UNKINDNESS.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.
I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them starve at door.
I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfil?
O write in brass, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good will:
Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

HOPE.

I GAVE to hope a Watch of mine: and he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah, Loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a ring.

THE XXIII. PSALM.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of
sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
They are like little winding sheets,
Which do consign send them into death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for
death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do
swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of
death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may
move

Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry
year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of
death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dress'd his hearse, while he hath
breath

As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

MATTERS.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a
match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye and woo
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sun-beam I will climb to thee.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure
bring.

Grief melts away like snow in May:
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd
heart
Could have recover'd greenness? I was
gone

Quite under-ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have
blown;

Where they, together, all the hard
weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to
hell,

And up to heaven, in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell,
We say amiss "This, or that, is;"
Thy word is all; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can
wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning
thither:

Nor doth my flower want a spring
shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine
own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline.
What frost to that? What pole is not the
zone

Where all things burn, when thou dost
turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again:
After so many deaths I live and write:
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing, O my only light,
It cannot be that I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see we are but flow'rs that
glide:

Which when we once can find and
prove,

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
Who would be more, swelling through
store,

Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER, a poet of great celebrity, was the son of a Buckinghamshire gentleman of large fortune. He was born at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, March 3, 1603, and was educated at King's College, Cambridge. His Father died during his infancy and left him an estate worth 3500 pounds. His Mother was the Sister of the famous JOHN HAMPDEN, so well known in the annals of English History for his attachment to the republicans' cause. He sat in Parliament when in his sixteenth year and commenced his poetical career at the age of eighteen. He married a rich heiress who died and left him a widower of twenty-five years of age. He then paid his addresses to Lady DOROTHEA SIDNEY, the "Sacharissa" of his verses, but she rejected him. In the long parliament he represented Agmondesham, and was appointed one of the commissioners to treat with the king at Oxford. Soon after his visit he entered into a conspiracy against the house of Commons, but saved his life, by making a confession and after a year's confinement in prison, paying a fine of 10,000 pounds and banishment. Cromwell allowed him to return, and Waller displayed his gratitude by a splendid panegyric. He died in 1687.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! Heaven his great soul
does claim
In storms as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes
our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest missed her
king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Ceta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him
spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to
wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain
rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest
toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our
yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wise conduct, to his country
show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that feared him grieve, concerned
to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And sighing, swelled the sea with such a
breath,
That to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler
told.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy, salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that 's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream, where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers!
Amoret, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?
By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod:
And powerful too, as either god.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:

So every passion but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavors to be priz'd:
For women, born to be control'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed opprest,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching tam'd th'unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity supposing them opprest,
With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turks, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear,
That these her guard of eunuchs were;
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

LOVE.

TILL love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame
breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our
dross,
Refine and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.

Where love presides, not vice alone does
 find
 No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
 Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner
 train,
 Of moral virtues, at the door remain;
 Love only enters as a native there,
 For born in heaven, it does but sojourn
 here.
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard
 task,
 And love for love is all that Heaven does
 ask;
 Love that would all men just and temperate
 make
 Kind to themselves and others, for his sake.
 'Tis with our minds as with a fertile
 ground,
 Wanting this love, they must with weeds
 abound;
 Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
 Than thorns and thistles springing from
 the curse.

LOVE OF GOD TO MAN.

THAT early love of creatures yet unmade
 To frame the world the Almighty did per-
 suade;
 For love it was that first created light,
 Moved on the waters, chased away the
 night
 From the rude chaos, and bestowed new
 grace
 On things disposed of to their proper
 place,
 Some to rest here, and some to shine
 above;
 Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects
 of love.
 And love would be returned, but there was
 none
 That to themselves or others yet were
 known.
 The world a palace was without a guest,
 Till one appears that must excel the rest;
 One like the Author, whose capacious
 mind
 Might by the glorious work the Maker
 find;
 Might measure heaven, and give each star
 a name,
 With art and courage the rough ocean
 tame;
 Over the globe with swelling sails might
 go,
 And that 'tis round by his experience
 know;
 Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
 And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
 When by his word God had accomplished
 all,

Man to create He did a council call:
 Employed his hand to give the dust He
 took
 A graceful figure and majestic look;
 While his own breath conveyed into his
 breast
 Life and a soul, fit to command the rest,
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name,
 For such a gift, and tell from whence it
 came:
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
 But not with lasting numbers, and with
 thought,
 Man's great prerogative. But above all,
 His grace abounds in his new favorite's
 fall.
 If He create, it is a world He makes;
 If He be angry, the creation shakes.
 From his just wrath our guilty parents
 fled;
 He cursed the earth, but bruised the ser-
 pent's head.
 Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the virgin's Seed;
 Through Justice death as satisfaction
 craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our
 graves.

TO A LADY

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have tried
 The silver favour which you gave,
 In ink the shining point I dy'd,
 And drenched it in the sable wave;
 When, grieved to be so foully stain'd,
 On you, it thus to me complain'd.

"Suppose you had deserved to take
 From her fair hand so fair a boon,
 Yet how deserved I to make
 So ill a change, who ever won
 Immortal praise for what I wrote,
 Instructed by her noble thought?"

I, that expressed her commands
 To mighty lords and princely dames,
 Always most welcome to their hands,
 Proud that I would record their names,
 Must now be taught an humble style,
 Some meaner beauty to beguile!"

So I, the wronged pen to please,
 Make it my humble thanks express
 Unto your Ladyship in these:
 And now 'tis forced to confess
 That your great self did ne'er indite,
 Nor that, to one more noble, write.

EPISTLE TO THE KING ON HIS
NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas
wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she
brings:
The French their hatred, and consent to
fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And when he pleased to thunder part the
fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,
And by that justice hast removed the cause
Of those rude tempests, which for rapine
sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be
free
From both those fates of storms and piracy.
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy power were safe, and her destructive
hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy com-
mand:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of
All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains
might go,
And visit mountains where they once did
grow.
The world's restorer once could not endure
That finish'd Babel should those men secure
Whose pride designed that fabric to have
stood
Above the reach of any second flood;
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease,
Tho' the word Fear some men may ill
endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not th' invited mock,
Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this
fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.

This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song the morning of our day.
Where that fear is there's nothing to be
fear'd,
It brings from heaven an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he makes and governs
all.

'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause the sufferings of man
May well be born: 'tis more than angels
can.

Man, since his fall, in no mean station
rests,

Above the angels, or below the beasts.

He with true joy their hearts does only fill,

That thirst and hunger to perform his will.

Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vex'd

And sadly live, in terror of the next.

The world's great conqueror would his point
pursue,

And wept because he could not find a new;

Which had he done, yet still he would have
cry'd,

To make him work until a third he spy'd.

Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe

To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.

Tho' richly fed, man's cares does still ex-
ceed,

Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand
feed.

In wealth and honour, by such men possest,

If it increase not, there is found no rest.

All their delight is while their wish comes
in;

Sad when it stops, as there had nothing
been.

'Tis strange men should neglect their present
store,

And take no joy but in pursuing more;

No! tho' arrived at all the world can aim;

This is the mark and glory of our frame.

A soul capacious of the Deity,

Nothing but he that made can satisfy.

A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,

Less than so many drops of water are.

Men take no pleasure but in new designs;

And what they hope for what they have
outshines.

Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave;

With full content feeding on what they
have,

Vex not themselves for an increase of store,

But think to-morrow we shall give them
more

What we from day to day receive from
Heaven,

They do from us expect it should be given.

We made them not, yet they on us rely,

More than vain men upon the Deity;

More beasts than they! that will not under-stand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in Him has being, moves, and
lives;
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding
blood,
Heaven those that love their foes and do
them good.

It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
Forstrowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.
Fools anger show, which politicians hide,
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain man he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.

Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still ac-
curst!

The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do
show,

So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the
way.

In Him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment
there:

True joy may find perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels
cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap,

Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words ex-
prest.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did
indite;

No other theme could [give my soul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd the pen!
O that I now could] write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born
again:

Timely they come to wean us from the
earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Grecian muse has all their gods sur-
vived,

Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arrived;
Frail deities, which first the poets made,
And then invoked to give their fancies aid!
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But sacred writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Hammon,
fall;

Long since despised and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the eternal Word.
As late Philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion
given;

Tells the conditions how our peace was
made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the less volume doth express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a
thought,

But unconcerned, let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke:

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations bear,
If none above did witness what they swear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, nature would pro-
claim

Without a God, our falsehood and our
shame.

To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step towards being good or wise;

For though with judgment we on things
 reflect,
 Our will determines, not our intellect:
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
 Only to compass what they would enjoy;
 His fear to guard us from ourselves we
 need,
 And sacred writ our reason doth exceed:
 For though heaven shows the glory of the
 Lord,
 Yet something shines more glorious in his
 word;
 His mercy this (which all his work excels),
 His tender kindness and compassion tells:
 While we, informed by that celestial Book,
 Into the bowels of our Maker look.

TO THE KING

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak
 sight,
 First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe
 of light
 At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'
 He knew what harm his hasty beams would
 do.
 But your full majesty at once breaks
 forth
 In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
 Your youth, and all the splendour of your
 state,
 (Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse
 fate!)
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
 And our spread hearts with so great joy
 surprise,
 That if your grace incline that we should
 live,
 You must not, Sire! too hastily forgive.
 Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of
 joy,
 Which scatters spirits, and would life de-
 stroy.
 All are obnoxious! and this faulty land
 Like fainting Esther, does before you
 stand,
 Watching your sceptre. The revolting sea
 Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
 Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of
 late,
 In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
 Of her proud neighbours, who began to
 think
 She with the weight of her own force would
 sink,
 But you are come, and all their hopes are
 vain;
 This Giant isle has got her eye again,
 Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
 Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes,
 Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
 Dangers abroad, and now your thunder
 shall.
 Princes that saw you different passions
 prove,
 For now they dread the object of their
 love,
 Nor without envy can behold his height,
 Whose conversation was their late delight.
 So Semele, contented with the rape
 Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
 When she beheld his hands with lightning
 filled,
 And his bright rays, was with amazement
 killed.
 And tho' it be our sorrow and our crime
 To have accepted life so long a time
 Without you here, yet does this absence
 gain
 No small advantage to your present reign:
 For having viewed the persons and the
 things,
 The councils, state, and strength of Eu-
 rope's kings,
 You know your work; ambition to re-
 strain,
 And set them bounds, as Heaven does to
 the main.
 We have you now with ruling wisdom
 fraught,
 Not such as books, but such as practice
 taught.
 So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
 Is the whole night for our concerns em-
 ploy'd:
 He ripens spices, fruits, and precious
 gums,
 Which from remotest regions hither comes.
 This seat of your's (from th' other world
 remov'd)
 Had Archimedes known, he might have
 prov'd
 His engine's force fix'd here. Your power
 and skill
 Make the world's motion wait upon your
 will.
 Much suffering Monarch! the first Eng-
 lish born
 That has the crown of these three nations
 worn!
 How has your patience, with the barbarous
 rage
 Of your own soil, contended half an age?
 Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred
 word,
 At last preventing your unwilling sword)
 Armies and fleets which kept you out so
 long,
 Owned their great Sovereign, and redressed
 his wrong.
 When straight the people, by no force com-
 pelled
 Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.

So th' injured sea, which from her wonted course,

To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
All winds blow fair that did the world embroil;

Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil;

If then such praise the Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd interest? Has the knot untied,

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,

Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all

To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall

Of self-demolished Jericho so low:

His angels, 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,

Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crownd like Job's, your trouble ends,

Having your foes to pardon and your friends;

For tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?

Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,

And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude indians, torturing all the royal race,

Him with the throne and dear bought sceptre grace

That suffers best. What region could be found,

Where your heroic head had not been crowned?

The next experience of your mighty mind

Is, how you combat Fortune, now she's kind;

And this way, too, you are victorious found;

She flatters with the same success she frowned.

While to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,

Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the peoples' share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety (that banish'd train!),

Justice and Truth, with you return again.
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,

Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But, above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:

Kind Heaven at once, has, in your person, sent

Their sacred judge, their guard and argument.

A PANEGYRIC TO THE LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,

Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,

Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,

And own no liberty, but where they may

Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,

To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;

So, has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,

Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,

Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;

The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations
 greet,
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
 Your power extends as far as winds can
 blow,
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.
 Heaven (that has plac'd this island to give
 law,
 To balance Europe, and its states to war)
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
 The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!
 Whether this portion of the world were
 rent,
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.
 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth re-
 sort,
 Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
 And then your Highness, not for ours
 alone,
 But for the world's Protector shall be
 known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
 Thro' every land that near the ocean lies:
 Sounding your name, and telling dreadful
 news
 To all that piracy and rapine use.
 With such a chief the meanest nation
 blessed,
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
 What may be thought impossible to do
 By us embraced by the sea and you?
 Lords of the world's great waste, the
 ocean, we
 Whole forests send to reign upon the sea:
 And every coast may trouble or relieve
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we have this prerogative,
 That none can at our happy seats arrive;
 While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
 The bad with vengeance, and the good to
 aid.
 Our little world, the image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless ocean set,
 Of her own growth hath all that Nature
 craves,
 And all that's rare as tribute from the
 waves.
 As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
 But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
 So what our earth and what our heaven
 denies
 Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun that makes it
 grow:
 Without the worm, in Persian silks we
 shine;
 And, without planting, drink of every
 vine.
 To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
 Gold, tho' the heaviest metal hither swims;
 Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
 We plough the deep, and reap what others
 sow.
 Things of the noblest kind our own soil
 breeds;
 Stout are our men, and warlike are our
 steeds:
 Rome tho' her Eagle thro' the world had
 flown,
 Could never make this island all her own.
 Here the Third Edward, and the Black
 Prince, too,
 France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and
 now you;
 For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian
 state,
 Till Alexander came to urge their fate.
 When for more worlds the Macedonian
 cry'd
 He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
 Another yet; a world reserved for you,
 To make more great than that he did sub-
 due.
 He safely might whole troops to battle
 lead,
 Against th' unwarlike Persian and the
 Mede,
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless
 field,
 More spoils than honour to the victor
 yield.
 A race unconquered by their clime made
 bold,
 The Caledonians armed with want and
 cold,
 Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
 Been from all ages kept for you to tame.
 Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
 Here foreign gold no more shall make them
 come;
 Our English iron holds them fast at home.
 They, that henceforth must be content to
 know
 No warmer region than their hills of
 snow,

May blame the sun but must extol your
grace,
Which in our senate hath allowed them
place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came
home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour, and your bounteous
mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is con-
tent
To be our outguard on the continent:
She from her fellow provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their
roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble
more.

Your never-failing sword made war to
cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of
peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe en-
gage

Invite affection, and restrain our rage.
Less pleasure take brave minds in battles
won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers,
spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal
with both:

Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age mislead,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n
come down
Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient
line
Gives hope again that well-born men may
shine

The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give
How fathers, husbands, pious sons should
live:
Born to command, your princely virtues
slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he
kept.

But when your troubled country called you
forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless
worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous
end.

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by
you;

Chang'd like the world's great scene! when,
without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights de-
stroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of
glory,
Run, with amazement we should read your
story;

But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and
rage;

Mistaken Brutus thought to break their
yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that
sword,

Which of the conquer'd world had made
them lord,

What hope had ours, while yet their power
was new,

To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their
foes,

Could order teach, and their high spirits
compose;

To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their
rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty
beast,
He bends to him but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil op-
prest
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses with such notes as
these,

Instruct us what belongs unto our peace:
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct
won:

How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust
did choke

Contending troops, and seas lay hid in
smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we
sing;

But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive
bring.

To crown your head; while you in triumph
ride

O'er vanquished nations, and the sea be-
side;

While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and
bow.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave;
Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes cou'd have o'er-
thrown,

The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.

Thus the tall oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm but build the house,
Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heav'n endure.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er;

So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and de-
cay'd,

Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

WHEN Britain looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose:
And now some months, encamping on the
main,

Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy de-
sign'd,

Are to their ports by our bold fleet con-
fin'd,

From whence our Red Cross they trium-
phant see,

Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly
And make a covenant with the inconstant
sky;

Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON was born at Henlip, Worcestershire, in 1605. He was both a poet and historian. He was educated at St. Omer and Paris, and married the Daughter of the first Lord Powis. He published a volume of poems entitled "Castara" which are, as Mr. Ellis observes, "remarkable for their unaffected tenderness and moral merit." His History of Edward IV. was written by command of Charles I. He also wrote "The Queen of Arragon", a tragi-comedy, and "Observations on History." Very little is known of his personal history. He was an amiable man, and his works display the soundness of his principle. He died in 1654.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich't with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

She obeys with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands:
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet run still astray
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast,
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be
And her love she vows to me.

TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t'expence engage,

Nor wooed to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of clothes,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new look
Provokes new appetite!

With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wand'ring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or ear.
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis
mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Run hither back; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill,
Our hearts shall freely 'tween us move
Should thou or I want hearts, we'd breath
by love.

TO CASTARA, INQUIRING WHY I
LOVED HER.

WHY doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move;
With music too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do
shine,
Shooting their beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our virtues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spy,
When poets weep some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is 't thy birth. For I was ne'er
So vain as in that to delight:
Which, balance it, no weight doth bear,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But only fills the vulgar ear.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebb from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough t' inflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire
I know, yet know not, why I love.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

THE soul which doth with God unite,
Those gaities how doth she slight

Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines
How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throws till she
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she doat on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
And every murd'ring pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pomp of life advance,
At the approach of death!

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,
Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistress' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seek no higher sphere.

The wand'ring pilot sweats to find
The causes that produce the wind,
Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scorns all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soul.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warm,
And 'gainst these powerful follies arm,
Doth soberly disdain
All these fond human mysteries
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of our brain.

He as a burden bears his clay,
Yet vainly throws it not away
On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or die,
Regardless of th' applause.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this air;
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great,
And treachery of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul t' enthrone
Above impure corruption;
What should I grieve or fear,
To think this breathless body must
Become a loathsome heap of dust,
And ne'er again appear?

For in the fire when ore is tried,
And by that torment purified,
Do we deplore the loss?
And when thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the dross?

THE GRAVE.

TYRANT o'er tyrants, thou who slyly dost
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust,
What horror at thy sight shoots through
each sense,

How powerful is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters! Thou instruct'st the
proud

That their vain pomp is but an empty
cloud,
Slave to each wind. The fair, the flowers
they have

Fresh in their cheek, are strewed upon a
grave.

Thou tell'st the rich, their idol is but
earth;

The vainly pleased, that, syren-like, their
mirth

Betrays to mischief; and that only he
Dares welcome death whose aims at
virtue be.

THE BRIEF TRIUMPH OF THE WICKED.

SWELL no more, proud man, so high!

For enthroned where'er you sit,
Raised by fortune, sin, and wit;
In a vault thou dust must lie.
He who 's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighbouring precipice,
Dazzling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea,
Over which you spread your sail;
And the bark you trust to, frail
As the winds it must obey.
Mischief, while it prospers, brings
Favour from the smile of kings,
Useless, soon is thrown away.

Profit, though sin it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatness ne'er withstood,
Since it empire doth support.
But when death makes them repent,
They condemn the instrument,
And are thought religious for't.

Pitched down from that height you bear,
How distracted will you lie;
When your flattering clients fly;
As your fate infectious were;
When of all the obsequious throng,
That moved by your eye and tongue,
None shall in the storm appear!

When that abject insolence,
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdains the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence),
Shall at court be judged a crime,
Though in practice, and the time
Purchase wit at your expense.

Each small tempest shakes the proud;
Whose large branches vainly sprout,
'Bove the measure of the root.
But let storms speak ne'er so loud,
And the astonished day be night;
Yet the just shines in a light,
Fair at noon without a cloud.

TIME.

TIME! where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seen decease?
My soul 's at war, and truth bids her
Find out their hidden sepulchre,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers, doth not spring
Like a late bride appear?
Whose feathered music only bring
Caresses, and no requiem¹ sing,
On the departed year.

The earth, like some rich wanton heir,
Whose parents coffined lie,
Forgets it once looked pale and bare,
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the spring ne'er should die.

The present hour, flattered by all,
Reflects not on the last;
But I, like a sad factor, shall
To account my life each moment call,
And only weep the past.

My memory tracks each several way,
Since reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway:
And teacheth me that each new day
Did only vary sin.

Poor bankrupt conscience! where are those
Rich hours, but farmed to thee?
How carelessly I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose,
As no rent-day should be!

I have infected with impure
Disorders my past years;
But I'll to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure,
Nor antidote, but tears.

¹ Requiem, a service in the Romish church for the repose of the souls of the dead.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, the most illustrious of English heroic poets, was the son of a scrivener in London, and was born in Bread Street, in 1608. He was intended for the clerical profession; but not being inclined to follow that calling, he returned to his Father, who had retired from business and was residing at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. In 1638 he devoted about fifteen months to foreign travel. On his return to England, he found the nation agitated by civil and religious disputes. He fixed his residence in London, and undertook the education of his sister's two sons. He then opened a school in Alders-gate Street, but in his plan of tuition he pursued a total different system to any followed in the Public schools and Universities. The result of his scheme is not known. In 1641 he published four treatises on church government. He then devoted himself most ardently as a political writer on the popular side; during which time he was wholly deprived of his sight, owing to a natural weakness, and intense application to his studies. This sad affliction did not impair his intellectual powers. His powerful mind, now centred in itself, opened to the great ideas which continually filled it and produced "Paradise lost". Dr. Aikin, in his biographical sketch of Milton, says, "It would be superfluous, at this time, to weigh the merits of Milton's great work, which stands so much beyond competition; but it may be affirmed, that whatever his other poems can exhibit of beauty in some parts, or of grandeur in others, may all be referred to Paradise Lost as the most perfect model of both." The merit of his poems "Comus", "L'Allegro", "Il Penseroso", and "Lycidas" is alone sufficient to immortalize his name. He died from an exhaustion of vital powers in November 1674, in his sixty sixth year.

MAN'S DISOBEDIENCE.

OF MAN's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen
In the beginning, how the Heavens and

Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that

Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit that dost prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is

Illumine; what is low, raise and support;

That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from
thy view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what
cause

Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy
state,

Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will

For one restraint, lords of the world be-
sides?

Who first reduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his

Had cast him out from Heaven, with all
his host

Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,

He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim

Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
power,

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day
 and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal: but his
 doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath! for now the
 thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him: round he throws his bale-
 ful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast
 hate;
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation, waste and wild;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those
 flames
 No light; but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace

And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
 That comes to all: but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious; here their prison
 ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of
 Heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost
 pole.
 O, how unlike the place from whence they
 fell!

PARADISE LOST. Book I.

THE SON OF GOD RENDERS PRAISE TO HIS FATHER FOR THE MANIFEST- ATION OF HIS GRACIOUS PURPOSE TOWARDS MAN.

"O FATHER, gracious was that word which
 clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find
 grace;
 For which both Heaven and Earth shall
 high extol
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith
 thy throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest,
 For should man finally be lost, should man,
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest
 son,

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though
 join'd
 With his own folly? That be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art
 judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine; shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to
 nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier
 doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to
 Hell
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast
 made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness
 both
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without
 defence."

PARADISE LOST. Book III.

THE FATHER'S REPLY.

"O SON, in whom my soul hath chief de-
 light,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are,
 all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who
 will;
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and
 enthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall
 stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe;
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be
 warm'd
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though endeavor'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not
 shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide,

My umpire, conscience; whom if they will
hear,
Light after light, well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.

This my long sufferance and my day of
grace

They who neglect and scorn, shall never
taste;

But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded
more,

That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty and sins

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,

To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote;

He with his whole posterity must die.
Die he or justice must; unless for him

Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find
such love?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to

save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

PARADISE LOST. Book III.

THE SON OF GOD FREELY OFFERS HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR MAN.

FATHER, thy word is past, Man shall find
grace;

And shall grace not find means, that finds
her way,

The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all

Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid

Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,

Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life

I offer; on me let thine anger fall,
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die

Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his
rage;

Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to

possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,

Though now to Death I yield, and am his
due

All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome

grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive,

and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and

show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at

the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and

smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,

Death last, and with his carcase glut the
grave:

Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd

And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

PARADISE LOST. Book III.

THE FATHER ACCEPTS THE SON AS A RANSOM.

O THOU in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O

thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st

how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,

Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to

save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.

Thou therefore, whom thou only canst re-
deem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin
seed,

By wond'rous birth: be thou in Adam's
room

The head of all mankind, though Adam's
son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd

As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy

merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce

Their own both righteous and unrighteous
deeds,

And live thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,

Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise

His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear
life.

So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death and dying to redeem,

So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not
grace.

Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest
bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been
found

By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in
thee

Love hath abounded more than glory
abounds;

Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt
reign

Both God and Man, Son both of God and
Man,

Anointed universal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions
I reduce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that
bide

In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in
Hell.

When thou, attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee
send

The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all
winds

The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their
sleep.

Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt
judge

Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall
sink

Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers
full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean-
while

The world shall burn, and from her ashes
spring

New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just
shall dwell,

And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair
truth.

Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall
need,

God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,

Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the son, and honour him as me."

PARADISE LOST. Book III.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

"O THOU, that, with surpassing glory
crown'd,

Look'st from thy sole dominion like the
God

Of this new world; at whose sight all the
stars

Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy
name,

O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me
down,

Warring in Heaven against Heaven's match-
less King:

Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was

In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.

What could be less than to afford him
praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him
thanks,

How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

I'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step
higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment
quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome still paying still to owe,

Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burthen

then?

O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood

Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Power

As great might have aspir'd, and me though
mean

Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as
great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to
stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what
to accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or

hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy
will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues:
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I reduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how
soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? Ease
would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd
so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse re-
lapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double
smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging
peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell
fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I
hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will
reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall
know."

PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

THE MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

"THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,

Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous
then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of
light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smil-
ing morn
With thy bright circled, praise him in thy
sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye
and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his
praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou
climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun,
now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that
flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that
move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up
light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky, or
gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with
gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd
sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling
showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quar-
ters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,
ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave,
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

PARADISE LOST. Book v.

ADAM'S ADVICE TO EVE.

"O WOMAN, best are all things as the
will

Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.

But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect;
Lest by some fair-appearing good sur-
pris'd,

She dictate false; and mis-inform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft: and mind
thou me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was
warn'd.

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, ap-
prove

First thy obedience; the other who can
know,

Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But, if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou
seem'st,

Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee
more;

Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!
For God towards thee hath done his part,
do thine."

PARADISE LOST. Book ix.

ADAM'S LAMENTATION.

"O MISERABLE of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory; who now become
Accurs'd, of blessed? hide me from the
face

Of God, whom to behold was then my
height

Of happiness!—Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not
serve:

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply';
Now death to hear! for what can I increase,
Or multiply, but curses on my head?

Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? All fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam! but his
thanks

Shall be the execration: so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting
joys

Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting
woes!

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here
place

In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but
right

And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd; unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to
hold

The good I sought not. To the loss of
that,

Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too
late

I thus contest; then should have been re-
fus'd

Those terms, whatever, when they were
propos'd:

Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy
the good,

Then cavil the conditions? and, though
God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy
son

Prove disobedient; and reprov'd, retort,
'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought
it not:'

Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee

That proud excuse? yet him not thy elec-
tion,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of
his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is his at his
will.

Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour, whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd

out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I
meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should
rest

And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no
more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of
worse
To me, and to my offspring, would tor-
ment me

With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of
Man

Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod: then, in the
grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but
breath

Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had
life
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further
knows.

For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man, whom death
must end?

Can he make deathless death? That were
to make

Strange contradiction, which to God him-
self

Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw
out,

For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's
law:

By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;

Not to the extent of their own sphere. But
say

That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me; and so last
To perpetuity:—Ay me! that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful re-
volution

On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I
able

To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all
mankind

For one man's fault, thus guiltless be con-
demn'd,

If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt; both mind and will de-
prav'd

Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted
stand

In sight of God? Him after all disputes,
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes,
lead me still

But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst
thou support

That burden, heavier than the Earth to
bear;

Than all the world much heavier, though
divided

With that bad woman? Thus, what thou
desir'st

And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all
hope

Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future;
To Satan only like both crime and doom.

O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thy driven me; out of
which

I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!"

PARADISE LOST. Book x.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

"O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than Death:
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus
leave

Thee, native soil! these happy walks and
shades

Fit haunt of gods? where I had hoped to
spend,

Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye
names!

Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
fount?

Thee lastly nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet!
from thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure

And wild? how shall we breathe in other
air

Less pure accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

PARADISE LOST, Book XI.

THE ANGEL'S REPLY TO EVE.

"LAMENT not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy
heart,

Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes

Thy husband; him to follow thou art
bound;

Where he abides, think there thy native
soil."

PARADISE LOST, Book XI.

MICHAEL TO ADAM.

"ADAM, thou know'st Heaven his, and all
the Earth;

Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that
lives,

Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the earth he gave thee to possess and

rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then

His presence to these narrow bounds con-
fin'd

Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had

spread
All generations; and had hither come

From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.

But this pre-eminence thou hast lost,
brought down

To dwell on even ground now with thy
sons:

Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
God is, as here; and will be found alike

Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee

round

With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be
confirm'd

Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am
sent

To show thee what shall come in future
days

To thee, and to thy offspring; good with
bad

Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn

True patience, and to temper joy with
fear

And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,

Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life and best prepar'd endure

Thy mortal passage when it comes.—Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her

eyes)

Here sleep below; while thou to foresight
wak'st;

As once thou sleep'st, while she to life was
form'd."

PARADISE LOST, Book XI.

THE VANITY OF WORLDLY FAME.

"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek
wealth

For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise un-
mix'd?

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol

Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce
worth the praise?

They praise, and they admire, they know
not what,

And know not whom, but as one leads the
other;

And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their

talk
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small

praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.

The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation

marks
The just man, and divulges him through

Heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause

Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven

and Earth,

As thou to thy reproach may'st well
remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant
Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less
known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of
fame.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles
win,
Great cities by assault: what do these
worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and
enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave
behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace
destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled
Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce
men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due re-
ward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly pa-
tience borne,
Made famous in a land a times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient
Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust,
lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage;
The deed unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence
I am."

PARADISE REGAINED. Book III.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

AND either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven;
the clouds,
From many a horrid rift abortive, poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water
with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest
pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest
oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaded with stormy
blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded
then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee, some howled, some yelled,
some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while
thou
Satst unappalled in calm and sinless peace!
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning
fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice
gray;
Who with her radiant finger stilled the
roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the
winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had
raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried
the wet
From drooping plant or dropping tree; the
birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and
green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and
spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

PARADISE REGAINED. Book IV.

THE HYMN OF TRIUMPH OF THE ANGELS.

"TRUE image of the Father; whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven,
enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force endued

Against the attempter of thy Father's
throne,
And thief of Paradise! him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven
cast

With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke;
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be
fail'd,

A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour art come down to re-install,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time
shall be,

Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven,
trod down

Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou
feel'st

Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest
wound),

By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with
awe

To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his
voice,

From thy demoniac holds, possession foul
Thee and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their
time.—

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both
worlds,

Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

PARADISE REGAINED. Book IV.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
rocks,

As ragged as thy rocks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,

In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing;
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew;
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonnaire.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Yest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wills,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow

And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern-gate

Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,

Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest;

Meadows trim with daisies ^{pride},
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smoaks,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed;
 And he, by friars lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes,
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;

Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
 train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 So solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain:
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait;
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that you soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia cheeks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the day smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way.
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek!
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride:
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
 career,

Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the russling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And, when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
 Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not
need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who
best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best;
his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, an eminent poet, was a native of Oxford and was born in 1606. On the death of Ben Jonson he was made poet laureate. His works consist of plays and poems; many of which possess considerable merit. He died in 1668 and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

FOR THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER; A PRESENT UPON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Go! HUNT the whiter Ermine! and prevent
His wealthy skin, as this day's tribute sent
To my Endimion's love; though she be fair
More gently smooth, more soft then Ermines
are!
Go! climb that rock! and when thou there
hast found
A star, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endimion's love, whose glorious
eyes,
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Go! clive into the southern sea! and when
Th'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of
men)
A swelling pearl, and such whose single
worth
Boast all the wonders which the seas bring
forth;
Give in Endimion's love! whose ev'ry tear,
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command? how slowly they obey?
The churlish tartar, will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, sallow-indian drive
To climb the rock nor that dull negro dive.
Thus poets like to kings (by trust deceiv'd)
Give oftener, what is heard of, than receiv'd.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DISQUISITION, DIRECTED TO THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BEFORE by death you never knowledge
gain,
(For to increase your knowledge you must
die)
Tell me, if all that learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this life rely.
Is not the learning which we knowledge
call,
Our own but by opinion and in part?
Not made entirely certain nor to all,
And is not knowledge but disputed art?
And though a bad yet 'tis a forward guide;
Who vexing at the shortness of the day,
Doth to o'ertake swift time, still onward
ride,
Whilst we still follow, and still drubt our
way.
A guide, who ev'ry step proceeds with
doubt,
Who guessingly her progress doth begin;
And brings us back where first she led us
out
To meet dark midnight at our restless
inn.

Tell, if you found your faith ere you it
 sought?
 Or could it spring ere reason was full
 blown?
 Or could it learn, till by your reason taught,
 To know itself, or be by others known?

Where men have several faiths to find the
 true
 We only can the aid of reason use;
 'Tis reason shews us which we should eschew
 When by comparison we learn to chuse.

But though we there on reason must rely
 Where men to several faiths their minds
 dispose,
 Yet, after reason's choice, the schools
 are shy
 To let it judge the very faith it chose.

Howe'er 'tis call'd to conster the records
 Of faith's dark charter, wrapt in Sacred
 Writ;
 And is the only judge even of those words
 By which Faith claims, that Reason should
 submit.

Since Holy Text bids Faith to comprehend
 Such mysteries as Nature may suspect,
 And Faith must Reason, as her guide,
 attend,
 Lest the mistake what Scripture doth direct.

Since from the Souls' far country, Heaven,
 God sent

His Law (an embassy to few reveal'd)
 Which did those good conditions represent
 Of our Eternal Peace, ere it was seal'd.

Since to remote ambassadors are given
 Interpreters, when they with kings confer;
 Since to that law, God's embassy from
 Heaven,

Our reason serves an Interpreter.

Since justly clients pay that judge an awe,
 Who law's lost sense interprets and restores;
 (Yet judges are no more above the law
 Than Truchmen are above Ambassadors.)

Since reason, as a judge, the trial hath
 Of differing faiths, by adverse pens perplext,
 Why is not Reason reckon'd above Faith,
 Though not above her law, the Sacred
 Text?

If Reason have such worth, why should she
 still

Attend below, whilst Faith doth upward
 climb?

Yet common Faith seems but unstudy'd
 will;

And Reason calls unstudy'd will a Crime.

Slave Reason, even at home in prison lies!
 And by Religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,
 That though the prison windows, both her
 eyes,
 Stand open, yet she scarce dares look
 abroad.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse
 spy,
 Yet Reason is, through doubtful ways her
 guide;
 But like a scout, brought in from th'enemy,
 Must, when she guides her, bound and
 guarded ride.

Or if by Faith, not as her judge distain'd,
 Nor, as her guide, suspected but is found
 In every sentence just to the arraign'd,
 And guides her right, unguarded and un-
 bound.

Why then should such a judge be still
 deny'd

T'examine (since Faith's claims still public
 are)

Her secret pleas? or, why should such a
 guide

Be hinder'd, where Faith goes to go as far?

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would
 show

His monarch's palace, to a stranger goes
 But to the gates, as if to let him know

Where so much grandness dwells, not what
 it does;

Whilst straight the stranger enters un-
 deny'd,

As one whose breeding has much bolder
 been;

So Reason, though she were at first Faith's
 guide

To Heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith
 goes in.

But though, at Court, bold strangers enter,
 where

The way is to their bashful guide forbid;
 Yet he when they come back is apt to hear

And ask them, what the king then said,
 and did?

And so, though Reason (which is Faith's
 first guide

To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance
 free,

As Nature's stranger, though 'tis then deny'd
 To Reason, as of Nature's family.

Yet straight, when from her vision and her
 trance

Faith does return, then Reason quits that
 awe,

Enjoin'd when priests impos'd our ignor-
ance;
And asks, how much she of the godhead
saw?

But as a prudent monarch seems alone,
Patir'd, as if conceal'd even to his court;
To subjects more in pow'r than person
known;
At distance sought, and found but by re-
port;

So God hath veil'd his pow'r with mysteries
Even to his court in Heaven; and Faith
comes there,
Not prying with a stranger's curious eyes,
But like a plain implicit worshipper.

Yet as court-strangers, getting some access,
Are apt to tell at home, more than they
saw;

Though then their pencil draws court-great-
ness less,
Than that which Truth at nearer view
could draw:

So Faith (who is even taught an ignorance,
For she by knowledge quits her dignity)
Does lessen Godhead, which she would
advance,
By telling more of God than she can see.

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come
From Heav'n, their country, to this world's
bad coast;

They land, then straight are backward
bound for home;
And many are in storms of passion lost!

They long with danger sail through life's
vext seas,

In bodies, as in vessels full of leaks;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries;
Shorter than walks of seamen on their
decks.

Art's card is by their pilot Faith, refus'd;
Her course by guess she ever forward bears;
Reason her rudder is but never us'd;
Because towards Heaven she ne'er with
Reason steers,

For us a pilot, sure of fair trade-winds,
The helm in all the voyage never hands,
But ties it up, so Reason's helm she binds,
And boldly close for Heaven's safe harbour
stands

In Reason's place, tradition doth her lead;
And that presumptuous antiquary makes
Strong laws of weak opinions of the dead,
And what was common coin for medals
takes.

Tradition! Time's suspected register!
To oft Religion at her trial fails!
Instead of knowledge teacheth her to err;
And wears out Truth's best stories into
tales.

O! why hath such a guide Faith's progress
laid?
Or can our Faith, ill guided, guide us well?
Or had she not traditions maps survey'd,
How could she aim to show us Heav'n and
Hell?

If Faith with Reason never doth advice;
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then
From Heav'n inspir'd, and secretly grows
wise
Above the schools we know not how, nor
when.

For could we know how Faith's bold trust
is wrought,
What are those visions we in sleep discern;
And when by Heaven's short whispers we
are taught

More than the watchful schools could ever
learn;

Then soon Faith's ignorance, which now
doth seem

A serious wonder to Philosophy,
Would fall from value to a low esteem,
And not a wonder nor a virtue be.

But though we cannot guess the manner
how
Grace first is secretly in small seeds sown;
Yet fruit, though seed lies hid, in view doth
grow;
And Faith the fruit of Grace must needs be
known.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity;
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she
shows
More God than in his works or eyes can
see;
Though none but by those works the God-
head knows.

If you have Faith, then you we must adore;
Since Faith does rather seem inspir'd than
taught;
And men inspir'd have of the Godhead
more
Than nature ever found or reason sought.

To you whom inspiration sanctifies,
I come with doubts, the minds defect of
light,
As to apostle some, with darkn'd eyes,
Came to receive by miracle their sight.

And when I thus presume, you are with
 Than nature's public wealth by Faith in-
 du'd
 Or think you should reveal your sacred
 store;
 You cannot judge my bold opinion rude.

Even Faith (not proving what it would
 assure)
 But bold opinion seems to Reason's view;
 And since the blind brought Faith to help
 their cure,
 I bring opinion, Reason's Faith, to you.

We, for their knowledge, men inspir'd
 adore;
 Not for those truths they hide, but those
 they show;
 And vulgar Reason finds, that none knows
 more
 Than that which he can make another know.

Then tell me first, if nature must forbear
 To ask, why still she must remain in doubt?
 A darkness which does much like hell ap-
 pear,
 Where all may enter in but none get out.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
 Charg'd to make God the object of the
 mind;
 Then hinder'd from it since he is so hid,
 As we but seek that which we cannot find.

Our glimm'ring knowledge, like the wand-
 ring light
 In Fens, doth to uncertainties direct
 The weary progress of our useless sight;
 And only makes us able to suspect.

Or if inquiring minds are not kept in,
 But by some few, whom schools to Power
 advance,
 Who, since themselves see short, would
 make it sin,
 When others look beyond their ignorance;

If, as God's students, we have leave to learn
 His truths, why doth his text oft need
 debate?

Why, as through mists, must we his laws
 discern?
 Since laws seem snares, when they are in-
 tricate.

They who believe Man's Reason is too scant,
 And that it doth the war of writers cause;
 Infer that God's great works proportion
 want,
 Who taught our Reason, and did write
 those laws.

His text, the soul's record appears to some
 (Though thence our souls hold their inheri-
 tance)

Obscure by growing old and seems to come,
 Not by consignment to us, but by chance.

Law (which is Reason made Authority)
 Allows consignment to be good and clear,
 Not when like this, it does in copies lie,
 But in the known Original appear.

Could this record be too authentic made?
 Or why, when God was fashion'd to our
 eyes,
 And very forms of human laws obey'd,
 Did he not sign it but by deputies?

Or why, when he was man, did he not
 deign
 Wholly to write this text with his own
 hand?

Or why (as if all written rolls were vain)
 Did he ne'er write but once, and but in
 sand?

Tell me, why Heav'n at first did suffer sin?
 Letting seed grow which it had never sown;
 Why, when the soul's first fever did begin,
 Was it not cur'd, which now a plague is
 grown?

Why did not Heav'n's prevention sin restrain?
 Or is not pow'r's permission a consent?
 Which is in kings as much as to ordain;
 And ills ordain'd are free from punishment.

And since no crimes could be ere laws were
 fram'd;
 Laws dearly taught us how to know offence;
 Had laws not been, we never had been
 blam'd;
 For not to know we sin, is innocence.

Sin's childhood was not starv'd, but rather
 more
 Than finely fed; so sweet were pleasures
 made
 That nourished it; for sweet is lust of pow'r,
 And sweeter, Beauty, which hath power
 betray'd.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,
 Would but for pleasure's company decay;
 As sickly children thrive that have their
 will;
 But quickly languish being kept from play.

Since only pleasure breeds sin's appetite;
 Which still by pleasant objects is infus'd;
 Since 'tis provoked to what it doth com-
 mit;
 And ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd.

Why should our sins, which not a moment
last,
(For to Eternity compar'd, extent
Of life, is, ere we name it, stopt and past)
Receive a doom of endless punishment?

If souls to hell's vast prison never come
Committed for their crimes, but destin'd be
Like bondmen born, whose prison is their
home,
And long ere they were bound could not be
free;

Then hard is destiny's dark law; whose
text
We are forbid to read, yet must obey;
And reason with her useless eyes is vex'd,
Which strive to guide her, where they see
no way.

Doth it our reason's mutinies appease,
To say, the Potter may his own clay mould
To ev'ry use, or in what shape he please,
At first not counsell'd, nor at last controul'd?

Pow'r's hand can neither easy be nor strict
To lifeless clay, which ease nor torment
knows

And where it cannot favour nor afflict,
It neither Justice nor Injustice shows.

But souls have life, and life eternal too;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It seems to show what Heavenly power
can do,

But does not in that deed that pow'r commend.

That we are destin'd after death to more
Than Reason thinks due punishment for
sins,
Seems possible, because in life, before
We know to sin, our punishment begins.

Why else do infants, with incessant cries
Complain of secret harm as soon as born?
Or why are they, in Cities destiny's
So oft by war from ravish'd Mothers torn?

Doth not belief of being destin'd draw
Our Reason to presumption or despair?
If destiny be not, like human law,
To be repeal'd, what is the use of Prayer?

Why even to all was Prayer enjoin'd? since
those

Whom God (whose will ne'er alters) did
elect

Are sure of Heaven; and when we pray it
shows

That we his certainty of will suspect.

Those who to lasting darkness destin'd
were

Though soon as born they pray, yet pray
too late:

Avoidless ills we to no purpose fear;
And none, when fear is past, will supplicate.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REPLY TO THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE good in graves as heavenly seed are
sown;

And at the saints first spring, the general
doom

Will rise, not by degrees but fully blown,
When all the Angels to their harvest come.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (since flowers
which pass

Thaw'd through a still, and there melt
mingled too,

Are rais'd distinct in a poor chymist's glass)
Do more in graves than men in limbecks do?

God bred the arts to make us more believe
(By seeking nature's cover'd mysteries)

His darker works, that Faith may thence
conceive

He can do more than what our Reason sees.

O coward Faith! Religion's trembling guide!
Whom even the dimest arts must lead to
see

What nature only from our sloth does hide,
Causes remote, which Faith's dark dangers
be.

Religion, e'er impos'd, should first be
taught;

Not seem to dull obedience ready lay'd,
Then swallow'd straight for ease, but long
be sought;

And be by Reason counsel'd though not
sway'd.

God has enough to human kind disclos'd;
Our fleshly garments he a while receiv'd,
And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

Frail life! in which, through mists of human
breath,

We grope for truth, and make our progress
slow,

Because, by passion blinded, till by death,
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O rev'rend Death! whose looks can soon
advise

Even scornful youth; whilst priests their
doctrine waste,

Yet mocks us too; for he does make us
wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death! whom still the valiant
brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the
grave,
A short dark passage to Eternal Light.

SONG.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl!
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair:

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expend of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be:
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me
Accompany'd with thine.

CARTWRIGHT.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, an English Divine and poet, was born in 1610. He was very zealous, in the service of Charles I., both as a preacher and as a member of the council of war of Oxford; for which reason, he was, for a short time, imprisoned by the parliament. His literary talents must have been great, for Bishop Fell said, that he was "all that man could arrive at"; and Ben Jonson, in his familiar way, said, "my son, Cartwright, writes all like a man". But his writings which remain are very disproportionate to these eulogiums, as they consist but of four plays and a few poems. He died at the early age of thirty-three, in 1643.

LOVE'S DARTS.

WHERE is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quickens, or dull the head:
I will anoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fool that I am to ask! who'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly:
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art;

And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
A subtle taking smile
From passion or from guile;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face;
This misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,

And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
So lights of flowing graces
Sparkling in several places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till that we make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore;
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;
But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires.
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE.

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or
pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side;
Not to take arms for love of change, or
spite,
But only to maintain afflicted right;
Not to die vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversely seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, die, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, soldier and martyr too.

* * *

When now th' incensed legions proudly
came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:
When undeserv'd success urg'd on their
force;
That thunder must come down to stop
their course,
Or Grenville must step in; then Grenville
stood,
And with himself oppos'd, and check'd the
flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So
fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat
about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave
out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring
hand:

Soldier encourag'd soldier, man urg'd man,
And he urg'd all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did
call,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:

His soul this while retir'd from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, ply'd hotter than be-
fore,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to
yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd
the field.
Thus he being fall'n, his action fought
anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living
slew.

This was not nature's courage, not that
thing
We valour call, which time and reason
bring;
But a diviner fury, fierce and high,
Valour transported into ecstasy,
Which angels, looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.
You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Shew us his second, and we'll give the
day:

We know your politic axiom, lurk, or fly;
Ye cannot conquer, 'cause you dare not
die:
And though you thank God that you lost
none there,
'Cause they were such who liv'd not when
they were;
Yet your great general (who doth rise and
fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispense,
Either a———or his excellence),
Howe'er he reigns now by unheard-of
laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear com-
pacted fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name,
Whose life affords what doth content both
eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoils, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done,
retreat:
And when thou seest a happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite
spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from
my fall.

A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor show'rs
Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I.

When I am parted from those eyes,
 From which my better day doth rise,
 Though some propitious power
 Should plant me in a bower,
 Where amongst happy lovers I might see
 How show'rs and sunbeams bring
 One everlasting spring,
 Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth
 to me;

Nature herself to him is lost,
 Who loseth her he honours most.
 Then fairest, to my parting view display
 Your graces all in one full day;
 Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep
 till when
 I do return and view again:
 So by this art fancy shall fortune cross,
 And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, a poet, was the son of the chief baron of the Irish Exchequer, and was born in Dublin, in 1615. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied the law at Lincoln's Inn. He was, unfortunately, addicted to gaming which impeded his studies, and impaired his fortune. In 1641 he published the "Sophy", a tragedy, and in 1643 "Cooper's Hill". He espoused the cause of Charles I. and lost his estate in consequence. He attended Charles II. in his exile and was sent by him ambassador to Poland. At the Restoration he was knighted and appointed surveyor-general of the Royal buildings. He ranks high among the minor poets, his poems being elegant and spirited. He died in 1688.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never
 dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those,
 And as courts make not kings, but kings
 the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I
 fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts
 the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the
 place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so
 high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a
 proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
 Paul's the late theme of such a Muse,
 whose flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy
 height;
 Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or
 time, or fire,

Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall con-
 spire
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth the bus'ness and
 the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what he seems;
 Where, with like haste, though several
 ways they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and
 peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
 To be at once secure and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus
 dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley
 swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose
 face

Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic
 grace;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only
 proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain
 bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus
 advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere
 meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we
 choose
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods' great mother, where her heav'nly
 race
 Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
 Among that num'rous and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth
 Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur or the Danish C'nute;
 (Though this of old no less contest did
 move
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities
 strove)
 (Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like
 in fame;
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his
 flame)
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a
 mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
 But thee, great Edward! and thy greater
 son,
 (The lilies which his father wore he won)
 And thy Bellona, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
 She to thy triumph led one captive king,
 And brought that son which did the second
 bring;
 Then didst thou find that Order (whether
 love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design has been the great success,
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those kings, who then thy cap-
 tives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair
 Who should possess all that thy mighty
 pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
 To whom their better fate reserves what-
 e'er
 The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd
 fear:
 That blood which thou and thy great grand-
 sire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, and happy Edward
 known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his
 own.
 When he that patron chose in whom are
 join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretel and prophesy of him
 Who to his realms that azure round hath
 join'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first
 design'd;
 That bound which to the world's extremest
 ends,
 Endless itself its liquid arms extends.
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we
 paint,
 But is himself the soldier and the saint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here
 my praise;
 But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye
 betrays,
 Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of
 late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
 Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such
 storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
 Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire
 offence,
 What crime, could any Christian king in-
 cense
 To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
 Were these their crimes? they were his own
 much more;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's
 poor,
 Who having spent the treasures of his
 crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
 No crime so bold but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good.
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to
 fame.
 Thus he the church at once protects and
 spoils;
 But princes' swords are sharper than their
 styles:

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
 Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temp'rate region can be known
 Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
 Could we not wake from that lethargic

dream,

But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure
 But to be cast into a calenture?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must

advance

So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than led by a false guide to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps but would

demand

What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did

bring

This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of Zeal ap-

pears

'Twixt our best actions and the worst of

theirs;

What does he think our sacrilege would

spare,

When such th' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame
 and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's

too near.

My eye, descending from the Hill, sur-

veys

Where Thames among the wanton vallies

strays.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's

sons,

By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,

Like mortal life to meet eternity;
 Though with those streams he no resem-

blance hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel

gold:

His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his

shore;

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious

wing,

And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,

Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,

Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he

gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough-

man's toil:

But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he

does.

Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the sea or wind;

When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies

ours;

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where

it wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
 So that to us nothing, no place, is strange,

While his fair bosom is the world's ex-

change.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy

stream

My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet

not dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing

full.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current,

's lost;

Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's

abodes,

To shine among the stars¹ and bathe the

gods.

Here Nature, whether more intent to

please

Us for herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight

To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
 Though these delights from several causes

move;

For so our children, thus our friends, we

love),

Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord

springs.

Such was the discord which did first dis-

perse

Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat

resists,

All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
 While the steep horrid roughness of the

wood

Strives with the gentle calmness of the

flood;

Such huge extremes when Nature doth

unite,

Wonder from thence results, from thence

delight.

The stream is so transparent, pure and

clear,

That had the self-enamoured youth² gaz'd

here,

So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,

¹ The forest.

² Narcissus.

While he the bottom, not his face, had seen
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard?
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus, and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned hosts resorts
 To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great master piece, to show how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
 Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound.
 Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
 Confirms that more than all he fears is true.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head;
 With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
 But fear prevails and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers and his ear the cry:
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
 Then curses his conspiring feet whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His safety seeks: the herd unkindly wise,
 Or chases him from thence or from him flies;
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn;
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
 And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
 Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;

Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst
for blood!

So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that
dare

Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force and wounds returns for
wounds,

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails,
now those,

Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his
blood,

And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the self-same
place,

Fair Liberty pursu'd,¹ and meant to prey
To lawless Power here turn'd, and stood at
bay;

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least,
the last.

Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the
crown

All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and
fear

The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter
stood;

Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in
blood.

The subjects arm'd, the more their princes
gave,

The advantage only took the more to
crave:

Till kings, by giving, give themselves
away,

And ev'n that power that should deny
betray.

"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear
reviles,

"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they
gifts, but spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they
could hold,

First made their subjects by oppression bold;

¹ Runnymede, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

And popular sway by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.

When a calm river, raised with sudden
rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining
plains.

The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks
secure

Their greedy hopes, and this he can en-
dure;

But if with bays and dams they strive to
force

His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power
his shores.

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH.

OLD Chaucer like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;

His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;

But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;

The other three with his own fires
Phoebus, the poet's god, inspires;

By Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's
lines,

Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.

These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.

They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:

But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower

That in the Muses' garden grew
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!

Time which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.

Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;

In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;

But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:

He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold

To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.

Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;

And when he would like them appear,
 Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
 He not alone from Rome, but Greece,
 Like Jason brought the golden Fleece:
 To him that language (though to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale as Flaccus sings
 The Theban swan extends his wings,
 When through th' ethereal clouds he flies;
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd.
 His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much;
 His severe judgment (giving law)
 His modest fancy kept in awe;
 As rigid husbands jealous are
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know:
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear.
 Of that great portraiture so true
 A copy pencil never drew,
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii straight appear:
 Joy and amazement her did strike;
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
 One soul might through more bodies pass:
 Seeing such transmigration there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
 And shew the world this parallel:
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Nature's books;
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd
 Each draw fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd excels their own.
 Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
 Who knew and judg'd what they approv'd;
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind:
 Yet though both fell before their hour:
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
 Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'erblast.

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree
 Where Aethiop's swarthy bird did build
 her nest,
 Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
 Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent
 beast.
 Two kings like Saul, much taller than the
 rest,
 Their equal armies draw into the field;
 Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest;
 Courage and fortune must to conduct
 yield.
 This game the Persian Magi did invent,
 The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
 From thence to busy Europeans sent
 And styl'd by modern Lombards Pensive
 Chess.
 Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome re-
 port,
 Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
 The Amazons his Trojans taught this sport,
 To pass the tedious hours of ten years'
 siege.
 There she presents herself, whilst kings
 and peers
 Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona
 fights;
 Yet maiden modesty her motion steers,
 Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like
 knights.

ON POETICAL TRANSLATION.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

SECURE of fame, thou justly dost esteem
 Less honour to create, than to redeem.
 Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ
 Attempt Translation; for transplanted wit
 All the defects of air and soil doth share,
 And colder-brains like colder climates
 are:
 In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
 A vital spirit, but a vital heat.
 That servile path thou nobly dost decline
 Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
 Those are the labour'd births of slavish
 brains,
 Not the effect of Poetry, but pains;
 Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness af-
 fords
 No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at
 words.
 A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
 To make Translations and Translators too.
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the
 flame,
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

ON THE EARL OF STAFFORD'S
TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Stafford! worthy of that name,
 though all
 Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate.
 As chemists gold from brass by fire would
 draw,
 Pretexts are into reason forg'd by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms wonder, and three king-
 doms fear,
 Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd,
 although
 Each had an army, as an equal foe.
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that
 spake.
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to
 see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he.

So did he move our passions, some were
 known
 To wish, for the defence the crime their
 own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
 Now they could him, if he could them,
 forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live:
 Less seem those facts which treason's nick-
 name bore
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him ex-
 press,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent,
 Enacting it should make no president.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would
 not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears than safety from his
 own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW, the son of a clergyman, was born at London, in 1615, and educated at the Charter House, and at Cambridge. He was a friend of the poet Cowley; and being ejected from Cambridge he went to France where he embraced the Roman Catholic Faith. His poems are replete with merit, and Milton and Pope borrowed some of his ideas. He died, a canon of Loretto, in 1650.

SOSPETTO D'HERODE.

LIB. I.

* * *
 BELOW the bottom of the great abyss,
 There where one centre reconciles all things;
 The world's profound heart pants; there
 placed is
 Mischief's old master, close about him
 clings
 A curl'd not of embracing snakes, that kiss
 His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome
 strings
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the
 skies.

* * *
 From death's sad shades, to the life-breath-
 ing air,
 This mortal enemy to mankind's good,

Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
 To become beautiful in human blood.
 Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make
 fair
 The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
 There does he fix his eyes, and there de-
 tect
 New matter to make good his great sus-
 pect.
 He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what
 spark
 Set the contending sons of heaven on fire:
 Oft in his deep thought he revolves the
 dark
 Sybils' divining leaves he does inquire
 Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
 How many present prodigies conspire
 To crown their past predictions, both he
 lays
 Together, in his pond'rous mind both
 weighs.

Frown I, and can great Nature keep her
 seat?
 And the gay stars lead on their golden
 dance;
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous
 be,
 Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?
 He has my Heaven (what would he more)
 whose bright
 And radiant sceptre this bold hand should
 bear.
 And for the never-fading fields of light,
 My fair inheritance, he confines me here
 To this dark house of shades, horror, and
 night,
 To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my
 cheer
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
 That mankind's torment waits upon my
 tears.
 Dark dusky man, he needs would single
 forth,
 To make the partner of his own pure ray:
 And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of
 worth,
 Bow our bright heads before a king of
 clay?
 It shall not be, said I; and clomb the
 north,
 Where never wing of angel yet made way.
 What though I miss'd my blow? yet I
 struck high,
 And to dare something, is some victory.¹
 Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
 Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
 (O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
 And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
 With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
 Must the bright arms of heav'n rebuke
 these eyes?
 Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?
 Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the
 droves
 Of stars that gild the morn in charge were
 giv'n?
 The nimblest of the lightning winged loves?
 The fairest, and the first born smile of
 Heav'n?
 Look in what pomp the mistress planet
 moves,
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
 Such, and so rich, the flames that from
 thine eyes,
 Oppress'd the common people of the
 skies.

¹ "Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

MILTON.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back
 thy eyes
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort
 shews?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joys
 Renders thee double to thy present woes.
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
 If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall
 sympathise.
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall
 devise.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
 Myself? my strength too with my inno-
 cence?
 Come, try who dares, heav'n, earth, whate'er
 dost boast
 A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence.
 Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
 Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
 Heav'ns saw us struggle once, as brave a
 fight
 Earth now shall see, and tremble at the
 sight.

THE HYMN:

"O GLORIOSA DOMINA."

HAIL most high, most humble one!
 Above the world, below thy Son,
 Whose blush the moon beauteously marres,
 And staines the timerous light of starres.
 He that made all things had not done,
 Till he had made himself thy Son.
 The whole world's host would be thy guest,
 And board himself at thy rich brest;
 O boundless hospitality!
 The feast of all things feeds on thee.
 The first Eve, mother of our fall,
 E're she bore any one, slew all.
 Of her unkind gift might we have
 The inheritance of a hasty grave;
 Quick buried in the wanton tomb
 Of one forbidden bitt;
 Had not a better fruit forbidden it;
 Had not thy healthfull womb
 The world's new eastern window bin,
 And given us heaven again in giving him.
 Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the
 day,
 Which renders all the starres she stole
 away.
 Let then the aged world be wise, and all
 Prove nobly, here unnaturall:
 'Tis gratitude to forgett that other,
 And call the maiden Eve their mother.
 Yee redeem'd nations farr and near,
 Applaud your happy selves in her,
 (All you to whom this love belongs)
 And keep't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lippes speak lowd, and
say,
Hail, door was shutt, the fountain seal'd;
Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to thee, great virgin's Son,
In bosom of thy Father's blisse:
The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As ever shall be, was, and is,
Amen.

COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous son of a grocer. He was born in London, in 1618, and educated as a King's Scholar at Westminster. At the age of seventeen he published a volume, entitled "Poetical Blossoms." In 1636, he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; but, in 1643, he was ejected and then settled at St. John's College, Oxford. He then became an active partizan in the royal cause and accompanied the King in several journies. He, afterwards, obtained a settlement in the Earl of St. Alban's family and managed the correspondence between the King and Queen. On his return to England he was imprisoned, but was bailed by Dr. Scarborough. In 1656 he published a complete edition of his poems. He visited France, but returned in the train of the restored sovereign. Johnson says "Cowley is undoubtedly the best of the metaphysical poets." His prose works deserve unlimited praise. He died at the Porch House, Chertsey, in July 1667, from the effects of a severe cold, caught in returning from a convivial party.

OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't
depends

Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the
light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and plea-
sures yield,

Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs this
race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy

Does of all meats the soonest cloy;

And they, methinks, deserve my pity,

Who for it can endure the stings,

The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,

Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,

May I a small house and large garden have!

And a few friends, and many books, both

true,

Both wise, and both delightful too!

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,

A mistress moderately fair,

And good as guardian-angels are

Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I

Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?

Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be

made

The happy tenant of your shade?

Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's

flood;

Where all the riches lie, that she

Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here

Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;

Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
 scatter,
 And nought but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended, hither
 From Heaven did always chuse their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say,
 That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
 And one dear she, live, and embracing
 die!
 She, who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude.
 I should have then this only fear—
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here.

FOR HOPE.

HOPE! of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure!
 Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
 health!

Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's
 wealth!

Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
 To every taste a several meat!

Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd
 estate,

Which nought has power to alienate!
 Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
 Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
 Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
 Thou good preparative, without which our
 joy
 Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures,
 destroy!

Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
 And art a blessing still in hand!

Whilst thee, her earnest money, we retain,
 We certain are to gain,

Whether she her bargain break or else ful-
 fil;

Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
 The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
 Though faith be heir, and have the fixt
 estate,

Thy portion yet in moveables is great.

Happiness itself 's all one

In thee, or in possession!

Only the future 's thine, the present his!

Thine 's the more hard and noble bliss:

Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so
 fast!

Hope! thou sad lovers' only friend!
 Thou Way, that may'st dispute it with the
 End!

For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
 The taste itself less than the smell and
 sight.

Fruition more deceitful is
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight
 flee

Some other way again to thee;
 And that 's a pleasant country, without
 doubt,

To which all soon return that travel out.

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,
 Alike, if it succeed and if it miss;
 Whom good or ill does equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma
 wound:

Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,
 Both at full noon and perfect night!

The stars have not a possibility
 Of blessing thee;

If things then from their end we happy
 call,

'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, de-
 vour'st it quite!

Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us
 poor,

By clogging it with legacies before!

The joys which we entire should wed,
 Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;

Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty custom 's paid to thee.

For joy, like wine, kept close does better
 taste;

If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!

Where for one prize an hundred blanks
 there be;

Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so
 far,

That still or short or wide thine arrows
 are!

Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye de-
 ceives

With shapes that our own fancy gives!

A cloud, which gilt and painted now ap-
 pears,

But must drop presently in tears!

When thy false beams o'er Reason's light
 prevail,

By ignes fatui for north-stars we sail.

If in thy mind such power and greatness
be,
The Persian King's a Slave compar'd with
thee.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plough'd ground, seated commo-
diously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial country
mouse:

Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A city mouse well coated, sleek, and gay,
A mouse of high degree, which lost his
way,

Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there,
For a day's lodging: the good hearty host,
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce, that might ex-
cite,

With various tastes, the courtiers appetite.
Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and
wheat,

And a large chesnut, the delicious meat,
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse,
would eat.

And for a haut gout there was mixt with
these

The sword of bacon, and the coat of cheese.
The precious relics, which at harvest, he
Had gather'd from the reapers luxury.

Freely (said he) fall on and never spare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow
care.

And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,
And to their Genius sacrific'd the day.

Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil seem and
kind)

Despis'd this country feast, and still his
thought

Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (said he)

Which I'm surprised in these rude parts to
see,

Shews that the gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.

Why should a soul, so virtuous and so
great,

Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den,

You should see towns, and manners know,
and men;

And taste the generous luxury of the court,
Where all the mice of quality resort.

We all e'er long must render up our breath,
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.

Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and
partake,
All the great things that mortals happy
make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms,
To oppose bright Honour, and soft Plea-
sure's charms?

What wisdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
Plainly, the truth to tell, the sun was set,
When to the town our wearied travellers
get,

To a Lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops and will hardly enter in before.

But 'tis Sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn't obedience, and so in they go.

Behind a hanging in a spacious room,
(The richest work of Mortclakes noble
loom)

They wait awhile their wearied limbs to
rest,

Till silence should invite them to their
feast.

At last the varied supper being done,
It happened that the company was gone,

Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.

Our host leads forth his stranger and does
find,

All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half fill'd dishes stood,

And with delicious bits the floor was
strew'd.

The courteous mouse presents him with
the best,

And both with fat varieties are blest,
Th' industrious peasant every where does
range,

And thanks the gods for his life's happy
change.

Lo, in the midst of a well-freighted pie,
They both at last glutted and wanton lie.

When see the sad reverse of prosperous
fate,

And what fierce storms on mortal glories
wait.

With hideous noise, down the rude servants
come,

Six dogs before run barking into the room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild af-
fright,

And hate the fulness which retracts their
flight.

Our trembling peasant wishes now in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him
again.

Oh! how the change of his poor life he
curst!

This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.

Give me again, ye gods, my cave and
wood,
With peace, let tares and acorns be my
food.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

To MORROW you will live, you always cry,
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long 'ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late, the wise liv'd
yesterday.

UPON THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow how it cuts the air,
How it out-runs thy following eye,
Use all persuasions now and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract is left behind.
Fool 'tis thy life, and the fond archer
thou,
Of all the time thou 'st shot away
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud one substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years,
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our class run out, and must
Both render up our dust;
But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine Heir;
That man extends life's natural brevity,
This is, this is the only way
T'out-live Nestor in a day.

PART OF HORACE'S FIRST SATIRE.

I ADMIRE, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be with that state
In which his own choice plants him or his
fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries,
The merchant beaten with tempestuous
skies;
Happy the soldier, one half hour to thee
Gives speedy death or glorious victory.
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest.

The peasant when his labours ill succeed,
Envys the mouth which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you 'll say) that I want
store

Of instances, if here I add no more,
They are enough to reach at least a mile.
Beyond long orator Fabius his style,
But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er en-
dears

Gentlemen, Malcontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
Behold, Jove's now resolv'd to please you
all.

The soldier be a merchant, merchant, thou,
A soldier be; and, lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your stations straight, why do
they stay?

Not a man will change now when he may.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whom 'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of Hope or
Fear)

A little field, and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal nature needs,
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of business, and of state,
He sees (nor does the right disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd by wicked men possess.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's
praise)

The old Corcyian yeoman pass'd his days,
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' ambassadors which the great Emperor
sent

To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The reverend gard'ner hoeing of his ground,
Unwillingly and slow and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage, to a throne he
went!

And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back and oft was heard to
say

Not without sighs, alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take.
Thus Aglairs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew and therefore lov'd him
then)

Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglairs now consign'd t'eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Resum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat
Presum'd to ask, oh! thou, the whole
world's eye,

See'st thou a man, that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man re-
ply'd,

Aglairs happier is, but Gyges cry'd,

In a proud rage, "Who can that Aglaidis
be?
We have heard as yet of no such king as
he?"
And true it was through the whole earth
around

No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods
derive?
Is it some mighty general that has done,
Wonders in sight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth, said he?
None, none of these; who can this Aglaidis
be?

After long search and vain enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(The Arcadian life has always shady been),
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had
seen)

This Aglaidis who monarch's envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaidis was labouring found
With his own hands in his own little ground.

So, gracious God (if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my lost vessel gain,
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her
end.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou
must quit,
Or what is worse be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt
to flee,
Oh! man ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on
high,
Thou who art underground to be?
Thou sow'st and plantest but no fruit must
see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, that fortune could to tameness
bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou could'st on fate so far prevail
As not to cut off thy entail,
Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh,
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraf
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious
deem;

A mighty husband thou would'st seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all
the while

Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In business that concerns not thee!

For when to future years thou extendst
thy cares

Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Even aged men, as if they truly were

Children again, for age prepare,

Provisions for long travail they design,

In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor Winter hoards

The stock which Summer's wealth affords,

In Grasshopper's that must at Autumn die,

How vain were such an industry!

Of Power and Honour the deceitful light

Might half excuse our cheated sight,

If it of Life the whole small time would

stay,

And be our sun-shine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud

(Though shining bright, and speaking

loud),

Whilst it begins, concludes its violent

race,

And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh! scene of fortune which dost fair appear,

Only to men that stand not near!

Proud Poverty, that tinsel brav'ry wears!

And like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent and the shore in prospect keep,

In a weak boat trust not the deep;

Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise,

Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,

Thy fellow-poet Cowley, mark,

Above thy clouds let thy proud music

sound,

Thy humble nest build on the ground.

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,

Beneath a bower for sorrow made,

Th' uncomfortable shade

Of the black yew's unlucky green,

Mixt with the mourning willow's careful

grey,

Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous

way,

The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play),
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal
light.

A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well cloth'd
dream,

She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favorite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were
on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd
him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?"

Thou prodigal: who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of life is past,

And Winter marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my
son,

And did as learn'd a portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with
noise and show,
Would'st into courts and cities from me go;
Would'st see the world abroad, and have a
share

In all the follies and the tumults there:
Thou would'st forsooth, be something in a
state,

And business thou would'st find, and
would'st create;

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;

Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things
hate;

Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount

Thy foolish gains by quitting me!
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm
were past,

All thy remaining life should sunshine be;
Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign 's tost at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.

But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd
land,
Thou, still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren
sand!

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our King;
Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing;
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him
light!

But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
For every tree and every herb around

With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding
lie,

And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.

It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said
(The men whom through long wanderings
he had led)

That he would give them ev'n a heaven of
brass;

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That bounteous Heaven, which God did not
restrain

Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years
and more

Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) de-
serve,

Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another thou didst see,

Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,

And not Leah left, thy recompense to be!
Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune
try;

Twice seven years more God in his bounty
may

Give thee, to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:

But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren season
thrive,

Should'st even able be to live;
Thou, to whose share so little bread did
fall,

In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd
on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a
smile,

That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful
head,

The melancholy Cowley said—
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid

The ills which thou thyself hast made?

When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not
where;

Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever,
breeds;

No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass
doth ever grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion
known,

Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine
own,

That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:

Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours
quite;

But never will reduce the native white:

To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;

Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back
again.

Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be

The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.

Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire
Do from the world retire.

This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.

Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too
late,)

For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

"Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!

The court, and better king, t' accuse:

The heaven under which I live is fair,

The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:

Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou

Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should
plough.

When I but think how many a tedious year

Our patient sovereign did attend

His long misfortunes' fatal end;

How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,

On the Great Sovereign's will he did de-

pend;

I ought to be accurst, if I refuse

To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!

Kings have long hands, they say; and though

I be

So distant, they may reach at length to me.

However, of all the princes, thou

Should'st not reproach rewards for being

small or slow;

Thou! who rewardest but with popular

breath,

And that too after death."

MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was born in 1620, at Kingston upon Hull and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was appointed secretary to the British Legation at Constantinople, and, on his return, in 1657, he became assistant to Milton, as Latin Secretary. In 1660 he was chosen member of parliament for his native place, with a salary from his constituents. He is said to have been the last member who received pay. He was distinguished by his integrity as a senator, and by his wit as a political writer. He died in 1678.

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song:
'What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,

Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?

Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,

That lift the deep upon their backs,

He lands us on a grassy stage,

Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits thro' the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows,
He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault:
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.
Thus sung they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.'

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! Thou ne'er did'st alive
Them any harm: alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing:
And nothing may we use in vain,
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do.

Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a Fawn to hunt his Deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd:
This waxed tame while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his Fawn but took his Heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this: and, very well content,
Could so my idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar first,
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty stripping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay,
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet Fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elisium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
Oh do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

SEE with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flow'rs and gives them names:
But only with the roses plays

And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what
smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause,
This darling of the Gods was born!

Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn,

Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere with their glancing wheels, they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.

Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glorys from some
shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm:

But most procure,
That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds;
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;

And ere we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in
thee.

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the most celebrated of our poets, was born in 1631, at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has produced some of the finest pieces in our language; but, unfortunately he has defiled many of his works with gross licentiousness, to please a corrupt king; and on the accession of James the second, he turned Roman Catholic to please that monarch. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SELECT PASSAGES FROM ELEANORA.

As PRECIOUS gums are not for lasting
fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:

So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:



She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:

One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.

As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;

Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep;
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heav'n, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;

As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest,
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:

Ev'n on that day in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.

He kept his hour, and found her where she lay

Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word,

or act,

Unless omissions were to pass for fact:

That hardly death a consequence could

draw,

To make her liable to nature's law.

* * *
O happy soul! if thou canst view from high

Where thou art all intelligence, all eye;
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be perviews,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:

Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford

To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.

See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,

A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.

Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

FROM RELIGIO LAICI.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars

To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here: so reason's glimmering ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;

So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led

From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;

And found that one First Principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He:

Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;

Or various atoms' interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;

Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see:

And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;

As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find

What most concern'd the good of human kind;

For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.

One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;

This every little accident destroy'd:

The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
A thorny or at best a barren soil:

In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;

But found their line too short, the well too deep;

And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,

Without a centre where to fix the soul;
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:

How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?

For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;

Cries Εἰρηνα! the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;

We made to serve, and in that service blest.



If so, some rules of worship must be given:
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide
 This general worship is to praise and pray
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
 Where God's all righteous ways will be de-
 clar'd,
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
 Thus man by his own strength to heaven
 would soar,
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou mis-
 led
 To think thy wit these god-like notions
 bred!
 These truths are not the product of thy
 mind,
 But dropt from heaven and of a nobler
 kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the
 light.
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the
 source;
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so
 clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead
 know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome
 adorn,
 Knew no such system: no such piles could
 raise
 Of natural worship, built on prayer and
 praise
 To one sole God.
 Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their of-
 fence,
 And cruelty and blood was penitence.
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might
 sin!
 And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath
 beguile,
 By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
 And must the terms of peace be given by
 thee?
 Then thou art justice in the last appeal:
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
 And, like a king remote, and weak, must
 take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
 But if there be a power too just and
 strong,
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd
 wrong;
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way;
 And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store,
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits
 the score.

ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED.

FROM THE XXIX. ODE OF THE I. BOOK
 OF HORACE.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of Fortune's pow'r;
 The tide of business, like the running
 stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 And always in extreme.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetuous
 force;
 And trunks of trees come rolling down;
 Sheep and their folds together drown:
 Both house and homestead into seas are
 borne;
 And rocks are from their old foundations
 torn;
 And words, made thin with winds, their scat-
 ter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd
 to-day.
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate,
 are mine.
 Not heaven itself upon the past has
 power;
 But what has been, has been, and I have
 had my hour.
 Fortune, that with malicious joy
 Does man, her slave, oppress;
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless:

Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly
resign'd:

Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me
warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear

For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnacle I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;

And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

A DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

ALL things are hush'd, as if nature self lay
dead!
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy
head;
The little birds in dreams their songs re-
peat,
And drooping flowers beneath the night-
dew sweat:
Even lust and envy sleep.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The god-like hero sate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound;

(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thais, by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:

Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the power of mighty love!)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,

And while he sought her snowy breast:

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet mu-
sician sung:

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes,

he comes,

Bacchus, ever fair and young:

Drinking joys did first ordain:

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,

Rich the treasure

Sweet the pleasure;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure

Sweet the pleasure;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew
vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and cheek'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With down-cast looks the joyless victor
 sate
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.
 The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud ap-
 plause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the
 cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd, and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once op-
 press'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once
 oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again:
 And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head:
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their
 eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
 were slain,
 And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:
 Behold how they toss their torches on
 high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy:
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
 Thus, long ago
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
 desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and art unknown
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 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
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THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH Priest was of the pilgrim-train;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was
 poor,
 As God had cloth'd his own ambassador.
 For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer
 bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might
 last
 To sixty more; but that he liv'd too fast;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
 But, sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was
 arm'd;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people
 charm'd;
 For, letting down the golden chain from
 high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky:
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their
 ears,
 (A music more melodious than the spheres,)
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look:
 But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all
 he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains
 of Hell,
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law;
 And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to
 draw;
 For Fear but freezes minds: but Love, like
 heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native
 seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm
 prepar'd;
 But when the milder beams of Mercy play,
 He melts and throws his cumbrous cloak
 away.
 Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly;
 Those but proclaim his style, and disap-
 pear;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is
 there.
 The tithes, his parish freely paid, he
 took;
 But never sued, or curs'd with bell and
 book.
 With patience bearing wrong; but offering
 none:
 Since every man is free to lose his own.
 The country churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be be-
 hind),
 The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd
 the more,
 And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
 Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the
 bare;
 For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 True priests, he said, and preachers of the
 word,
 Were only stewards of their sovereign lord;
 Nothing was theirs; but all the public
 store:
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
 Who, should they steal, for want of his re-
 lief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the
 thief.
 Wide was his parish; not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling
 house;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd:
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
 All this, the good old man perform'd
 alone;
 Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had
 none.
 Nor durst he trust another with his care;
 Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
 To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
 Where bishopries and sinecures are sold.
 But duly watch'd his flock, by night and
 day,
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the
 prey;
 And hungry sent the wily fox away.
 The proud he tam'd, the penitent he
 cheer'd:
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught),
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
 (The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may be baser brass contract a rust.
 The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn.
 In purple he was crucified, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
 Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
 Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
 The holy father holds a double reign,
 The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
 Such was the saint, who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd;
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
 The tempter saw him too with envious eye:
 And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
 He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
 And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
 This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
 Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
 Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
 A king can give no more than is his own:
 The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
 Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
 Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
 The senseless plea of right by Providence
 Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
 And lasts no longer than the present sway;
 But justifies the next who comes in play.
 The people's right remains; let those who dare
 Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
 Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
 Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
 And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.
 Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
 And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
 Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
 By many follow'd, lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
 With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
 He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
 But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
 In deference to his virtues, I forbear
 To show you what the rest in orders were:
 This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

ON MILTON.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third, she join'd the other two.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount; thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding spirit, our defence,
 Who do'st the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, ah, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal paraclete, to thee.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

A VISION.

Now, turning from the wintry signs, the
sun,
His course exalted, through the Ram had
run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot
drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms
of love,
Where Venus from her orb descends in
show'rs
To glad the ground, and paint the fields
with flow'rs;
When first the tender blades of grass ap-
pear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurys fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to
clothe the year,
Till gentle heat and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their
veins:
Then, at their call embolden'd, out they
come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow
room.
Broader and broader yet their blooms dis-
play,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the
day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets
repair
To scent the skies and purge th' unwhole-
some air;
Ivy spreads the heart, and with a gen'ral
song
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly
months along.

In that sweet season as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health and void of
pain:

Cares I had none to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast.
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew,
Seas would be pools without the brushing
air
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want
repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had
sung,
Scorning the scorner Sleep, from bed I
sprung,
And dressing by the moon, in loose array
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my
way.

Straight as a line, in beauteous order, stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath and ev'ry tree
At distance planted in a due degree;
Their branching arms in air with equal
space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long
embrace,
And the new leaves on ev'ry bough were
seen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard
to sing;
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight:
Enchanting music and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire,
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to
sing,
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed,
lay;

In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring, I walk'd alone, for still me-
thought
To some strange end, so strange a path was
wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood.
This place, unmark'd, though oft I walk'd
the green,
In all my progress I had never seen;
And seiz'd at once with wonder and de-
light,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting
sight.

'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be
seen;
The thick young grass arose in fresher green;
The mound was newly made, no sight could
pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from
day.
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a cov'ring over
head,
And so the fragrant brier was wove be-
tween,
The sycamore and flow'rs were mix'd with
green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bow'r was
known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon,
Who twining leaves with such proportion
drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they
grew.
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so
well,
Both roof and sides were like a parlour
made,
And soft recess and a cool summer shade.
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign
eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy;
But all that pass'd without with ease was
seen.
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd be-
tween.
'T was border'd with a field, and some was
plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with ris-
ing grain:
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd
the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and still with new de-
light;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my
sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath
Whose odours were of pow'r to raise from
death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit
there;
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe,
For this sweet place could only pleasure
know.
Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh:
The spreading branches made a goodly
show,
And full of opening blooms was ev'ry bough.

A gold finch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side
to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd, and still she
drew
The sweets from ev'ry flow'r, and suck'd
the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her
throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note;
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my
ear.
Her short performance was no sooner
tried,
When she, I sought the nightingale, re-
plied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for
thought,
But all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length I wak'd: and looking round the
bow'r
Search'd ev'ry tree, and pry'd on ev'ry
flow'r,
If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a laurel spray;
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite
Where stood with eglantine the laurel
'twin'd
And both their native sweets were well con-
join'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd
long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song;)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were em-
ploy'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place,
Single and conscious to myself alone,
Of pleasures to th' excluded world un-
known;
Pleasures which nowhere else were to be
found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus, while I sat intent to see and hear
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music on th' enchanted ground:
An host of saints it seem'd so full the choir,
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices and neglect the lyre.

At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind;
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and ev'ry charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth de-
base:

But their attire, like liv'ries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet white, as snow, the troop was
gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set
around:

Their hoods and sleeves the same; and pur-
fl'd o'er
With diamonds, pearls and all the shining
store

Of eastern pomp: their long descending
train,
With rubies edg'd and sapphires, swept the
plain:

High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the choir was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads
plac'd,

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of agnus-castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin-crowns
were dress'd

Appear'd in higher honour than the rest,
They danc'd around; but in the midst was
seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their
sov'reign queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace:
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face;
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions
view'd,

Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd.
Methought she trod the ground with greater
grace,

With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,
So nobler than the rest was her attire.

A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a
show;

A branch of agnus-castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they
bow'd:

And as she danc'd and roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young!
She rais'd her voice so high, and sung so
clear,

The fawns came scudding from the groves
to hear:

And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At ev'ry close she made th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus, dancing on, and singing as they
danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd;
Till round my arbour a new ring they made
And footed it about the sacred shade.

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well,
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observed, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers'
cry,
And sounding trumps, that seem'd to tear
the sky.

I saw soon after this behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they
fly,

New to the flow'rs and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so
fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their
feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the
song;

To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch
poor.

Yet what I can I will; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd, in white mantles
dress'd:

A num'rous troop, and all their heads
around
With chaplets green of cerriall-oak were
crown'd;

And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which waving in the wind, display'd at
large

Their masters' coat of arms and knightly
charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue;
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the 'scutcheons
wore,

With orient pearls and jewels powder'd
o'er:

Broad were their collars too, and ev'ry one
Was set about with many a costly stone.

Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the
plain:

Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with
gold,
And garlands green around their temples
roll'd:

Rich crowns were on their royal 'scutcheons
 plac'd,
 With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies
 grac'd:
 And as the trumpets their appearance
 made,
 So these in habits were alike array'd;
 But with a pace more sober and more slow,
 And twenty, rank in rank, they rode arow.
 The pursuivants came next, in number
 more;
 And, like the heralds, each his 'scutcheon
 bore:
 Clad in white velvet, all their troop they
 led,
 With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
 Nine royal knights in equal rank suc-
 ceed,
 Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed;
 In golden armour glorious to behold;
 The rivets of their arms were nail'd with
 gold:
 Their surcoats of white ermine fur were
 made,
 With cloth of gold between, that cast a
 glitt'ring shade:
 The trappings of their steeds were of the
 same;
 The golden fring e'en set the ground on
 flame,
 And drew a precious trail: a crown divine,
 Of laurel did about their temples twine.
 Three henchmen were for ev'ry knight
 assign'd,
 All in rich liv'ry clad, and of a kind:
 White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they
 wore,
 And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
 The foremost held a helm of rare device;
 A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
 The second bore the buckler of his knight;
 The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
 Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd
 bright.
 Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
 And all their foreheads crown'd with gar-
 lands green.
 And after these came, arm'd with spears
 and shield,
 An host so great as cover'd all the field;
 And all their foreheads, like the knights
 before,
 With laurels evergreen were shaded o'er,
 Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the
 wind.
 Some in their hands, besides the lance and
 shield,
 The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn
 held,
 Or branches for their mystic emblems
 took,
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.

Thus, marching to the trumpet's lofty
 sound,
 Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd
 around,
 And in the middle meadow took their
 ground.
 Among themselves the tourney they divide,
 In equal squadrons rang'd on either side;
 Then, turn'd their horses' heads, and man
 to man,
 And steed to steed oppos'd, the jousts be-
 gan.
 They lightly set their lances in the rest,
 And, at the sign, against each other
 press'd:
 They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld
 The mix'd events and fortunes of the field.
 Some broke their spears, some tumbled
 horse and man,
 And round the fields the lighten'd coursers
 ran.
 An hour and more, like tides, in equal
 sway
 They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost
 the day:
 At length the nine (who still together held)
 Their fainting foes to shameful flight com-
 pell'd,
 And with resistless force, o'erran the field.
 Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the
 fight,
 The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
 Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
 And two by two proceeded o'er the plain,
 Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
 Who near the secret arbour sung and
 danc'd.
 The ladies left their measures at the
 sight,
 To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
 And each with open arms embrac'd her
 chosen knight.
 Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
 The grace and ornament of all the wood:
 That pleasing shade they sought, a soft
 retreat
 From sudden April show'rs, a shelter from
 the heat.
 Her leafy arms with such extent were
 spread,
 So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
 That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid
 air,
 Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging
 there:
 And flocks of sheep, beneath the shade,
 from far
 Might hear the rattling hail and wintry
 war;
 From Heav'n's inclemency here found re-
 treat,
 Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching
 heat:

A hundred knights might there at ease
 abide,
 And ev'ry knight a lady by his side:
 The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
 That a Moluccan breeze to these was com-
 mon breath.
 The lords and ladies here, approaching,
 paid
 Their homage, with a low obeisance made;
 And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
 These rites perform'd, their pleasures they
 pursue,
 With songs of love, and mix with measures
 new;
 Around the holy tree their dance they
 frame,
 And ev'ry champion leads his chosen dame.
 I cast my sight upon the farther field,
 And a fresh object of delight beheld:
 For from the region of the west I heard
 New music sound, and a new troop ap-
 pear'd;
 Of knights, and ladies mix'd a jolly band,
 But all on foot they march'd, and hand in
 hand.
 The ladies dress'd in rich symors were
 seen
 Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and
 green,
 And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gri-
 delin.
 The borders of their petticoats below
 Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
 And ev'ry damsel wore upon her head
 Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
 Attir'd in mantles all the knights were
 seen,
 That gratified the view with cheerful green:
 Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
 Compos'd of white and red, to shade their
 shining hair.
 Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd,
 All in their masters' liv'ries were array'd,
 And clad in green, and on their temples
 wore
 The chaplets white and red their ladies
 bore.
 Their instruments were various in their
 kind,
 Some for the bow, and some for breathing
 wind:
 The psaltry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy
 band,
 And the soft lute trembling beneath the
 touching hand.
 A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay
 They saw, and thitherward they bent their
 way;
 To this both knights and dames their hom-
 age made,
 And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
 And then the band of flutes began to play,
 To which a lady sung a virelay:
 And still at ev'ry close she would repeat
 The burden of the song, 'The Daisy is so
 sweet.'
 'The Daisy is so sweet,' when she begun,
 The troops of knights and dames continu'd
 on.
 The concert and the voice so charm'd my
 ear,
 And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to
 hear.
 But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon
 of day
 The sun with sultry beams began to play:
 Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
 When with his pois'nous breath he blasts
 the sky;
 Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty
 fled),
 And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the
 head,
 And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their
 bed.
 The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could re-
 spire;
 The breath they drew, no longer air, but
 fire.
 The fainty knights were scorch'd, and knew
 not where
 To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
 And after this, the gath'ring clouds amain
 Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and
 rain:
 And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field and
 flow'rs,
 Burnt up before, were buried in the
 show'rs.
 The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
 Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
 Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
 And through their thin array receiv'd the
 rain.
 While those in white, protected by the
 tree,
 Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from
 danger free,
 But, as compassion mov'd their gentle
 minds,
 When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the
 winds,
 Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had
 seen,
 They went to cheer the faction of the green:
 The queen in white array before her band,
 Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
 So did the knights and dames, with courtly
 grace,
 And with behaviour sweet their foes em-
 brace.
 Then thus the queen, with laurel on her
 brow,
 'Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
 Nor shall be wanting aught within my pow'r
 For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.'

That other answer'd with a lowly look;
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating
rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry
knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their swords in-
vade
The neighb'ring forests, where the jousts
were made,
And sere wood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke;
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried
their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat; the ladies sought
around
For virtuous herbs, which, gather'd from
the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling oint-
ment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their
chapt skins they laid:
Then sought green salads, which they bade
'em eat;
A sov'reign remedy for inward heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her guest:
When, lo! a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for
either train.

This bow'r was near my pleasant arbour
plac'd,

That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and
green:

The vanquish'd party with the victors
join'd,

Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet
of the mind.

Meantime the minstrels play'd on either
side,

Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vied:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the
bow'r.

The sun was set, and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky;
When Philomel, officious all the day,
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her
flight

Directly to the queen array'd in white;
And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding
heat,

Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes, 'scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;

And either songster, holding out their
throats;

And folding up their wings, renew'd their
notes:

As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.

The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly

moon;
And, when they were to part, the laureate

queen
Supplied with steeds the Lady of the Green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,

The moon to follow and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know

The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find

Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind;
And, as my fair adventure fell, I found

A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,

Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,

As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the

day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.

'Great thanks, my daughter,' with a gra-
cious bow,

She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to

break
My mind, adventured humbly thus to speak:

'Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend

Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to
tell

What nymphs they were who mortal forms
excel,

And what the knights, who fought in listed
fields so well.'

To this the dame replied, 'Fair daughter,
know

That what you saw was all a fairy show;
And all those airy shapes you now behold

Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with
earthly mould;

Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of

night;
This only holiday of all the year

We, privileg'd, in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the

day,
And with due honours usher in the May.

At other times we reign by night alone,
And, posting through the skies, pursue the

moon;
But, when the moon arises, none are found,

For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,

He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
night.

'All courteous are by kind, and ever
 proud
 With friendly offices to help the good.
 In ev'ry land we have a larger space
 Than what is known to you of mortal race:
 Where we with green adorn our fairy
 bow'rs;
 And e'en this grove, unseen before, is ours.
 Know farther; ev'ry lady cloth'd in white,
 And, crown'd with oak and laurel ev'ry
 knight,
 Are servants to the Leaf, by liv'ries known
 Of innocence, and I myself am one.
 Saw you not her, so graceful to behold,
 In white attire, and crown'd with radiant
 gold?
 The sov'reign lady of our land is she,
 Diana call'd, the queen of chastity;
 And for the spotless name of maid she
 bears,
 That agnus-castus in her hand appears;
 And all her train, with leafy chaplets
 crown'd,
 Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd:
 But those the chief and highest in com-
 mand,
 Who bear those holy branches in their
 hand.
 The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are
 they,
 Whom death nor danger ever could dis-
 may;
 Victorious names, who made the world
 obey;
 Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms ex-
 cell'd,
 And after death for deities were held:
 But those who wear the woodbine on their
 brow
 Were knights of love, who never broke
 their vow;
 Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
 From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
 The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
 As true as Tristram and Isotta were.
 'But what are those,' said I, 'th' uncon-
 quer'd nine,
 Who, crown'd with laurel wreaths, in gol-
 den armour shine?
 And, who the knights in green, and what
 the train
 Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
 Why both the bands in worship disagree,
 And some adore the flow'r and some the
 tree?'
 'Just is your suit, fair daughter,' said
 the dame:
 'Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty
 fame;
 Nine worthies were they call'd of diff'rent
 rites;
 Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Chri-
 stian knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the
 field,
 As they the foremost rank of honour held,
 And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
 Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that
 still renew;
 For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
 Who bear the bows were knights in Ar-
 thur's reign;
 Twelve they, and twelve the peers of
 Charlemaign:
 For bows the strength of browny arms im-
 ply,
 Emblems of valour and of victory.
 Behold an order yet of newer date,
 Doubling their number, equal in their state;
 Our England's ornament, the crown's de-
 fence,
 In battle brave, protectors of their prince.
 Unchang'd by fortune, to their sov'reign
 true,
 For which their manly legs are bound with
 blue.
 These of the Garter call'd, of faith un-
 stain'd,
 In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
 And well repaid those honours which they
 gain'd.
 The laurel wreaths were first by Caesar worn,
 And still they Caesar's successors adorn:
 One leaf of this is immortality,
 And more of worth than all the world can
 buy.
 'One doubt remains,' said I, 'the dames
 in green,
 What were their qualities, and who their
 queen?'
 'Flora commands,' said she, 'those nymphs
 and knights,
 Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose de-
 lights;
 Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
 The men inglorious knights, the ladies all
 untrue;
 Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in
 courts,
 Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and
 sports,
 Till death behind came stalking on unseen,
 And wither'd, like the storm, the freshness
 of their green.
 These, and their mates, enjoy the present
 hour,
 And therefore pay their homage to the
 Flow'r.
 But knights in knightly deeds should per-
 severe,
 And still continue what at first they were;
 Continue, and proceed, in honour's fair
 career.
 No room for cowardice or dull delay;
 From good to better they should urge their
 way:

For this with golden spurs the chiefs are
 grac'd,
 With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their
 haste.
 For this with lasting leaves their brows are
 bound;
 For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
 Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken
 falls to ground;
 From winter's wind it suffers no decay,
 For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is
 May.
 E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
 E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow,
 The life is in the Leaf, and still between
 The fits of falling snow, appears the streaky
 green.
 Not so the Flow'r, which lasts for little
 space,
 A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain
 grace;
 This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
 Weak to sustain the storms and injuries
 of heav'n.
 Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the
 head,
 But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
 In summer living, and in winter dead.
 For things of tender kind, for pleasure
 made,
 Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden
 are decay'd.'

With humble words, the wisest I could
 frame,
 And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
 That, of her grace, she gave her maid to
 know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made,
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded, till the next returning May,
 Whether, the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
 I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober
 cheer,
 And wish'd me fair adventure for the year;
 And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
 Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
 'But I,' said she 'my fellows must pur-
 sue,
 Already past the plain; and out of view.'
 We parted thus: I homeward sped my
 way,
 Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
 And met the merry crew who danc'd about
 the May
 Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to
 write
 The visionary vigils of the night.
 Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, for
 shame,
 Nor hope with homely verse to purchase
 fame;
 For such thy maker chose, and so design'd
 Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

COTTON.

CHARLES COTTON, a poet, was born in 1630, at Beresford, in Staffordshire, and educated at Cambridge. After travelling on the continent he settled on his paternal estate, which his Father had heavily encumbered. Cotton, himself, being no economist, had many pecuniary difficulties to encounter, and was even imprisoned for debt. He was the author of "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie"; but he is best known as the friend of Isaac Walton and added a supplement to his treatise on angling. He also wrote a volume of original poems and translated Corneille's tragedy of the "Horatii" and "Montaigne's Essays." He died in 1687.

SONG MONTROSS.

ASK not, why sorrow shades my brow;
 Nor why my sprightly looks decay?
 Alas! what need I beauty now,
 Since he, that loved it, dy'd to-day?
 Can ye have ears, and yet not know
 Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo 's slain?
 Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
 Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

He 's gone! he 's gone! and I will go;
 For in my breast, such wars I have,
 And thoughts of him perplex me so
 That the whole world appears my grave.
 But I'll go to him, though he lie
 Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death;
 And under you sad cypress tree,
 I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZAS IRREGULIERS.

TO MR. ISAAC WALTON.

FAREWELL thou busy world, and may
 We never meet again:
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short day,
 Than he who his whole age out-wears
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vanity and vice do reign.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
 How beautiful the fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
 What peace! what unanimity!
 How innocent from the lewd fashion
 Is all our business, all our conversation!

* * *

O solitude! the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost
 make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still;
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul
 awake.

* * *

O my beloved nymph, fair *Dove*,
 Princess of rivers! How I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam,
 And in it all thy wanton fry
 Playing at liberty,
 And with my angle upon them,
 The all of treachery,
 I ever learn'd, to practice and to try!

* * *

Oh my beloved caves! from dog-star heats
 And hotter persecution, safe retreats,
 What safety, privacy, what true delight
 In the artificial night,
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take!

How oft, when grief has made me fly,
 To hide me from society,
 Even of my dearest friends, have I
 In your recess's friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes entrusted to your
 privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
 What an over-happy one
 Should I think myself to be,

Might I in this desert place,
 Which most men by their voice disgrace,
 Live but undisturb'd and free
 Here, in this despised recess,
 Would I, maugre winter's cold,
 And the summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old,
 And all the while,
 Without an envious eye
 On any thriving under fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then contented die.

THE MORNING QUATRAINS.

THE cock has crow'd an hour ago,
 'Tis time we now dull sleep forego;
 Tir'd nature is by sleep redrest,
 And labour's overcome by rest.

We have out-done the work of night,
 'Tis time, we rise t'attent the light,
 And e'er he shall his beams display,
 To plot new business for the day.

* * *

The morning curtains now are drawn,
 And now appears the blushing dawn;
 Aurora has her roses shed,
 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

Xanthus and Phaeton harness are
 To roll away the burning car;
 And, snorting flame, impatient bear
 The dressing of the charioteer.

The sable cheeks of sullen night
 Are streak'd with rosy streams of light;
 While she retires away in fear,
 To shade the other hemisphere.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
 And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings,
 Mounting her body out of sight,
 As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
 Each where are cheerful voices heard;
 And round about good-morrows fly,
 As if day taught humanity.

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
 And the old wife sits down to spin;
 Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
 Mull's swoln and stradling paps to strip.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
 Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing;
 And Silvio, with his bugle horn,
 Winds an imprime unto the morn.

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers,
And manufacturers of each trade,
By opening shops are open laid.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The angler goes unto the stream;
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

Fair Amarilis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox;
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays,
To court her with his roundelays.

The traveller now leaves his inn,
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

The slick-faced school-boy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

The fore-horse jingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load;
The field with busy people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm,
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade,
And sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

THE lives of frail men are compar'd by the
sages
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or
later,
That is, to their ends (to be plain in my
matter);
From whence when one dead is, it currently
follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the
gallows;
And this 'tis I fancy, sets folks so a mad-
ding,
And makes men and women so eager of
gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those
people
Would have gone a great way to have seen
an high steeple,

And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders
o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money and ven-
tur'd my neck

To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant
and brave;

But at forty years old you may (if you
please)

Think me wiser than run such errands as
these;

Or, had the same humour still ran in my
toes,

A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have
chose:

But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was
neither

Improvement or pleasure for which I went
thither;

I know then you 'll presently ask me, for
what?

Why, faith, it was that makes the old
woman trot;

And therefore I think I'm not much to be
blam'd

If I went to the place whereof Nick was
asham'd.

Oh Coriate! thou traveller fam'd as Ulys-
ses,

In such a stupendous labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and
thy feet,

Though the first be pedantic, the other not
sweet,

Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They 'll help both my journey and eke my
relation.

'Twas now the most beautiful time of
the year,

The days were now long, and the sky was
now clear,

And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flower'd
tabby gown,

When about two hours and a half after
noon,

When it grew something late, though I
thought it too soon,

With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy
heart,

I tun'd up my pipes to sing "loth to de-
part";

The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument en-
dorse,

Till he groan'd and he sweated under the
burthen,

For sorrow had made me a cumbersome
lurden:

And now farewell Dove, where I've caught
such brave dishes

Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd
fishes;

Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed
securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so
surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next
year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.

By pacing and trotting betimes in the even,
Ere the Sun had forsaken one half of the
Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and
his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me
there?

No worse a man, marry, than good master
mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was
not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than
he came;
After three or four hours of friendly pota-
tion
We took leave of each other in courteous
fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in
his head,
Put on a good nightcap, and straightway
to bed.

Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted,
and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly
taken,
(For her king [as 'twas rumour'd] by late
pouring down,
This morning had a foul flaw in his crown),
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid ere we met with
a bidding:
But there (having over night plied the tap
well)

We now must needs water at place call'd
Holmes Chapel:
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who
keeps the house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as
a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd
been,
A cravat with black ribbon ty'd under his
chin;
Though by what I saw in him, I straight
'gan to fear,
That knot would be one day slipp'd under
his ear.

Quoth he (with low congé) "What lack you,
my Lord?"
"The best liquor", quoth I, "that the house
will afford."
"You shall straight", quoth he; and then
calls out, "Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Ca-
nary."

"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i' th'
morning so early,
I never drink liquor but what's made of
barley."

Which words were scarce out, but, which
made me admire,
My Lordship was presently turn'd into
'squire:

"Ale, 'Squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly
again,

"What, must it be purld?"—"No, I love
it best plain."

"Why, if you 'll drink ale, sir, pray take
my advice,

Here 's the best ale i' th' land, if you 'll go
to the price;

Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then in plain truth, it is sixpence a
bottle.

"Why faith", quoth I, "friend, if your li-
quor be such,

For the best ale in England, it is not too
much:

Let's have it, and quickly."—"O Sir! you
may stay;

A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently,

wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in
his life."

Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat
of silk;

As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her
milk,

With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my
leg:

A curtesy she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd
her:

Then ducking another with most modest
mien,

The first word she said, was, "Will 't please
you walk in?"

I thank'd her; but told her, I then could
not stay,

For the haste of my bus'ness did call me
away.

She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that
road,

I would stay there a night, she assur'd me
the nation

Should nowhere afford better accommo-
dation:

Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken
the cork,

And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a
fork;

But I show'd him a screw, which I told my
brisk gull

A trepan was for bottles had broken their
scull;

Which, as it was true, he believ'd without
doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the
cork out.
Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being
done,
It roar'd, and it smok'd, like a new fir'd
gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd
been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill
no fuller;
"Look here, Sir," quoth he, "both for nap
and for colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er
do 't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich,
to boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it
with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty
good years,
And have drunk so much liquor has made a
debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank
better:
We found it so good, and we drank so pro-
foundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt
away roundly;
And then I conceiv'd it was time to be
jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid
t' other noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle
and spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were
light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were
roasted,

In truth, we pursu'd might have been by
our haste,
And I think Sir George Booth did not gal-
lop so fast,
Till about two o'clock after noon, God be
blest,
We came safe and sound, all to Chester i'
th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for
some meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time
we must eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and
good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were
wood:
Go thy ways, Mistress Anderton, for a good
woman,
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to
a common.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should
she choose;
And if I should farther here spur on my
course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits
and my horse:
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's
even,
To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of
Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have
penn'd it,
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we
ment it;
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have
t' other bout,
And better or worse be 't, for murder will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down be-
fore ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of
the story.

BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, an eminent poet and physician, was born in 1650, in Wiltshire. He received his early education at a country school, was sent to Westminster at the age of thirteen, and from thence, in 1668, removed to Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, on the 3rd of June, 1676. In 1696, he published his first poem, "Prince Arthur", which was quickly followed by other works. His best poem is entitled "Creation". Although greatly ridiculed by Dryden, Pope, and other wits and satirists who lived at this time (whose dislike was increased by his whig principles), he possessed considerable talent and maintained the reputation of a pious and conscientious man. He died in 1729.

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD DEMONSTRATED.

SEE thro' this vast extended theatre
Of skill divine what shining marks appear:

Creating power is all around exprest,
The God discover'd, and his care confest.
Nature's high birth, her heavenly beauties
show;
By every feature we the parent know.

From side to side for rest in vain we turn,
With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn.

Of night impatient, we demand the day,
The day arrives, and for the night we pray:

The night and day successive come and go,
Our lasting pains no interruption know.

Since man is born to so much woe and care,
Must still new terrors dread, new sorrow bear,

Does it not suit the state of human kind,
There should preside a good Almighty mind?

A cause supreme, that might all nature steer,

Avert our danger, and prevent our fear,
Who, when implor'd, might timely succour give,

Solace our anguish, and our wants relieve:
Father of comfort might our souls sustain,
When prest with grief, and mitigate our pain.

ANSWER TO LUCRETIVS' OBJECTION AGAINST CREATION, FROM THE SHORT LIFE OF MAN.

THAT man is frail and mortal, is confest;
Convulsions rack his nerves, and care his breast;

His flying life is chas'd by rav'ning pains
Through all its doubles in the winding veins.

Within himself he sure destruction breeds,
And secret torments in his bowels feeds.
By cruel tyrants, by the savage beast,
Or his own fiercer passions he's oppress;
Now breathes malignant air, now poison drinks;

By gradual death, or by untimely, sinks.

But these objectors must the cause upbraid,

That has not mortal man immortal made.
For if he once must feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how?
Should the Lucretian ling'ring life maintain

Through num'rous ages, ignorant of pain,
Still might the discontented murm'rer cry,
Ah! hapless fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd
once to die!

But oh, how soon would you, who thus complain,

And nature's cause of cruelty arraign,
By reason's standard this mistake correct,
And cease to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our seat,
Does not extinguish life, but change its state.

Then are display'd, O ravishing surprise!
Fair scenes of bliss, and triumphs in the skies:

To which admitted, each superior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,
Shines forth with more than solar glory bright,

And cloth'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly transports shall employ,

Young with immortal bloom from living streams of joy.

NO MAN HAPPY, WHO HAS NOT CON- QUERED THE FEARS OF DEATH.

CARUS, we grant no man is blest, but he,
Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is free;

Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime thro' gazing throngs in triumph borne:

Let acclamations ring around the skies,
While curling clouds of balmy incense rise;

Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,

And conquer'd kings attend his rolling car:
If dread of death still unsubdu'd remains,
And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns,

Th' illustrious slave in endless thralldom bears

A heavier chain, than his led captive wears.
With swiftest wing the fears of future fate

Elude the guards, and pass the palace gate:

Traverse the lofty rooms, and uncontroll'd
Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold

To the rich arras cling, and perch on busts of gold,

Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed

Chase gentle sleep, black cares the soul infest,

And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast;
In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
The flatt'rer's sweeter voice to lull their pain.

Riot and wine but for a moment please,
Delights they oft enjoy, but never ease.

What are distinction, honour, wealth, and state;

The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;

The num'rous troops, that envy'd thrones secure,

And splendid ensigns of imperial power?

What the high palace rear'd with vast
 expence,
 Unrivall'd art, and luxury immense,
 With statues grac'd by ancient Greece supply'd,
 With more than Persian wealth, and Tyrian
 pride?

What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
 Which now the huntsman, now the fowler
 finds;

The richest wines, which Gallia's happy
 field,

Which Tuscan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?

Nature deprav'd, abundance does pursue,
 Her first and pure demands are cheap and
 few.

What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd
 peace,

Is all expenceless, and procur'd with ease.
 Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious
 swain,

Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd
 grain.

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their
 fare?

How sweet their sleep? their souls how free
 from care?

They drink the streaming crystal, and
 escape

Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
 And to protect their limbs from rig'rous
 air,

Garments, their own domestic work, they
 wear.

Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots
 molest,

Affright the hind, and break the lab'rer's
 rest.

Since these reflections on approaching
 fate,

Distrust, and ill-presaging care create;

'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
 While fears of death within insulting reign.

But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
 To sink those inbred fears, their impious
 scheme,

To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
 They desperate means, and wild expedients
 find.

The hardy rebels aiming to appease
 Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at
 ease,

Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
 And pull their high Creator from his
 throne;

That done, they mock the threats of future
 pain,

As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain.

Thy force alone, religion, death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts, and every viper
 charms.

Softened by thee, the grisly form appears
 No more the horrid object of our fears.

We undismay'd this awful power obey,
 That guides us through the safe, tho' gloomy
 way
 Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
 Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they
 own'd, a God.

A HYMN TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

HAIL king supreme! of pow'r immense
 abyss!

Father of light! exhaustless source of bliss!
 Thou uncreated, self-existent cause,
 Controll'd by no superior being's laws;
 Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
 Smil'd heavenly sweet, and try'd to kindle
 day;

Ere the wide fields of æther were dis-
 play'd,

Or silver stars, cerulean spheres inlaid;
 Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,
 Or verdant pride young nature did adorn,
 Thou art; and didst eternity employ

In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.

In its ideal frame the world design'd
 From ages past lay finish'd in thy mind.

Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
 With perfect art th' amazing work began.

Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
 Where shapeless shade inert and silent
 reigns;

Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
 Unfruitful, uninclos'd and wild of face,

Thy compass for the world mark'd out the
 destin'd place.

Then didst thou thro' the fields of barren
 night

Go forth, collected in creating might.

Where thou almighty vigour didst exert,
 Which emicant did this and that way dart

Thro' the black bosom of the empty space.

The gulphs confess th' omnipotent embrace,
 And pregnant grown with elemental seed,

Unfinish'd orbs, and worlds in embryo
 breed.

From the crude mass, omniscient architect,
 Thou for each part materials didst select,

And with a master-hand thy world erect
 Labour'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid
 buoys,

By thee uplifted float in liquid skies.

By thy cementing word their parts cohere
 And roll by thy impulsive nod in air.

Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
 Advance the mountains, and the vales ex-
 tend;

People the plains with flocks, with beasts
 the wood,

And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next man arose, at thy creating word,
Of thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His soul more artful labour, more refin'd
And emulous of bright seraphic mind,
Ennobled by thy image spotless shone,
Prais'd thee, her author, and ador'd thy throne:

Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.

Since thou didst all the spacious worlds
display,
Homage to thee let all obedient pay.

Let glitt'ring stars that dance their destin'd
ring

Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
Confedr'ate praise to thee, O great creator
king.

Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of fount, thy skill declare.

Let winds, the breathing creatures of the
skies,

Call in each vig'rous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea, then one loud triumph
raise,

And all their blasts employ in songs of
praise.

While painted herald-birds thy deeds
proclaim,

And on their spreading wings convey thy
fame:

Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave
foar,

Scornful of earth superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the
sun,

Be ministers to bear thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to thy throne.

Ye fish assume a voice, with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.

Let lions with their roar their thanks ex-
press,

With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to
pole,

With salvos loud salute thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.

Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of
fire

And lambent flames in this blest work con-
spire.

Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, great king, their heads in-
cline,

Let ev'ry spiry odoriferous tree
Present its incense, and its balms to thee.

And thou, heav'n's viceroy oe'r this world
below,

In this blest task superior ardour show:

To view thyself inflect thy reason's ray,

Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;

Then all on fire the authors skill adore,

And in loud songs extol creating pow'r.

Degenerate minds in mazy error lost
May combat heav'n, and impious triumphs
boast;

But while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,

Grateful to heav'n I'll stretch a pious wing,

And sing his praise, who gave me pow'r to
sing.

AN ODE TO THE DIVINE BEING.

HAIL all perfection, source of bliss!

Hail self-existent cause of things,

Essential goodness, bright abyss,

Whence beatific glory springs!

Blest object of my love intense,
I thee my joy, my treasure call,

My portion, my reward immense,

Soul of my soul, my life, my all.

Freely the pomps and triumphs here,
Illusive phantoms, I resign;

Princes, unenvy'd you may share

The canton'd world, while Heaven is
mine.

You, who delights and pleasures court,
For me may all your senses cloy,

You may unrivall'd dance and sport,

While my blest Author I enjoy.

Have all the spacious Heav'ns around,
With him an object to compare,

On earth is any pleasure found

Which to his favour I prefer?

When cares invade on every side,
And restless passions urge my soul,

When gloomy grief its ponderous tide,
Does through my aching bosom roll;

Fountain of glory, Lord of light,

From thy bright face, one darted ray,

With calm the storm, dispel the night,

And re-establish banish'd day.

PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born in 1664, in London, according to some biographers, but others say in Winborne, Dorsetshire. His Uncle, who was a tavern-keeper, took him under his care, on the demise of his Father, which took place when Prior was very young. He was sent to the Westminster school during which time Dr. Busby was master; but recalled by his Uncle, before he had passed through the school and placed in his business. After his return to Charing Cross the Earl of Dorset, who was a great patron of letters, found him one day reading Horace and determined to give him an university education. He was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682;—became Bachelor of Arts in 1686, and was soon after elected to a fellowship. His writings consist of an incongruous mixture of light topics with grave and religious ones, a style prevalent at that period. He died at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, in 1721, aged fifty-eight years.

ON EXODUS, CHAPTER III, VERSE XIV:

I AM THAT I AM.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN IN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

MAN! Foolish Man!

Scarce know'st thou how thy self began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to provethou art;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou
dar'st tryTo send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast Immen-
sity.Much thou canst there discern, much thence
impart.Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned Lust:Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself
art dust.Let Wit her sail, her oars let Wisdom lend;
The helm let politic Experience guide;
Yet cease to hope thy short liv'd bark shall
ride

Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.

What tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis farther from its end;

And in the bosom of that boundless Sea
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.With daring pride and insolent delight,
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours
crown'd;And Εὔρηκα! your God, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite.But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher!
no:Let your imperfect definition show,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.Say, why should the collected Main
It self within itself contain?Why to its caverns should it sometimes
creep,And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high com-
mands?Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their opening ranks o'er Earth's submissive
head,Marching thro' different paths to different
lands?Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journeys
run?Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave Earth's other part, and rise in
ours?Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautify the World, and bless the
night?Why does each animated Star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globe, and regulate the year?

Man does with dangerous curiosity

These unfathom'd wonders try:

With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws

Matter and motion he restrains;

And study'd lines and fictions circles draws:

Then with imagin'd Sovereignty

Lord of his new *Hypothesis* he reigns.

He reigns: How long? till some Usurper
 And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
 That all his Predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all *Jargon* of the
 Schools;
 That he on t'other's ruin rears his Throne;
 And shows his Friend's mistake, and thence
 confirms his own.

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and
 Skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
 Whose towering strength will ne'er sub-
 mit
 To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit;
 Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward
 press;
 And levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his
 despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can
 give:
 Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that
 will,
 Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean
 fill;
 Can tell us whence all Beings are, and how
 they move and live.
 Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man!
 That pregnant Word sent forth again,
 Might to a World extend each Atom there;
 For every drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n
 for every Star.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders
 hide;
 And only lift thy staggering Reason up
 To trembling *Calvary's* astonish'd top;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound
 thy pride,
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
 How by her patient Victor Death was
 slain;
 And Earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Dei-
 cide
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes,
 down;
 Only reserve the Sacred one;
 Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's
 eyes;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
 To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light,
 shall give
 Her immortal Perspective;
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of Philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could in-
 vent
 So politic an instrument,
 To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high
 abode,
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that Ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness
 clear'd;
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

THE LADY'S LOOKING GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the Sand-hills to the Sea;
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
 And, on the surface of the Deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep:
 The Nymph did like the scene appear, }
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair; }
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 With secret joy I heard her say,
 That she would never miss one day }
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay. }
 But, oh the change! the winds grow
 high;
 Impending tempests charge the sky;
 The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars;
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
 Struck with the horror of the sight,
 She turns her head, and wings her flight:
 And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
 Approach the shore, or view the Main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
 Thy self in that large Glass descry:
 When thou art in good humour drest;
 When gentle Reason rules thy breast,
 The Sun upon the calmest sea
 Appears not half as bright as thee:
 'Tis then that with delight I rove
 Upon the boundless depth of Love;
 I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubts and groundless fear
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
 When the big lip and watery eye
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh;
 'Tis then thou art yon' angry Main,
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
 And the poor sailor, that must try
 Its fury, labours less than I.
 Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
 While Love and Fate still drive me back;

Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide the first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop;
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of simile)
A Squirrel spend his little rage,
In pimping round a rolling cage?
The cage, at either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of Bells a-top.....?

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs,
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frish it under *Findus'* shades;
In noble songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods,
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I know too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'y thee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See, yonder, what a change is made!

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
At that of Beauty, are but one:
And morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON I COR., CHAP. XIII.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing
tongue,

Than ever man pronounced, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can de-
fine;

And had I power to give that knowledge
birth,

In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast in-
spire,

To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded
prayer,

That scorn of life would be but wild des-
pair;

A cymbal's sound were better than my
voice;

My faith were form, my eloquence were
noise.

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject
mind;

Knows with just reins and gentle hand to
guide

Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,

And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;

She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature
even,

And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction
knows;

To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, in obedience to what Heaven de-
crees,

Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall
cease;

But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise
receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can
show;

So whilst our mind its knowledge would
improve

(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may lift we our reason up,

By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope;
Yet are we able only to survey

Dawnings of beams and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled

sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its
light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dis-
pelled,

The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,

Seated, sublime, on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall

die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;

Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Char-
ity,

Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,

Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—

Shalt stand before the host of heaven con-
fessed,

For ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

SOLOMON'S REFLECTION ON HUMAN LIFE.

AMASSED in man, there justly is beheld,
What through the whole creation has ex-
celled:

The life and growth of plants, of beasts the
sense,

The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say, from these glorious seeds what harvest

flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our
woes.

In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragged out to act, and forced to
be;

His tender eye by too direct a ray,
Wounded, and flying from unpractised day;

His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;

To his young sense how various forms
appear,

That strike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his distortions he reveals his pains;

He by his tears and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,

By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,

And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemned to sacrifice his childish years;

To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,

Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils exposed, and endless cares,

To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice, which the vengeful foe intends,

And the more dangerous love of seeming
friends.

His deeds examined by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;

Or sadly censured in their cursed debate,
Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,

Dare to condemn the virtue which they
hate.

Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and
men,

In the remotest wood and lonely grot,
Certain to meet the worst of evils, Thought;

Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods;

Impetuous some as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions,

turn,
No sweet companion near with whom to
mourn;

He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus, through what path so'er of life
we rove,

Rage companies our hate, and grief our
love:

Vexed with the present moment's heavy
gloom,

Why seek we brightness from the years to
come?

Disturbed and broken, like a sick man's
sleep,

Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects
leap,

Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that

wake;
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anon, which were we to sustain,

We should refuse to tread the path again;

Still adding grief, still counting from the
first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst;
And, sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number, and augment their
power,
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relaxed and worn,
Compelled our common impotence to
mourn.

Thus through the round of age to childhood
we return

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie;
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

* * *

Supreme, all wise, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole disposer of our fate!
Enthroned in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can
see!

Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, great Father! thy instructed son!
And in my act may thy great will be done!

SOLOMON CONCLUDES THAT AS TO HUMAN SCIENCE "ALL IS VANITY."

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter
climb?

Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast: the object faster
flies.

The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to Wisdom
given!

Earth she surveys; she thence would mea-
sure Heaven:

Through mists obscure now wings her
tedious way;

Now wanders dazzled with too bright a
day;

And now the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to
know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs
guard?

AN ODE

INSCRIB'D TO THE MEMORY OF THE HONORABLE
COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, IN THE COUNTRY
OF FRIULI, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE XXVIII, LIB. I.

Say, dearest Villiers, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end;
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst
sail;

E'er on thy chin the springing beard be-
gan
To spread a doubtful down, and promise
Man?

What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and
cares,

In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake e'er morning dawn to loud Alarms;
And march 'till close of night in heavy
Arms?

To scorn the summer suns and winter
snows;

And search thro' every clime thy country's
foes?

That thou might'st Fortune to thy side
engage;

That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's
rage;

And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's
hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has
power,

To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:

Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor mis-led by
chance,

Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's Tombs, and leads
up Holben's dance.

Alike must every state, and every age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's rage:

For neither William's power, nor Mary's
charms

Could or repel, or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom:

And Bradford's trembling age expects the
tomb.

Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head,
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde.

And in their various turns the sons must tread

Those gloomy journeys, which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,

That bodies die, but souls return again:
With all the births and deaths he had in store,

Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.

And modern Asgil, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught;
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,

Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;

Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the sea:

Some who escape the fury of the wave,

Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave.

In journeys, or at home; in war, or Peace;

By hardships many, many fall by ease.

Each changing season does its poison bring;

Rheums chill the Winter; Agnes blast the Spring;

Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's power;
And when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land and liquid main
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless reign.)

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood:
Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When, what I long must love, and long must mourn,

With fatal speed was urging his return;

In his dear country to disperse his care;

And arm himself by rest for future war:

To chide his anxious friends officious fears;

And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head, and oh! severe decree;
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see;

Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come:

Impending Death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd;
Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread:

Oh! Kinsman, Friend,—Oh! vain are all the cries

Of human voice, strong Destiny replies;

Weep you on Earth; for he shall sleep below:

Thence none return; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads

To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;

If thou mayst happen on the dreary shores

To find the object which this verse deplores,

Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand,

From the polluting weed and common sand:

Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,

The only honour he can now receive;

And fragrant mould upon his body throw;

And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:

Light lie the earth; and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heaven secure thy future life

From foreign dangers, and domestic strife:

And when th' Infernal Judges dismal power

From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour,

When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou

And pale shall lie, as what thou buriest now;

May some kind Friend the piteous object see;

And equal rites perform to that which once was thee.

THE LADLE.

THE Sceptics think, 'twas long ago,

Since gods came down incognito,

To see, who were their friends or foes,

And how our actions fell or rose,

That, since they gave things their beginning,

And set this whirligig a-spinning,

Supine they in their heav'n remain,

Exempt from passion and from pain,

And frankly leave us human elves,

To cut and shuffle for ourselves;

To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,

As matter or as motion jumble.

The poets now and painters hold

This thesis both absurd and bold,

And your good-natur'd gods, they say,

Descend some twice or thrice a-day:

Else all these things we toil so hard in,

Would not avail one single farthing;

For, when the hero we rehearse,

To grace his actions and our verse,

'Tis not by dint of human thought,

That to his Latium he is brought:

Iris descends by fate's commands,

To guide his steps through foreign lands,

And Amphitrite clears the way

From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,

(Though drawn by Paulo¹ or Carache²)

He shows not half his force or strength,

¹ Paolo Caliari, called Paolo Veronese, a popular Italian Painter, born 1530, died 1588.

² Annibale Carracci, born 1560, died 1609; also a famous Italian Painter and a pupil of Ludovico Carracci.

Strutting in armour, and at length
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The Nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield;
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly-learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute.
Each, mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight,
Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in equilibrio,
If deities descend, or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale;
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove,
The humour was (it seems), to know,
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came,
Till, well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was sung and clean and warm;
For woods before and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind;
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was grow-

ing:
Of last-year's corn in barns great store,
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door,
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented.
But did they in effect do so?

Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.
The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost every couple does,
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes my dar-

ling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought, they were folks, that lost their way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay,

Told them, for supper or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped.—
So said, so done. The gods consent:
All three into the parlour went.
They compliment; they sit; they chat,
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state:
And thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame;
Obsequious Hermes did the same.

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear.
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;
For I should grieve, to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloath away,
Jove thought it time, to show his play.
Landlord and Landlady, he cried,
Folly and jesting laid aside!
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of Gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter and he Mercurius,
My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And sure, as you already had 'em,
The things desired in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your power.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A ladle for our silver-dish
Is, what I want, is, what I wish.—
Odzooks Corsica, you have pray'd ill.
What have you done? his temper rose:
I wish the ladle on your nose.

With equal grief and shame, my muse
The sequel of the tale pursues.
The ladle suddenly uprose
And stuck on old Corsica's nose.
Our couple weep, two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the woman's awkward pain,
And get the ladle off again.

MORAL.

This commoner hath worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet,
And who is bless'd, that is not great?
Some sense, and more estate, kind heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? he must have rule and sway,
And all is wrong, 'till he 's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb
And dares not touch the hoarded sum:
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain,
And to the coffin from the cradle
'Tis all a Wish and all a Ladle.

THE CAMELEON.

As THE Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbours hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,

Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend

him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than
wit;

He loves cheap port and double bub,
And settles in the Hum-drum club;
He learns how stock will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Fine deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, a celebrated writer, was born in Dublin in 1667, but, by his parentage he was of English descent. In his writings he carried humorous satire to a degree never before attained. He died in October 1744, in the seventy eighth year of his age.

BEC'S BIRTHDAY,

NOVEMBER 8th, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity,
Had fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length
And doubly twisted it for strength;
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then, who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shews they're out in that.
For she, tho' over run with care,
Continues healthy, fat and fair.

As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;

But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days:
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet;
For tho' philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary pow'r convey her
She ne'er considers why or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise:

Thus, nature hath resolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then, think on Stella's chicken porridge;
I mean when Tyger has been serv'd,
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.

May Bec have many an evening nap
With Tyger slabb'ring in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tyger's barking.

And, when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better;
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round,
Fresh from a wedding, or a christ'ning,
To teach her ears the art of list'ning,
And please her more to hear them tattle
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

1. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
2. BY disputing I will never
To convince you, once endeavor.
3. WHEN a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
4. WHEN I talk, and you are heedless,
I will shew no anger needless.
5. WHEN your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
6. WHEN you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
7. NOT a jest, or hum'rous story,
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite mistake the meaning.
8. NEVER more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose:
9. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget;
10. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on and blunder.
11. SHEW your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs
That with me shall break no squares.

12. NEVER will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice;
Which, if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.
Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.'

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN
SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place;
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mardanto's landed from Seghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with his followers strown;
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar;

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY
OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DOCTOR SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR;

UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH, TILL HIS PALACE WAS REBUILT.

AN OAKEN, broken elbow-chair;
A candle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that 's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meat, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They 'll serve your Lordship for a shift,
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

DEAN SWIFT'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine;
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servant much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good-b'ye.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE
PRIEST.

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR
OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land

Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:

Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame!
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But, I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he loved a jest;
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dance alone;
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must hear the blame;
One fault he hath, is sorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none disputes
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.

The swine with contrite heart allow'd
His share and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er a vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent;
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease,
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease!

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter:
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
—Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,

He freely gave the poor advice;
 By which he lost, he may affirm,
 A hundred fees last Easter-term.
 While others of the learned robe
 Would break the patience of a Job.
 No pleader at the bar could match
 His diligence and quick dispatch;
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
 Above a term, or two at most.
 The cringing knave, who seeks a place
 Without success, thus tells his case:
 Why should he longer mince the matter?
 He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote:
 His crime he quickly understood;
 Too zealous for the nation's good;
 He found, the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.
 The chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn:
 He pass'd his hours among his books;
 You find it in his meagre looks:
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
 But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone to merit;
 Would rise by merit to promotion;
 Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
 The Doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin (and God forgive him!)
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
 A blind old beggar from the grave:
 But see how Satan spreads his snares;
 He quite forgot to say his prayers.
 He cannot help it for his heart,
 Sometimes to act the parson's part;
 Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance:
 And, when his medicines do no good,
 Supports their mind with heavenly food,
 At which, however well intended,
 He hears the clergy are offended;
 And grown so bold behind his back,
 To call him hypocrite and quack.
 In his own church he keeps a seat;
 Says grace before and after meat;
 And calls, without affecting air,
 His household twice a day to prayer.
 He shuns apothecaries' shops.
 And hates to cram the sick with slops;
 He scorns to make his art a trade;
 Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
 Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
 To recommend him to the squire;
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practis'd to their shame.
 The statesman tells you with a sneer,
 His fault is to be too sincere;
 And, having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends.
 The nation's good, his master's glory,
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Were all the schemes he had in view:
 Yet he was seconded by few;
 Though some had spread a thousand lies,
 'Twas he defeated the excise.
 'Twas known, though he had borne asper-
 sion,
 That standing troops were his aversion:
 His practice was, in every station,
 To serve the king, and please the nation.
 Though hard to find in every case
 The fittest man to fill a place:
 His promises he ne'er forgot,
 But took memorials on the spot:
 His enemies, for want of charity,
 Said, he affected popularity:
 'Tis true, the people understood,
 That all he did was for their good;
 Their kind affections he has try'd;
 No love is lost on either side.
 He came to court with fortune clear,
 Which now he runs out every year:
 Must, at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone:
 Oh! if his Majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease,
 Would grant him licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his desire;
 By fair accounts it would be found,
 He's fairer by ten thousand pound.
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
 He ne'er was partial to his kin;
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To crowd the court with their relations:
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And every virtuous man his brother;
 Through modesty, or awkward shame
 (For which he owns himself to blame),
 He found the wisest man he could,
 Without respect to friends or blood;
 Nor never acts on private views,
 When he hath liberty to choose.
 The sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away:
 And well he might; for, to his cost,
 By want of skill, he always lost;
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
 Could change the stock, or cog a die,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
 I own the moral not exact;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact;
 And so absurd, that I could raise up
 From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
 I would accuse him to his face,
 For libelling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers;
 While we, whom reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day.
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid;

Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes, when'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.

Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human kind;
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

GRANVILLE.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was a native of Biddeford, in the county of Devon, and was born in 1667. He was the second son of the Honorable Bernard Granville, who was intrusted by General Monk, with the most private transactions of the restoration; and the grandson of Sir Bevil Granville who raised considerable forces at his own expense for Charles I., and died in the cause of that monarch at the battle of Lansdowne in 1643. George Granville received his early education under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, and was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, before he had attained the age of twelve years. He also spoke a poetical address, written by himself, to the Princess Mary d'Este of Modena, then Duchess of York, when she visited that University. He was admitted Master of Arts, at thirteen years of age. He sat in the House of Commons as member for Fowey; was appointed secretary of war in 1710, and was raised to the Peerage in 1711. After the insurrection in Scotland in 1715 he was apprehended as a suspected person and sent to the Tower, where he remained twelve months a captive. In 1722 he went abroad being in embarrassed circumstances; on his return he published in 1732 a beautiful and splendid edition of his works. He died at his house in Hanover Square, January the 30th, 1735.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

ENOUGH, enough, my soul! of worldly noise,
Of æery pomps and fleeting joys.
What does this busy world provide at best
But brittle goods that break like glass;
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty! ah! how vain,
And how short liv'd those glories are
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see:
Such Helen is, such, Mira, thou must be.

How short is life! why will vain courtiers
toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?
What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
With all his guards and his dominions he
Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and
kings
Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the
brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in
the grave.
The prince and parasite together lie:
No fortune can exalt but death will climb
as high.

ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPY the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears tor-
ment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought or act accountable to none
But to himself and to the gods alone.
O sweetness of Content! seraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can
destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of
the mind?
Where but in shades remote from human-
kind,
In flow'ry vales where nymphs and shepherds
meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps,
farewell;
Welcome ye Groves! here let me ever
dwell;
From cares, from bus'ness and mankind,
remove,
All but the Muses and inspiring Love.
How sweet the morn, how gentle is the
night!
How calm the ev'ning, and the day how
bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in
show!
Where sev'ral wand'ers travel day and
night
By diff'rent paths, and none are in the
right.

ODE ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts in war and
peace:
My kinsman, and my friend! from whence
this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and
worse?
Each age, industrious to invent new
crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's
bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to
add.

That idol, gold, possesses every heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine is art:
Virtue is folly, conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treach'rous
end;
Your greatest foe is your professing
friend;
The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most
sure.

Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the
bar,
Plead and decide, but gold's th' inter-
preter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee first; all evils spring from
thee.

Haughty Britannia once, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her
isle;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No gallic gold could blunt the British
steel.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert
seen,
Eager for glory on the embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee thro' the heats of
Spain,
To dye in purple Almanara's plain.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Briton's could, when justly rous'd to
war,
Let Blenheim speak and witness Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I
fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief
near;
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul pre-
par'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy—
.....Virtutem a me,
Fortunam ex aliis

PHILIPS.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, a poet and dramatist, was born in Leicestershire in 1671 and received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was descended from an ancient Somersetshire family. He wrote Poems; the tragedies of "The Briton", "Humphry, Duke of Gloucester", and "The distressed Mother"; also, a "Life of Archbishop Williams". In consequence of his contributions to a periodical paper called "The Freethinker", he was made registrar of the Irish prerogative court. His pastorals were attacked in a circumventive manner by Pope, in "The Guardian"; which involved Philips in a quarrel with that poet. He died in 1749.

EPISTLE

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

COPENHAGEN, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of
snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid
to flow,
What present shall the Muse to *Dorset*
bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful
woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming
floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the
eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the
spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds
defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea
prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
'E're yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd
snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to
blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied-froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night with-
drew,

The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened ev'ry object to my eyes:

For ev'ry shrub and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in
glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns
show,

While through the ice the crimson berries
glow.

The thick-sprung reeds, which wat'ry marsh-
es yield,

Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.

The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,

Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:

The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring
pine,

Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.

The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,

Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,

The brittle forest into atoms flies,

The crackling wood beneath the tempest
bends,

And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:

Or if a southern gale the region warm,

And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,

The traveller a miry country sees,

And journies sad beneath the dropping
trees;

Like some deluded peasant, *Merlin* leads

Through fragrant bowers, and through de-
licious meads,

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,

And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,

His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,

And while he thinks the fair illusion true,

The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,

And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways
appear,

A tedious road the weary wretch returns,

And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL OF
HALIFAX.

June 30, 1718.

WEeping o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the muses mourn;
Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.

Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
Thousands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.

But, O *Halifax*, thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame:
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET
IN THE SMALL-POX.

DUBLIN, July 31, 1725.

Pow'r o'er every pow'r supreme,
Thou the poet's hallowed theme,
From thy mercy-seat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh! preserve this innocence,
Yet unconscious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to nature owing.

Thou, who giv'st angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face;
Let the fell disease not blight
What thou mad'st for man's delight:
O'er her features let it pass
Like the breeze o'er springing grass,
Gentle as refreshing showers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O! let years alone diminish
Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish.

To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live:
Turn to blessings all their care,
Save their fondness from despair.
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Softener every throb of anguish,
Suffer not her strength to languish;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION:
WHAT IS THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's
pain.

A PASTORAL.

THENOT AND COLINET.

THENOT.

Is it not Colinet I lonesome see,
Leaning with folded arms against the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my sight?
'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight.

Thy cloudy look why melting into tears,
Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou
found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile
around?
Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the
spring?

COLINET.

Though blithe their notes, not so my way-
ward fate;
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my
state.
Each creature, Thenot, to his task is
born,
As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
My tears oft' mingling with the falling
dew.

THENOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to
plain;
Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
When every slackening nerve begins to
fail,
And the load presseth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward
tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn,
bend;
Spite of my snowy head and icy veins,
My mind a cheerful temper still retains:
And why should man, mishap what will,
repine,
Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his
wine?
But tell me then: it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole
 day,
 Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can
 say.
 Thine ewes will wander; and the heedless
 lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent
 dams.

THENOT.

See Lightfoot, he shall tend them close;
 and I,
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance
 mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
 Does there one smiling hour my youth
 attend?
 Though few my days, as well my follies
 show,
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with
 woe:
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
 My lowering sky and win'try mouths, to
 cheer.
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I
 see:
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms, and sport of every
 wind:
 The riven trunk feels not th' approach of
 spring;
 Nor birds among the leafless branches
 sing:
 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds
 throng
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
 Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast
 born,
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising
 corn,
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-
 rows pass,
 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the
 grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd,
 foreshows,
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending
 woes.
 Untimely born, ill luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THENOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our
 sheep:
 From these good shepherd's care his flock
 may keep;
 Against ill luck, alas! all forecast fails,
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckless day!
 Ah luckless lad! befits me more to say.
 Unhappy hour! when fresh in youthful bud,
 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 Which, on thy flowery banks, I wont to
 keep.

Sweet are thy banks! oh, when shall I, once
 more,
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd
 shore?

When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan?
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod?
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace, and me, to
 dwell.

THENOT.

And what enticement charmed thee, far
 away,
 From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart
 astray?

COLINET.

A lewd desire strange lands, and swains, to
 know:
 Ah God! that ever I should covet woe.
 With wandering feet unblessed, and fond of
 fame,
 I sought I know not what besides a name.

THENOT.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither
 roam
 In search of gains more plenty than at
 home?
 A rolling stone is, ever, bare of moss;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs
 cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random search of
 gain,
 To drive my pining flock athwart the
 plain,
 To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
 My sheep quite spent, through travel and
 ill fare,

And, like their keeper, ragged grown and
bare,
The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly
bed,
And some slaunt willow's trunk to rest my
head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpractised swain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is
hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls;—the pelting shower
Destroys the tender herb and budding
flower.

THENOT.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest
wrong:
And what wounds sorer than an evil
tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill:
In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the
grove,
In the cool shade to sing the pains of
love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath skill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artless be my
vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain:
And, while that He delighteth in my song,
Which to the good *Menalcas* doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music
cease;
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair, fertile plains,
Preserves the sheep and o'er the shepherds
reigns:
For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we
hold,
And choose the fairest firstling from the
fold:
He, good to all who Good deserve, shall
give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to
fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
'Ere I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THENOT.

This night, thy care with me forget, and
fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious
cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese
and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's
hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep
invite:
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from
plow;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward,
low.

CUDDY.

In rural strains we first our music try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through
time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, *Sackville*, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of
day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought
the shade
A venerable oak wide-spreading made:
What should they do to pass the loitering
time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains of
love,
And some to set out strange adventures,
strove,
The trade of wizards some, and *Merlin's*
skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er
the will.
Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

"When shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* reign,
"There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain,
"Young *Colin Clout*, who well could pipe
and sing,
"And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
"He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
"In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
"Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
"Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
"Belated wayfarers from wake or fair
"Detain'd by music, hovering on in air"

"Drawn by the magic of the enticing sound,
 "What troops of mute admirers flock'd
 around!
 "The steerlings left their food; and crea-
 tures, wild
 "By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
 "He makes the gathering birds about him
 throng,
 "And loads the neighbouring branches with
 his song:
 "There, with the crowd, a nightingale of
 fame,
 "Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came:
 "She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause,
 with pride,
 "Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 "The shepherd heard with wonder, and
 again,
 "To try her more, renew'd his various
 strain:
 "To all the various train she plies her
 throat,
 "And adds peculiar grace to every note.
 "If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
 "Or brisker motion to his measure give,
 "If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
 "She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
 "But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
 "His pipe and skill, around the country
 priz'd:
 "And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 "What thanks, said he, what praises shall I
 find
 "To equal thy melodious voice? in thee
 "The rudeness of my rural life I see;
 "From thee I learn no more to vaunt my
 skill:
 "Aloft in air she sate, provoking still
 "The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last,
 he strove
 "To show the little minstrel of the grove
 "His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
 "How art, exerting, might with nature vie;
 "For vie could none with either in their
 part,
 "With her in nature nor with him in art.
 "He draws in breath, his rising breast to
 fill:
 "Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to
 shrill.
 "From note to note, in haste, his fingers
 fly;
 "Still more and more the numbers multi-
 ply:
 "And now they trill and now they fall and
 rise,
 "And swift, and slow they change with sweet
 surprise.
 "Attentive she doth scarce the sounds
 retain;
 "But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
 "And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
 "The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,

"Through every changing cadence runs at
 length,
 "And adds in sweetness what she wants in
 strength:
 "Then Colin threw his life disgrac'd aside,
 "While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming
 wide
 "Her mighty conquest, and within her
 throat
 "Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
 "To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
 "A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
 "The little harp was old, but newly strung,
 "Which usual he across his shoulders hung.
 "Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
 "He said, and learn from hence thou dost
 excel
 "No trivial artist: and anon he wound
 "The murmuring strings, and order'd every
 sound:
 "Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 "And both hands pliant on the strings ex-
 tends:
 "His touch the strings obey, and various
 move,
 "The lower answering still to those above:
 "His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
 "As in pursuit of harmony they go:
 "Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they
 pass,
 "Like winds which gently brush the plying
 grass,
 "While melting airs arise at their com-
 mand:
 "And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
 "He sinks into the chords, with solemn
 pace,
 "To give the swelling tones a bolder grace;
 "And now the left, and now by turns the
 right,
 "Each other chase, harmonious both in
 flight:
 "Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of
 sounds
 "Till the sweet tumult through the harp
 redounds.
 "Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
 "The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
 "She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
 "And hits imperfect accents here and there,
 "And fain would utter forth some double
 tone,
 "When soon she falters, and can utter none:
 "Again she tries, and yet again she fails;
 "For still the harp's united power prevails.
 "Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung:
 "She, with the fatal-love of glory stung,
 "Hears all in pain: her heart begins to
 swell:
 "In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which
 tell
 "Her bitter anguish: he, still singing plies
 "His limber joints: her sorrows higher rise.

"How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
 "No equal through the grove in music bore?
 "She droops, she hangs her flagging wings,
 "And fetches from her breast melodious groans.
 "Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
 "Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.

"Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
 "And unavailing tears profusely shed,

"And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
 "And best to make atonement for the ill,
 "If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
 "He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
 "Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
 "And makes a fence of winding osiers round:
 "A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
 "And here thy name at least, he said, shall live."

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
 And, by his tale, unenvied praises won.

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the greatest ornaments of English literature, was born at Milston, near Ambrosbury, Wiltshire, in 1672. At fifteen years of age he was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself particularly in Latin poetry. He was afterwards elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. On leaving the University, he held several high Offices under different Whig Administrations. He wrote for the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Examiner* and *Freeholder*. He was a person whose character was generally free from moral defects; but, he gave way to a fondness for the pleasures of a tavern life, which injured his constitution, and he died in June 1719.

THE INSCRUTABLE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

THE ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
 Rugged in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,

Nor where the regular confusion ends.

CATO.

ON HOPE.

LET us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
 But to the gods permit th' event of things.
 Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
 May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
 Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
 Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
 Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
 Reflects each flower, that on the border grows,
 And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

CATO.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE friendships of the world are oft
 Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
 And such a Friendship ends not but with life.

CATO.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

WELCOME, my son! here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!

Who would not be that youth! what pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country!

—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood

Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

Alas! my friends!
 Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
 Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our
 tears.
 The mistress of the world, the seat of
 empire,
 The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
 That humbled the proud tyrants of the
 earth
 And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
 O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

CATO.

CATO'S FAREWELL.

ONCE more farewell!
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

(Pointing to his dead son.)

There the brave youth, with love of virtue
 fir'd,

Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot
 there

(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
 Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune,
 cross'd

Shall find his gen'rous labour was not lost.

CATO.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so,—Plato thou reason'st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
 desire,

This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward
 horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the
 soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an here-
 after,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,

Through what new scenes and changes must
 we pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies be-
 fore me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest
 upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above
 us,

(And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) He must delight in
 virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when! or where!—This world was made
 for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—This must end
 them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,

My bane and antidote are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in
 years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements

The wreck of matter and the crush of
 worlds.

CATO.

LINES TO MR. DRYDEN.¹

How long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
 Provoke our wonder and transcend our
 praise?

Can neither injuries of time or age

Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?

Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,

Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his
 rising thought;

Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse bet ays

The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind
 possess'd,

And second youth is kindled in thy breast;

Thou mak'st the beauties of the Roman's
 known,

And England boasts of riches not her own;

Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,

And Horace wonders at himself in thee:

Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle

In smoother numbers and a clearer style;

And Juvenal instructed in thy page,

Edges his satire and improves his rage.

Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,

And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,

And tells his story in the British tongue;

Thy charming verse, and fair translations,
 show

How thy own laurel first began to grow;

How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,

And frighted at himself ran howling thro'
 the woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble talk pro-
 long,

Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!

Then may we, wond'ring, read how human
 limbs

Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in
 streams

¹ The author's age twenty-two.

Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into
gold,
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life and different natures
try'd.

Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL.

APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's day's to Dry-
den's times,

Have spent their noble rage in British
rhymes,

Without more preface, writ in formal
length,

To speak the undertaker's want of strength.
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my
own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept
supine,

Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful wine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscur'd his
wit:

In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented
floods,

To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

We view well-pleas'd at distance all the
sights

Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and
fights,

And damsels in distress, and courteous
knights:

But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!)
wrote,

O'er-run with wit and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us
less;

One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our
eyes

With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued
light,

That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common
blaze.

Pardon, great Poet! that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with
blame;

Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints in-
spire,

And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy
lyre?

Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new
delight

And plays in more unbounded verse, and
takes a nobler flight.

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and
charming lays

Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever
known

In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty
stalks,

Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd
rage.

See! see! he upward springs, and tow'ring
high,

Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire
alarms,

And sets th' Almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes I more than
see,

Whilst every verse array'd in Majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner
shines,

How does the chariot rattle in his lines!

What sound of brazen wheels, with thunder,
scare

And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,

To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I
rise,

And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can
express

A vision so profuse of pleasantness!

Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserv'd ap-
plause;

But now the language can't support the
cause;

While the clean current, tho' serene and
bright,

Betray a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain re-
hearse,

Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy
verse;

The courtly Waller next commands thy
lays;

Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's
praise,

While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate de-
sire:

So long shall Waller's strains our passion
move,

And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring
song,

Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward
strong;

Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's inno-
cence,

And compliment the store that bore him
hence.

Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too
soon,

But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,

And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we
view'd,

And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd
in blood!

Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,

Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry;

Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly num-
bers show

The best of critics and of poets too.

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy
strains,

While Cooper's Hill commands the neigh-
b'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next ap-
pears,

Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in
years!

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse
affords

The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs

She forms her voice, she moves our smiles
or tears.

If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.

From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in
all.

How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with
thee,

Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear?

Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd
more:

Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend
survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain
give o'er,

But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montagne remains unnam'd,

For wit, for humour, and for judgment
fam'd:

To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might
use.

How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar
strains!

How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!

We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the
sea.

Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and
blood,

Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,

Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous
in their streams;

But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear
Friend, receive

The last poor present that my Muse can
give.

I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more
success.

Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse!

farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE CHARLES LORD

HALIFAX. 1701.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades ad-
mire,

And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,

For their advantage sacrifice your ease:

Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft seasons and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects
rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse, so oft her harp has
strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket
grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers
flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and
woods,
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his
source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful
shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur
glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the
plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture
drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's
snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful
throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels
dry)

Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur
still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's mighty shores ad-
mire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile sur-
veys;

So high the deathless muse exalts her
theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious
stream,

That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserved in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword re-
nown'd
Its rising billows through the world resound,

Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh! could the muse my ravish'd breast
inspire

With warmth like yours, and raise an equal
fire,

Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should
shine,

And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me
smile,

That shun the coast of Britain's stormy
isle,

Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with
care,

Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern
air,

Here kindly warmth their mountain juice
ferments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle
bloom,

And trodden weeds send out a rich per-
fume.

Bear me, some god, to Baiæ's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;

Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:

Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together
rise,

And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,

And in my soul a thousand passions strive,

When Rome's exalted beauties I descry

Magnificent in piles of ruin lie:

An amphitheatre's amazing height

Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,

And held uncrowded nations in its womb;

Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce
the skies,

And here the proud triumphal arches rise,

Where the old Romans deathless acts dis-
play'd,

Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:

While rivers here forsake the fields below,

And wondering at their height, through
airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering muse
retires,

And the dumb show of breathing rocks ad-
mires;

Where the smooth chisel all its force has
shown,

And softened into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence a majestic band,

Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,

Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,

And emperors in Parian marble frown;

While the bright dames to whom they
humbly sued,

Still show the charms that their proud
hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade
and light

A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure
tost,

Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul con-
found
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant
views,

And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy
land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful
hand!

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny
shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth im-
part,

The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valley reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling
grain;

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty
curst,
And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more
light,

And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature
gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to
the day.

Thee, Goddess! the Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft' exhausted all her stores,
How oft' in fields of death thy presence
sought,

Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly
bought.

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to
wine;

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads
shine;

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please
the sight,

And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass
give,

Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's
fate,

And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with
war,

And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce
alarms,

Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors
cease,

And all the Northern world lies hush'd in
peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret
dread

Her thunder aim'd as his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels
guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft have
found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues
resound,

I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's,
should praise.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade,
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth,
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes.
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Thro' all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day
 When the glad nations shall survey
 Their sov'reign thro' his wide command,
 Passing in progress o'er the land!
 Each heart shall bend, and ev'ry voice
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
 The image on the medal plac'd
 With its bright round of titles grac'd,
 And stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
 To richest ores the value give,
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,
 Shape and adorn the running gold.
 To bear this form the genial sun
 Has, daily, since his course begun,
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
 And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
 Thou Kneller! long with noble pride,
 The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
 With Nature in a gen'rous strife,
 And touch'd the canvass into life:
 Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
 And, in the robes of state array'd,
 The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and
 there
 His brother with dejected air:
 Triumphant Nassau here we find,
 And with him bright Maria join'd:
 There Anna, great as when she sent
 Her armies thro' the continent,
 Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
 O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
 (Tho' Heaven should with my wish agree,
 And long preserve thy art in thee)
 The last, the happiest, British king,
 Whom thou shalt paint or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
 Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
 And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
 With airs and lineaments divine,
 Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
 Old Saturn too, with upcast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies;
 And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
 In adamantin armour frown'd;
 By him the childless goddess rose,
 Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads: the web she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:
 Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen
 Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
 Her short liv'd darling son to mourn:
 The last was he whose thunder flew
 The Titan race, a rebel crew,
 That from a hundred hills, ally'd
 In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
 Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
 For who would hope new fame to raise,
 Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
 That, his high genius to approve,
 Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove?

ODE ON THE CREATION.

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF
 GOD, AND THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS
 HANDY WORK."

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale:
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What, though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found!
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice:
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine".

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide;
 Their help, Omnipotence.
 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning realms I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.
 Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.
 Think, Oh my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou sawst the wide-extended deep
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will:
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee!

A HYMN.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That grows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

DIVINE MERCY TO THE PENITENT.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
Oh, how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And shudders at the thought.

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
Oh, how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woes prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died,
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O God, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was born in 1673, at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire. He was the son of a sergeant-at-law. He was a poet and a dramatist. His plays give him his principal claim on posterity; as he occupies but an inconsiderable place among the poets. He died in December 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

TO LORD WARWICK

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful minds
can move,
With friendship, tenderness, respect, and
love,
The Muse had wish'd on this returning day
Something most worthy of herself to say:
To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r
To take the noble Warwick to his care:
"Give him," she said, "whate'er diviner
grace
"Adorns the soul or beautifies the face;
"Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
"And gentlest manners crown his blooming
youth:
"Give him to fame, to virtue, to aspire,
"Worthy our songs and thy informing fire;
"All various praise, all honours let him
prove,
"Let men admire, and sighing virgins love;
"With honest zeal inflame his gen'rous
mind,
"To love his country and protect mankind."
Attentive to her pray'r, the god reply'd,
"Why dost thou ask what has not been
deny'd?"

"Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his
pow'r,
"And making what he is can add no more:
"Yet since I joy in what I did create,
"I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate,
"And lengthen out his years to some un-
common date."

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bless'd day from ev'ry part the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mould'ring
dust,
The various products of Time's fruitful
womb,
All of past ages, present, and to come,
In full assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious
court.
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran;

The rev'rend sires with pleasure shall we
greet,
Attentive hear while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a
noble feat.
There all those tender ties which here
below
Or kindred or more sacred friendship know
Firm, constant, and unchangeable, shall
grow,
Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of
sense,
A better, truer, dearer, love from thence
Its everlasting being shall commence.
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er
be done,
No night shall rise to shade Heaven's glo-
rious sun,
But one eternal holiday go on.

ODE TO THE THAMES.

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

KING of the Floods! whom friendly stars
ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale,
King of the Floods! Britannia's darling,
hail!
Hail with the Year so well begun,
And bid his each revolving sun,
Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession
run.
From thy never-failing urn,
Flowers bloom, and fair increase
With the seasons take their turn;
From thy tributary seas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
Augusta's hallow'd domes arise,
And there thy ample bosom pours
Her numerous souls and floating tow'rs;
Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain
were known,
And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.
Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
While thy banks confine thy course,
Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.
So mayst thou, still secur'd by distant wars,
Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars;
As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.
On thy shady margin
Care its load discharging
Is lull'd to gentle rest:
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames! to feeding sheep,
To thirst thy silver streams;
More sweet than all the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days:
Cæsar's praise is sweeter,
Britain's pleasure greater:
Still may Cæsar's reign excel;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus! ever wait
As now, on Britain's kindest fate;
Crown all our vows and all thy gifts bestow
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS was born at Bampton in Oxfordshire, in 1676. He was the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, and was educated at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford. While at College he wrote the "Splendid Shilling", the most popular of his works, and the poem of "Blenheim". He bore a modest, kind and unblamable character. He died of consumption in February 1708.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and
strife,

In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful
ale;

But with his friends when nightly mists arise,
To Jumper's Magpie, or Town-Hall repairs:¹
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton
eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous
flames,

Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry
tale,

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sus-
tain:

Then solitary walk or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!

Whence flow nectarious wines, that well
may vie

With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious
flow,

With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my
gate,

With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly

Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs
erect

Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to
tell!)

My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic
beard,

And spreading band, admir'd by modern
saints,

Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert

Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind
him stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catch pole, whose polluted hands the
gods,

With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay

Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive
chains,

In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk,
beware!

Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless
mice

Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail

Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal
shades

This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze
of wood;

Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights: distress'd, for-
lorn,

Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal
thoughts

My anxious mind: or sometimes mournful
verse

Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle
shades,

Or desperate lady near a purling-stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.

Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,

¹ Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

And restless wish, and rave; my parched
throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom
curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite de-
barr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial
rays

Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-farrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous, at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught
ship,

Long sail'd secure, or through th' Egean
deep,

Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shat-
ter'd oak,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous
rage,

Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they
swear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves
rush in,

Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

ALBION.

REJOICE, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Entirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks

With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of
war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply pro-
cur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in
vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict
stern:

Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around dif-
fus'd

The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new
strung

Their silent harps, and taught the woods
and vales,

In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the
years

Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in furthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd
plains!

Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all
mounds,

Breaking away impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he
press'd

Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no
pause,

No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous
arm,

But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to
flight,

Smote in the rear, and with dishonest
wounds

Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty
curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing
high

On Gallia's hostile ground! his right with-
held,

Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you, meaner thoughts. Eager of
fight,

Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty
force

POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET, a poet, was born at Luton, in Bedfordshire, in 1677. He was the son of the Revd. Mr. Pomfret, rector of Luton, and received his early education at a grammar school in the country and from thence was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1694, and his Master's degree in 1698.—After leaving College he obtained the living of Malden, in Bedfordshire. Dr. Johnson sums up the poetical merit of Pomfret in the following concise and liberal manner: "He has been always the favorite of that class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement. His 'Choice' exhibits a system of Life adopted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's 'Choice.' In his other poems there is an easy volubility:—the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with pondrous or entangled with intricate sentiment. He pleases many, and he who pleases many must have some species of merit." He died of the small-pox, in London, in 1703.

THE CHOICE.

IF HEAVEN the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend

In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,

Built uniform; not little, nor too great;
Better if on a rising ground it stood,
On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood:

It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure

The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by,
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow;
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd.

Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,

Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well;

With all those moderns, men of steady sense,

Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.

In some of these, as Fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;

For sure no minutes bring us more content

Than those in pleasing, useful study spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,

That I might live genteely, but not great;

As much as I could moderately spend,

A little more, sometimes, t'oblige a friend:

Nor should the sons of Poverty repine

Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine;

And all that objects of true pity were

Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n

Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.

A frugal plenty should my table spread,

With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed;

Enough to satisfy, and something more,

To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food

Creates diseases, and inflames the blood:

But what's sufficient to make nature strong,

And the bright lamp of life continue long,

I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,

The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd

With the best wines each vintage could afford.

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,

And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:

By making all our spirits debonaire,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care:
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble
ends,

So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.

My house should no such rude disorders
know,

As from high drinking consequently flow,
Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.

If any neighbour came he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be
In my retreat, or to himself or me.

What freedom, prudence, and right reason,
give,

All men may, with impunity receive;
But the least swerving from their rule's too
much;

For what's forbidden us 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,

And all my joys refin'd, sincere and great,
I'd choose two friends, whose company
would be

A great advance to my felicity;
Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have
known;

Brave, gen'rous, witty and exactly free
From loose behaviour or formality;

Airy, and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right;
Secret they should be, faithful to their
trust,

In reas'ning cool, strong temperate and
just;

Obliging, open, without huffing brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave;

Close in dispute but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide;

Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate,
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state;

Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to
spite;

Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,

As dying martyrs, to their Maker too:
In their society I could not miss

A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heav'n once more in-
dulge, I'd choose

(For who would so much satisfaction lose
As witty nymphs in conversation give?)

Near some obliging modest fair to live;
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,

Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That by a secret but a pow'ful art,

Winds up the spring of life, and does
impart

Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passions sway;
Easy in company, in private gay;

Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me:
A soul she should have for great actions fit,
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit;

Courage to look bold Danger in the face;
No fear but only to be proud or base;

Quick to advise by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best:

I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be
such,

She might not seem reserv'd nor talk too
much;

That shews a want of judgment and of
sense;

More than enough is but impertinence:
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,

Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,

In all the methods of deceit untry'd;
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,

No censure might upon her actions fall;
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to
say—

She goes the least of woman-kind astray.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;

Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,

T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call'd I'd readily afford

My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my
sword.

Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious
care

As I would dens where hungry lions are,
And rather put up injuries than be

A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great

To give for my revenge so dear a rate;
For what do we for all our bustle gain

But counterfeit delight for real pain.
If Heaven a date of many years would
give,

Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live;
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,

Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd;
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,

Without a sigh resign my aged breath:
And when committed to the dust, I'd have

Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my
grave:

Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows,

But when we have resign'd our breath
Th' immortal spirit goes

To endless joys or everlasting woes,

Wise is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake,
And by all methods strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.
Merely to die no man of reason fears,
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust;
'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years:
But whither then we go,
Whither we fain would know;
But human understanding cannot show:
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehensions in the mind,
Fills it with restless doubts and wild
debates

Concerning what we living cannot find,
None know what death is but the dead,
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a strange doubtful way we know not
how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we
come,
And scarce have one black painful hour to
live,
No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb,
How moving and how mournful is the
sight!

How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort to
be had

In the dark minutes of the dreadful night
To cheer our drooping souls for their
amazing flight?
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest,
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die;
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains
oppress.

Our face is moistened with a clammy
sweat,
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
The blood inactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat:
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light just going out,
And for some kind assistance call;
But pity, useless pity's all
Our weeping friends can give
Or we receive;

Though their desires are great, their pow'rs
are small,

The tongue's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries, we bear,
How insupportable our torments are.

Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,
Restores our joys or dissipates our fears,
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;

For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great;
For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of
state

No consolation brings;
Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless or bitter all,
And, like the book which the apostle ate,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits
cheer

But the remembrance of good actions past;
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear,
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates
our fear.

In the dark antichamber of the grave
What would we give (e'en all we have,
All that our care and industry hath gain'd
All that our policy, our fraud, our art,
obtain'd)
Could we recall those fatal hours again
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease;
For then they urge our terrors and increase
our pain.

Our friends and relatives stand weep-
ing by,
Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide
eternity.

In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve:
They pity our deplorable estate;
But what, alas! can pity do
To soften the decrees of Fate?
Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
Though they do unsuccessful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our
bed;

One, with officious haste,
Brings us a cordial we want sense to
taste;

Another softly raises up our head;
This wipes away the sweat, that, sighing,
cries,

"See, what convulsions, what strong agonies,
"Both soul and body undergo!

"His pains no intermission know,
"For ev'ry gasp of air he draws returns in
sighs."

Each would his kind assistance lend
To save his dear relation or his dearer friend,
But still in vain with Destiny they all
contend.

Our father, pale with grief and watching
grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries,
"Adieu!

"Adieu, my child! now I must follow you;"
Then weeps and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who in their tender years
Were objects of our cares and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling,
cry,

"Bless us, O father! now, before you die;
"Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity."
Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we
love,

Compassionate and kind,
Cries, "Will you leave me here behind?"

"Without me, did I say? Ah! no;

"Without thy friend thou canst not go;

"For though thou leav'st me grov'ling here
below,

"My soul with thee shall upward fly

"And bear thy spirit company

"Through the bright passage of the yielding
sky.

"E'en death, that parts thee from Myself,
shall be

"Incapable to separate

"(For 'tis not in the pow'r of Fate)

"My friend, my best, my dearest friend
and me;

"But, since it must be so, farewell,

"For ever! no; for we shall meet again,

"And live like gods, though now we die
like men,

"In the eternal regions where just spirits
dwell."

The soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain
To keep the counterscrap of life,
By slow degrees retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all the kind artilleries of art,
Botanic legions guarding ev'ry port;
But Death, whose arms no mortal can
repel,

A formal siege disdains to lay,
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solemn peace;

But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be;
For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable and all is clear,
His troops return some unexpected way;
While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie,
The secret murd'ers stab us and we die.

Since our first parents' fall
Inevitable death descends on all,

A portion none of human race can miss;
But that which makes it sweet or bitter is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of
bliss:

For when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy:

If any sense at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,
The earnest of that vast stupendous woe
Which they to all eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like ravenous wolves to seize upon the
prey,

And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of despair,

Where they must dwell till that tremendous
way

When the loud trump shall call them to
appear

Before a Judge most terrible and most
severe,

By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pain and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy
night,

And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His soul, whene'er she takes her flight,
To the surprising mansions of immortal
light:

Then the celestial guards around him stand,
Nor suffer the black demons of the air
To oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair,
But all is calm within, and all without is
fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;
Not one of all the happy number's lost,
And those bright advocates ne'er want
success:

But when the soul's releas'd from dull
mortality,

She passes up in triumph through the sky,
Where she's united to a glorious throng
Of angels, who, with a celestial song,
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,
When, or how soon, we cannot know,
But late or early we are sure to go,
In the fresh bloom of youth or wither'd
age;

We cannot take too sedulous a care
In this important grand affair,
For as we die we must remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,

To make our peace with Heaven, or to
 return again.
 The Heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of Nature taught,
 declar'd
 No future misery could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
 But if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be
 blest
 As the immortal gods if gods there were,
 possess.
 We have the promise of eternal Truth,
 Those who live well, and pious paths
 pursue,
 To man and to their Maker true,
 Let 'em expire in age or youth,
 Can never miss
 Their way to everlasting bliss;
 But from a world of misery and care
 To mansions of eternal ease repair,
 Where joy in full perfection flows,
 And in an endless circle move
 Through the vast round of beatific love,
 Which no cessation knows.

TO HIS FRIEND, UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of
 things,
 Where every morning some new troubles
 brings,
 But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
 And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious
 breast.
 Angelic forms and happy spirits are
 Above the malice of perplexing care;
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high
 For those who bend beneath mortality.
 If in the body there was but one part
 Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
 And but one passion could torment the
 mind,
 That part, that passion, busy Fate would
 find:
 But since infirmities in both abound,
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on
 earth,
 With all the glories of his state and birth,
 Had yet some anxious care, to make him
 know
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
 To be from all things that disquiet free
 Is not consistent with humanity;
 Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming
 things
 O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy
 wings,

We think the person who enjoys so much
 No care can move, and no affliction touch:
 But could we but some secret method find,
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seed of
 strife,
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life;
 How some fierce lust, or boist'rous passion
 fills,
 The lab'ring spirit with prolific ills;
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
 And all-right reason's godlike pow'rs
 control;
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
 Though all without appears serene and gay,
 A cank'rous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp, and visible success,
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
 But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
 Is a good conscience, and a soul resign'd:
 Then to whatever end affliction's sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, though a pond'rous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the
 blow;
 For in misfortune this advantage lies,
 They make us humble, and they make us
 wise;
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
 An ample recompense for all his pains.

To soft caresses of a prosp'rous fate
 The pious fervours of the soul abate,
 Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
 And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise:
 Thus, lull'd into a sleep we dozing lie,
 And find our ruin in security,
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
 And breaks th' enchantment by a timely
 grief.
 But as we are allowed, to cheer our sight,
 In blackest days some glimmerings of light,
 So in the most dejected hours we may
 The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;
 And those requests the speediest passage
 find
 To heaven which flow from an afflicted
 mind;
 And while to him we open our distress,
 Our pains grow lighter and our sorrows
 less.

The finest music of the grove we owe
 To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe,
 And while her griefs in charming notes
 exprest,
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
 In warbling melody she spends the night,
 And moves at once compassion and delight.
 No choice had e'er so happy an event
 But he that made it did that choice repent.
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our
 sight,
 We cannot level our own wishes right;

And why should we for those misfortunes
 mourn,
 Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er
 return?
 Those that have weather'd a tempestuous
 night,
 And find a calm approaching with the light,
 Will not, unless their reason they disown,
 Still make those dangers present that are
 gone.
 What is behind the curtain none can see;
 It may be joy; suppose it misery:
 'Tis future still; and that which is not
 here
 May never come, or we may never bear;
 Therefore, the present ill alone we ought
 To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;
 But if we may the sacred pages trust,
 He's always happy that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose
 a mate,
 From too exalted, or too mean a state;
 For in both these we may expect to find
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.

Who moves within the middle region
 shares
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
 If something brighter, not too bright for
 thine:
 Her education liberal, not great;
 Neither inferior nor above her state.
 Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
 From affectation, pride, or pedantry:
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,
 Too little is as dangerous as too much.
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
 Unless where yours does to a fault incline;
 The least disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of
 joys.
 Her person amiable, straight, and free
 From natural, or chance deformity.
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
 For women past their vigour, soon decline:
 Her fortune competent; and if thy sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gathered
 right.
 If thine's enough, then hers may be the
 less:
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.
 For that which makes our lives delightful
 prove,
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1679 (or according to some biographers 1681), at Upham, in Hampshire. He was the only son of Dr. Edward Young, fellow of Winchester College, and was educated at the Winchester School, from whence he was removed to New College, and afterwards to Corpus Christi, Oxford. In 1741 he commenced his famous poem the "Night Thoughts", prompted by the death of his wife. This is a perfectly original composition; it resembles no other, and has had no imitators. His best poetical effusions are "The last day", "The Force of Religion", and the "Love of Fame." He died in April 1765, aged eighty-four years.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BE WISE to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be
 strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "that all men are about to
 live",
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to
 think
 They shall one day not drivel; and their
 pride,
 On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
 At least their own, their future selves
 applauds.
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead;

Time lodged in their own hands is folly's
vails;
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they con-
sign;
The thing they can't but purpose they
postpone:
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool:
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage; when young,
indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more
wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and reresolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself im-
mortal.
All men think all men mortal, but them-
selves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of
fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the
sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded
air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft, no trace
is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of
death:

Even with the tender tear which Nature
sheds

O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ON EXPERIENCE.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past
hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to
heaven;

And how they might have borne more wel-
come news.

Their answers form what men experience
call;

If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst
foe.

O reconcile them! Kind experience cries,
"There's nothing here but what as nothing
weighs:

The more our joy, the more we know it
vain;

And by success are tutored to despair."

Nor is it only thus, but must be so.

Who knows not this, though grey, is still
a child.

Loose then from earth the grasp of fond
desire,

Weigh anchor, and some happier clime
explore.

Art thou so moored thou canst not dis-
engage,

Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since, by life's passing breath, blown up

from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden

soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no
more:

Since then (as emmets, their small world
o'erthrown)

We sore amazed from out earth's ruins
crawl,

And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controller of the

skies!)

As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;

Should not each warning give a strong
alarm?

Warning far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!

Should not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which

struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian
pale,

Erewhile high flushed with insolence and
wine?

Like that the dial speaks, and points to
thee,

Lorenzo! loath to break thy banquet up:
"O, man, thy kingdom is departing from

thee;

And, while it lasts, is emptier than my
shade."

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ON HAPPINESS.

CELESTIAL happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,

And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame
Hearts melt; but melt like ice, soon harder

froze.
True love strikes root in reason; passion's
foe:

Virtue alone entenders us for life;
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.

Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And emulously rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

DEATH.

THEN welcome, Death! thy dreaded har-
bingers,
Age and disease; disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life:
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
Dragged at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.

That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O Death, is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right,
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich

And ripe. What though the sickle, some-
times keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and Death's deep dismal groan,

Are slender tributes low-taxed nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But oh! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compared; life lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of thee?

Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires

With every nobler thought and fairer deed!

Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!

Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!

Death, that absolves my birth! a curse without it!

Rich death, that realizes all my cares,

Toils, virtues, hopes, without it a chimera!

Death, of all pain the period, not of joy:

Joy's source and subject still subsist on earth;

One in my soul, and one in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.

Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,

Though prisoned there, my dust too I reclaim

(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)

And live entire. Death is the crown of life:

Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;

Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.

Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!

Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,

Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost:

The king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?

When shall I die?—when shall I live for ever?

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ON RELIGION.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next:

Religion! the sole voucher man is man:
Supporter sole of man above himself;

Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,

She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an after-state!

Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;

Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,

Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,

And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,

Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure

Surrounds him, and elysian prospects rise;
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load,

As if new-born he triumphs in the change:
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims

And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts

To Reason's region, her own element,

Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the
skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! there shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives
sting;

There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?

He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the
sun;

He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
shakes.

If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflamed? his tenderness on fire;
Like soft, smooth oil, out blazing other
fires?

Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou,
my all!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my
world!

My light in darkness and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through
eternity!

Eternity too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, even me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are
these!

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ON TALENT.

TALENTS angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great pow'rs:
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our
end;

Means have no merit, if our ends amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in
vain:

What is a Pelham's head to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends and means make wisdom:
worldly-wise

Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

"GREAT System of perfections! mighty
Cause

Of causes mighty! Cause uncaused! sole
root

Of Nature, that luxuriant growth of God!

First Father of effects! that progeny

Of endless series! where the golden chain's

Last link admits a period, who can tell?

Father of all that is, or heard, or hears!

Father of all that is, or seen, or sees!

Father of all that is, or shall arise!

Father of this immeasurable mass

Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;

Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest,

Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme

Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.

Father of these bright millions of the night!

Of which the least full godhead had pro-

claimed,

And thrown the gazer on his knee.—Or

say,

Is appellation higher still thy choice?

Father of matter's temporary lords!

Father of Spirits! nobler offspring! sparks

Of high paternal glory; rich endowed

With various measures, and with various

modes

Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams

More pale, or bright from day divine, to

break

The dark of matter organized (the ware

Of all created spirit) beams, that rise

Each over other in superior light,

Till the last ripens into lustre strong,

Of next approach to godhead. Father fond

(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on

earth)

Of intellectual beings! beings blessed

With powers to please thee! not of passive

ply

To laws they know not; beings lodged in

seats

Of well-adapted joys, in different domes

Of this imperial palace for thy sons;

Of this proud, populous, well-policed,

Though boundless habitation, planned by

thee:

Whose several clans, their several climates

suit;

And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.

Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge

A title less august, indeed, but more

Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears,

Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our

hearts!

Father of immortality to man!

A theme that lately set my soul on fire.

And Thou the next! yet equal! Thou, by

whom

That blessing was conveyed: far more!

was bought;

Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds

Were made; and one redeemed! illustrious

light,

From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal

power,

Finite in time, but infinite in space,

Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
And, if deep human guilt in payment fails,
As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!
And joins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes His delights among the sons of men."

THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

APOSTROPHE TO NIGHT.

O MAJESTIC night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's
loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and
shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven
throughout
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—nature's most
august,
Inspiring aspect! claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours passed, shall clothe
the scene.

GOD'S ADDRESS TO JOB.

COME forth in beauty's excellence arrayed,
And be the grandeur of thy power dis-
played
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Despatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is
done,
I grant thy safety lodged in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted
stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produced, what crea-
tures framed,
What insects cherished, that thy God is
blamed?
When pained with hunger, the wild raven's
brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food;
Who hears their cry, who grants their
hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
Who in the stupid ostrich has subdued
A parent's care and fond inquietude?

While far she flies, her scattered eggs are
found,
Without an owner on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Adopted by the sun in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with
speed,
She scorns the rider and pursuing steed.
How rich the peacock! what bright glories
run
From plume to plume, and vary in the
sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.
With conscious state the spacious round
displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons
wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year she mounts
the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm
behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to
men.
Though strong the hawk, though practised
well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle, when deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight;
Did thy command, her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and set her on the clift,
Where far above thy world she dwells
alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks
her own.
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread
survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood, and
hovering o'er
The unslaughtered host, enjoys the pro-
mised gore.
Know'st thou how many moons, by me
assigned,
Roll o'er the mountain goat and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load
sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their
pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties
freed;
Walk unsustained, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm
side;
Take the wide world with Nature for their
guide:

Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant
glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem¹, which knows no lord
but me,

Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow
smoke?

Since great his strength, go trust him, void
of care;

Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy
doors,

And cast his load among thy gathered stores.

PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE HORSE.

SURVEY the warlike horse! did'st thou
invest

With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High raised, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam
around,

And in a storm of fury shakes the ground,
He doth his firm, his rising heart advance,
Full on the brandished sword and shaken
lance;

While his fixed eye-balls meet the dazzling
shield,

Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in generous
pride,

Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his
side;

But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful
blast

Till death; and when he groans, he groans
his last.

PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE BEHEMOTH AND THE LEVIATHAN.

MILD is my behemoth² though large his
frame;

Smooth is his temper, and repressed his
flame,

While unprovoked. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for
food;

Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along,
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the
throng.

See with what strength his hardened loins
are bound,

All over proof and shut against a wound.

How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;

His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest and the mountain
law.

The mountains feed him; there the beasts
admire

The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

The fens and marches are his cool retreat,
His noon-tide shelter from the burning
heat;

Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are
made,

And groves of willows give him all their
shade,

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fired with
drought,

He trusts to turn its current down his
throat;

In lessened waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy live into the swelling tide;

With slender hair leviathan¹ command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded
strand,

Will he become thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?

Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens
play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such
a prize,

And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchant share the prey,

And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm skull what steel its way
can win?

What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless
might;

The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight:
The rashest dare not rouse him up: who
then

Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I thy debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me con-
ferred?

My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thousand
hills;

¹ "Reem", the wild buffalo.

² "Behemoth", the hippopotamus.

¹ "Leviathan", the Crocodile.

Earth, sea, and air,—all nature is my own;
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.

And darest thou with the world's great
Father vie,

Thou who dost tremble at my creature's
eye?

At full my large leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his
wondrous size;

Who, great in arms, e'er stripped his shining
mail,

Or crowned his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near?

Behold,
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws un-
fold,

And marshalled round the wide expanse,
disclose

Teeth edged with death, and crowding rows
on rows;

What hideous fangs on either side arise;
And what a deep abyss between them lies!

Mete¹ with thy lance, and with thy plumure
sound,

The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charged with such a furious
soul,

That clouds of smoke from his spread
nostrils roll,

As from a furnace, and, when roused his
ire,

Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,

Thy terror this, thy great superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in
state;

His well-joined limbs are dreadfully com-
plete;

His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awaked, he rears him from the
floods,

And stretching forth his stature to the
clouds,

Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient
light,

Far around are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their
dread.

Large is his front; and when his burnished
eyes

Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to
rise.

In vain may death in various shapes
invade,

The swift-winged arrow, the descending
blade,

His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle falchion flies.

¹ "Mete", measure.

Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumbered strand their wasted volleys
strow;

His port the rage and labour of the foe.
His pastimes like a cauldron boiled the
flood,

And blacken ocean with the rising mud:
The billows feel him as he works his way;

His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam, high-wrought with white, divides
the green,

And distant sailors point where death has
been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious
face;

Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renowned,

In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes every sworn, disdainful heart sub-
side,

And holds dominion o'er the suns of pride.

PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

WHAT will not men attempt for sacred
praise?

The love of praise, how'er concealed by
art,

Reigns! more or less, and glows, in every
heart:

The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure,

O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones
it swells;

Now trims the midnight lamp in college
cells:

'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches
pleads,

Harangues in senates, squeaks in mas-
querades.

Here, to Steele's humour masks a bold
pretence;

There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,

And heaps the plain with mountains of the
dead;

Nor ends with life; but nods in sable
plumes,

Adorns our herse, and flatters on our tombs.

SATIRE I.

PROPENSITY OF MAN TO FALSE AND FANTASTIC JOYS.

MAN 's rich with little, were his judgment
true;

Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;

Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere
delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast ex-
pense,
Which relish not to reason nor to sense.
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures
grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

* * *
Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her
stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her
velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lovely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms
refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements
choose.

SATIRE V.

THE ASTRONOMICAL LADY.

SOME nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal man and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance;
Of Desaguiliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has engagements with the
fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science
reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

THE Languid Lady.

THE languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign
aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.

Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the
room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she des-
pairs.

To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic
style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather
starve:
But chew she must herself! a cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S
EXULTATION.

IN LOFTY sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms declines the
stroke:
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they
provoke.
From whence arise those loud alarms?
Why gleams the south with brandish'd
arms?
War, bathed in blood, from curst ambition
springs:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor
sings.
Hear and revere! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest
leaves;
The mountain pines assume new forms
Spread canvass wings, and fly through
storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming
waves.
She nods again, the labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;

Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
Flamed from the deck, from trembling
bastions roar.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide an island's will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance;
know ye powers!

In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When braved Britannia's awful senate lowers.

In her grand council she surveys,
In patriot pictures what may raise
Of insolent attempts a warm disdain;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannons slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they
blaze!

They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of
fire.

The furies rise, the battle raves,
And rends the skies, and warms the
waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous wings in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chang'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance
join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and
masts;
And leave singed, naked, blood-drown'd,
decks behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal ocean yields;
There wars whole sting is shot, whole fire
is spent,

Whole glory blooms: how pale, how
tame,
How lambent in Bellona's flame;
How her storms languish on the continent!

From the dread front of ancient war
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stooped to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and
their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking
throngs,

The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers
frame?

Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Send peals on mountains anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring
flame.

Ye sons of Etna! hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
You shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder and attempt the
true.

Begin, and first take rapid flight,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead:

Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans and deaths; one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath, and it is
made;

Gaul starts and trembles at your dreadful
trade.

SEA-PIECE.

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

So FORM'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's
foes,

And edge their swords: O Power divine!
If blest by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal; deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds for Britain's sake,
Awake illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full stock too feeble to sustain;
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow;
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

That day's arrived, that fatal hour!
 "Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
 "Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

"Now war's important die is thrown,
 "If left the day to man alone,
 "How blind is wisdom, and how weak is night!

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
 "And deep remorse, and sighs sincere,
 "For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
 "A wrath, more formidable far
 "Than angry nature's wasteful war,
 "The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

"From out the deep to thee we cry,
 "To thee at nature's helm on high!
 "Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
 "To thee for succour we resort;
 "Thy favour is our only port;
 "Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

"O thou to whom the lions roar,
 "And not unheard, thy boon implore!
 "Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke;
 "Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
 "Or send it back and bid it fall;
 "On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

"Britain in vain extends her care,
 "To climes remote, for aids in war;
 "Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
 "There's one alliance, one alone,
 "Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
 "And that alliance is not found below.

"Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
 "We learn obedience from the sea;
 "With seas and winds, henceforth thy laws fulfil;

"'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm;
 "To rouse or hush the martial storm;
 "And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

"'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
 "Or quench the glories of a crown;
 "'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to free;

"To turn aside his levell'd dart,
 "Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
 "There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

"Thou, who hast taught the north to roar,
 "And streaming lights¹ nocturnal pour
 "Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 "Then blasted pride with dread to seize,
 "Bid Britain's flags as meteor's blaze;
 "And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

"The right alone is bold and strong;
 "Black, hovering clouds appal the wrong
 "With dread of vengeance: nature's awful Sire!
 "Less than one moment shouldst thou frown
 "Where is puissance and renown?
 "Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

"Let George the just chastise the vain:
 "Thou who durst curb the rebel main,
 "To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
 "Bid George repel a bolder tide,
 "The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
 "And check ambition's overwhelming wave.

"And when (all milder means withstood)
 "Ambition tamed by loss of blood,
 "Regains her reason; then on angel's wings,
 "Let peace descend, and shouting greet,
 "With peals of joy Britannia's fleet,
 "How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
 "The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

SEA-PIECE.

¹ "Streaming lights", Aurora Borealis.

PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL, a divine and poet, was born in 1679, at Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College in that city. He was the friend of Swift and Pope, the latter of whom gave the works of Parnell to the press. "His praise", says Johnson, "must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction; in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never ravishes; every thing seems proper, yet, every thing seems casual." The death of his beloved wife had such an effect on his spirits that it led him into habits of intemperance, and his historian Goldsmith represents him as in some measure "a martyr to conjugal fidelity." He died at Chester on his way to Ireland in July 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit
grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble
cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well;
Remote from men, with God he passed
his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion
rose;

That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway;

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
grow,

And skies beneath with answering colours
glow;

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken
sun,

Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world
by sight,

To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he
knew,

Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly
dew.)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
grass,

And long and lonesome was the wild to
pass;

But when the southern sun had warmed the
day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,

And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father hail!" he
cried,

And "Hail my son!" the reverend Sire
replied;

Words followed words, from question
answer flowed,

And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till with each other pleased, and loth to
part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,

Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of
day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;

When near the road a stately palace rose;
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees
they pass,

Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides
of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome,
Still made the house the wandering stranger's
home:

Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they
drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and beds of
down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood, to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guest, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then pleased and thankful from the porch they go:
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seemed the Sire; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
 He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.
 While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sounding air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert send across the plain.
 Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with lurrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest;)

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls.
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.
 With still remark the pondering Hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such, within himself he cried,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
 In every setting feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord owned before.
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glittering as they tremble cheer the day;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought:
 His partner's acts without their cause appear;
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
 Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind;
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
 Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging
heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accepted
here,
A frank and sober more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table
spread:

They talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall
repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with
prayer,
At length the world, renewed by calm
repose,

Was strong for toil, the dappled morn
arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant
slept,
And writhed his neck; the landlord's little
pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped,
and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our Hermit when the fact was
done!

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder
part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault
his heart.

Confused and struck with silence at the
deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country
lay

Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the
way:

A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending
glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to
sin,

Approached the careless guide, and thrust
him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the
dead.

Wild, sparkling raye inflames the father's
eyes,

He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech
began,

When the strange partner seemed no longer
man:

His youthful face grew more serenely
sweet;

His robe turned white, and flowed upon his
feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;

And wings, whose colours glittered on the
day,

Wide at his back their gradual plumes
display.

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion
grew,

Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke.)

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice
unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
These charms success in our bright region
find,

And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky;

Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,

And let these scruples be no longer thine."
"The Maker justly claims that world he
made,

In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends

On using second means to work his ends;
"Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human
eye,

The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
"What strange events can strike with
more surprise,

Than those which lately struck thy wonder-
ing eyes?

Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty
just,

And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
"The great vain man, who fared on costly
food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets
shine,

And forced his guests to morning draughts
of wine;

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom
lost,

And still he welcomes, but with less of
cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose
bolted door

Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind

That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be
kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the
bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful
soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart
from God;

(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!

But God, to save the father, took the
son!

To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow:)
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was
just.

"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to
steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this trial
o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth with-
drew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph
flew.

Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on
high,

His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view,
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow
too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in Heaven, on earth thy will be
done:"

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient
place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found,
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise!

Lovely, lasting Peace! appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd,
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace:

When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
"Bid thy wild passions all be still;
"Know God—and bring thy heart to know
"The joys which from religion flow;
"Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
"And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight,
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice and time my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.

The sun that walks his airy way
To light the world and give the day,
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves,
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

A HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE the star that leads the day,
 Rising shoots a golden ray,
 To make the shades of darkness go
 From Heav'n above and earth below,
 And warn us early with the sight
 To leave the beds of silent night,
 From an heart sincere and sound,
 From its very deepest ground,
 Send Devotion up on high,
 Wing'd with heat, to reach the sky.
 See the time for sleep has run,
 Rise before or with the sun;
 Lift thine hands, and humbly pray,
 The Fountain of eternal day,
 That as the light serenely fair
 Illustrates all the tracts of air,
 The sacred spirit so may rest
 With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
 And kindly clean it all within
 From darker blemishes of sin,
 And shine with grace, until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
 See the day that dawns in air,
 Brings along its toil and care,
 From the lap of night it springs
 With heaps of bus'ness on its wings;
 Prepared to meet them in a mind
 That bows submissively resign'd,
 That would to works appointed fall,
 And knows that God has order'd all.
 And whether with a small repast
 We break the sober morning fast,
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day,
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our bus'ness, with industrious feet,
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O Giver of eternal bliss!
 Heav'nly Father! grant me this,
 Grant it all as well as me
 All whose hearts are fix'd on Thee,
 Who revere Thy Son above,
 Who Thy sacred Spirit love.

A HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
 It glitters in the southern sky,
 Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is filled with heat,
 Father! also with Thy fire
 Warm the cold, the dead desire,
 And make the sacred love of Thee
 With my soul a sun to me:
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light,
 The worldly charms be seen to fade
 And in its lustre find a shade:

Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes:
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky:
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there,
 And soar with more aspiring flight
 To realms of everlasting light.
 Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
 I daily wish to live with Thee,
 And feel that union which Thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my pray'r,
 Great Creator! bow Thine ear;
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day,
 Who spake the word, and earth begun,
 And show'd its beauties in the sun,
 With pleasure I Thy creatures view,
 And would with good affection too,
 Good affection sweetly free,
 Loose from them, and move to Thee;
 O teach me due returns to give,
 And to Thy glory let me live!
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

A HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam repelling mists arise,
 And ev'ning spreads obscure her skies:
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the Lord of glory now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes,
 Which make the weary members blest,
 With sweet refreshment in their rest,
 Or whether spirits in the brain,
 Dispel their soft embrace again,
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never He forsake me too;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light,
 His wondrous bounty let me find
 With still a more enlighten'd mind.
 When grace and love in one agree,
 Grace from God, and love from me,
 Grace that will from heav'n inspire,
 Love that seals it in desire,
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with increasing flames.
 Thou that hast Thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star,

Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request,
If thoughts on Thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till Thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er;
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way:
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath;
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below:
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night;
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where Toil and Poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state),
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with
shrouds,

They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin,
(Ye Ravens! cease your croaking din:
Ye tolling Clocks! no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
"How great a king of fears am I!
"They view me like the last of things;
"They make, and then they draw, my strings.
"Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
"No more my spectre-form appears.
"Death's but a path that must be trod,
"If man would ever pass to God:
"A port of calms, a state of ease
"From the rough rage of swelling seas."

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun;
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide;
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

With kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jesu! Lord of life, on high!
As when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made,
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed:
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,

To cheerful notes of endless praise,
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy;
Joy, transporting, sweet and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song;
Joy that shall resounded be
While days and nights succeed for me.
Be not as a Judge severe,
For so Thy presence who may bear?
On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in Thy book,)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye:
What needs my blood, since Thine will do,
To pay the debt to justice due?
O tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine:
Thy dropping wounds, Thy woful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.
Guide me, then, for here I burn
To make my Saviour some return.
I'll rise (if that will please him still,
And sure I've heard him own it will,)
I'll trace his steps and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss,
Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May,
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets with a thousand colours more,
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading
these,
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze;
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle Water! still more gently by,
While in this summer-bower of bliss I lie,
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs' and sepherds' soft-invented
names;
Or view the branches which around me
twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly
wine;
Or find new pleasures in the world to
praise,
And still with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal
spring;
"Go range, my Senses! while I sweetly
sing."

In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will,
I tell my soul it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay;

My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm;
The world but promises, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye Leaves! and wither, all ye
Flow'rs!

I'll dote no longer in enchanted bow'rs,
But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
The vain conceits that held my soul so long,
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
And sin, brought forth for everlasting woe.
Thus shall the notes to sorrow's objects
rise,
While frequent rests procure a place for
sighs;

And as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen closing ev'ry strain:
"Return, my Senses! range no more abroad;
"He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God."

THE HAPPY MAN.

How bless'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is bless'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days,
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way!
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a Father's love,
And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ,
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be mine!
From hence despising all besides
That earth reveals or ocean hides,
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes:
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Love,
And finds a kingly care defend,
And Mercy smile, and Love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze;
And tho' the wicked earth display
Its terrors in their fierce array,
Or gape so wide that horror shows
'Tis hell replete with endless woes;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntless still;
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidst an ocean stands;

So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempest beating round its head,
And with its side repels the wave
Whose hollow seems a coming grave:
The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar,
The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which blesses you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye-designing end;
Its knowing real int'rest lies
On the bright side of yonder skies;
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to Care;
While he that seeks for pleasing days
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of Toil or Fame,
(Tho' happy be the specious name,)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the act to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoilt the Blouzelind of Gay.

For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes,
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage;
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again!

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S— prints before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now),
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Dufey do.

Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe in which the deed was done;
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell:
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.
"Ye poets, who my labours see,
"Come, share the triumph all with me!
"Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
"Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH
VERSES.

RELENTLESS time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh:
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newlyborn desire.

But now experience shows the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising
red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd
the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly
scene;

'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I
lay,

A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in, a sweet per-
fume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the
room;

And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore;
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of
light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder
grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my
view;

When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd
to glide,

And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses
ran,

Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
"Where glorious mansions are prepar'd
above,

The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble
prayers,

And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught!
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought);
And as with awful sound the word was
said,

She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy muse thy
zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal."

FENTON

ELIJAH FENTON, a poet and divine, was born in 1683 at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-line, in the county of Stafford, and was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. In 1710 he was made private secretary to Lord Orrery, and tutor to his son, the renowned translator of Pliny. He was afterwards tutor to Lady Trumbull's son, and died at her seat Easthampton, in Berkshire, in 1730. He bore a most estimable character and his poetry is very elegant.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN GOWER,

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING 1716.

O'ER Winter's long inclement way
At length the lusty Spring prevails,
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales:
Around him danced the rosy Hours,
And, damasking the ground with flow'rs,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn,
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy,
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares,
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
For me the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd to approach your bless'd retreat,
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes the Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invok'd where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play,
Now your own Phœbus o'er the mouth pre-
sides,

Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the
day:

Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise;
So, with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole, on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe,
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war,
Fond of the softer southern sky;
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast,

But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires;
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair!
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure
train)

Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his
care,

Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain;
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell,
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove;
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind Opinion for his guide,
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows
To sweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away:
The past is all by death possess'd;
And frugal Fate, that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! thro' all that destin'd space
What breath the pow'rs allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United and complete in thee.
O flow'r of ancient English faith!
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot path,
In which, confirm'd, thy father shone;
The light his fair example gives
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns
rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are
heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocian, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Flix'd by the Muse the temple grace;
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

PART OF CHAPTER THE XIV OF ISALAH.

PARAPHRASED.

Now has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion, and the afflictive
power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had
bruise'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful
land
Deigns to revisit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high
tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the
grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions blooming in the parent shade.
When vehicled in flame thou slow didst
pass
Prone thro' the gates of Night, the dreary
realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants
old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood be-
smear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they
still possess,
Their penance and their guilt. "Art thou",
they cry,
"O emulous of our crimes! here doom'd to
reign
"Associate of our woe? nor com'st thou
girt
"With livery'd slaves or bands of warrior-
knights,
"Which erst before thee stood, a flattering
crowd,
"Observant of thy brow; nor hireling choirs,
"Attemp'ring to the harp their warbled airs,
"Thy panegyric chant: but hushed in death,
"Like us thy liest unwept; a corse obscene
"With dust and preying worms, bare and
despoil'd

"Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our com-
peer!"
How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors
glide
Aslope a summer-eve! of all the stars
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elated as supreme, when o'er the north
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful
kings
Portending ruinous downfall: wond'rous
low,
Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
Disrob'd of all thy splendours: round thee
stand
The swarming populace, and with fix'd re-
gard
Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their
rage,
In taunting speech, and jovial ask their
friends,
"Is this The Mighty! whose imperious yoke
"We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
"And haunts of savages transform'd the
marts,
"And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
"Or exile on the peerage? how becalm'd
"The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to
breathe
"Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd
thrones!"
In solemn state the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great sires, are safe re-
pos'd
Beneath the weeping vault; but thou, a
branch
Blasted and curs'd by heaven, to dogs and
fowls
Are doom'd a banquet mingling some re-
mains
With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race
Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From
thy domes
Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy
seed
The sceptre heaven resumes, by thee
usurp'd
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless
rage.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the
power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;

Thou that art us'd t'attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the
 crown;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of
 state;
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread
 awry;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's
 toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below;
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper
 free;
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto
 me?
 Whence does this mighty condescension
 flow?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!
 As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
 Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request;
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
 Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
 My humble suit!—And either give me store
 To entertain thee or ne'er see me more.

AN EPISTLE

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

SLOW tho' I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
 Yet should the Muse some happy song in-
 spire,
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
 That fav'rite verse to Lambard I decree:
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it
 prove,
 A pledge and monument of lasting love!
 Mean time intent the fairest plain to find,
 To form the manners and improve the mind,
 Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens
 please,
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease,
 Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace,
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race:
 Now Truth's bright charms employ my
 serious thought
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught;
 Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove,
 While wonder and delight the soul engage,
 To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
 Where Science in attractive fable lies
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
 Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train;

Whose wings the Muse in better ages
 prun'd,
 And their sweet harps to moral airs
 attun'd.
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless
 maid,
 As weary'd hinds accuse the ling'ring sun,
 And heirs, impatient, wish for twenty-one;
 So dull to Horace¹ did the moments glide,
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force em-
 ploy'd,
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,
 In easy numbers, near ally'd to prose;
 Guilt blush'd and trembl'd when she heard
 him sing,
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his
 sting.
 With such a graceful negligence exprest,
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
 But he who, blindly led, by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,
 When Nature sets the noblest stores in
 view,
 Affects to polish copper in Peru;
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltness of their waves offends the
 taste,
 But when to heaven exhal'd in fruitful rain,
 In fragrant dew they fall, to cheer the
 swain,
 Revive the fainting flow'rs, and smell the
 meagre grain.
 Be this their care who, studious of re-
 nown,
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the
 crown;
 Suffice it me that (having spent my prime,
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now com-
 pose,
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose:
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays,
 And Death, perhaps to spoil poetic sport,
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line.
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the
 man,
 To run the trifling race the boy began,
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
 My circle end in second infancy:
 I might ere long an awkward humour
 have
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
 Or round my room alternate take a course,
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses'
 horse.
 Let other wither gay, but I'd appear,
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;

1 Lib. I. Epist. I.

Grave as Libanius slumb'ring o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste,
The Now, without repining at the Past;
Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t'
employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines thro' dear simplicity.
Tho' no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen, he sees the lab'ring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.

Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,

In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
Others devour Ambition's glitt'ring bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their pow'rs to ev'ry wild extreme,
For the short pageant of a pompous dream;
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:

So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,

Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant¹ displays;
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career.
Fame, pow'r and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul:
For these are ease and innocence resign'd;
For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!

Headstrong, he urges on till vigour fails,
And grey experience (but too late!) prevails:
But in his ev'ning view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;

When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;

No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain.
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?

In that last scene, by Fate in sables dress'd,
Thy pow'r, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;
Thy Vestal flames diffuse celestial light,
Thro' Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;

Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flatt'ring fortune fail.
Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name,
Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)

While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:

So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varnish, or by want of art:
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd squire the laws allow,

As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, address, and force of genius, join,
To make a Hammer in the senate shine.
Yet one presiding pow'r in ev'ry breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;
And they, who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.

¹ The nure-tree.

Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage ev'ry blooming grace,
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's
face,
With which her faultless shape and air
agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchless form to
wrong,
Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her
tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite)
"He fish!"—because the man attempts to
write.

Oh! if the water-nymphs were kind to
none,
But those the Muses bathe in Helicon,
In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British seas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall,
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling
year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the savage
sloes,
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing
rose?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming
fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
Proud to survey the sea her pow'r defends;
Her sov'reign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we
find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with
care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glitt'ring arms and thirst of fame is
fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 't will bear a beau.
If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the
Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night
ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his
pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's
charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms,

Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.
"Whither", you cry, "tends all this dry
discourse?"

"To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no
horse?"

"I look'd for sparkling lines, and something
gay,

"To frisk my fancy with; but sooth to say!

"From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,

"And trades in syllogisms more than tropes."

Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;

When a friend reads, in honour you must
hear:

For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,

Indulge a volubility of tongue:

Their fury triumphs o'er the men of
phlegm,

And council-proof will never balk a theme;

So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the more

When round him half the saints began to
snore.

To lead us safe thro' Error's thorny maze

Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;

But that bright daughter of eternal day

Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.

Tho' no lethargic fumes the brain invest,

And opiate all her active pow'rs to rest;

Tho' on that magazine no fevers seize

To calcine all her beauteous images;

Yet banish'd from the realms by right her
own,

Passion, a blind usurper, mounts her throne;

Or, to known good preferring specious ill,

Reason becomes a cully to the will.

Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,

Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the
way,

And in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,

Who breaks the compass, and contemns the
stars,

To steer by meteors, which at random fly,

Preluding to a tempest in the sky.

Vain of his skill, and led by various views,

Each to his end a diff'rent path pursues;

And seldom is one wretch so humble known,

To think his friend's a better than his
own:

The boldest they who least partake the
light,

As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to
fight,

Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,

But what became our choice, we call our
fate.

"Villain", said Zeno, to his pilf'ring slave,

"What frugal Nature needs I freely gave;

"With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,

"What could provoke thee now to prove
injust?"

"Sir, blame the stars", felonious culprit
cry'd:

"We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd."

"If their strong influence all our actions
 urge,
 "Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to
 scourge.
 "The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
 "As pow'rful Destiny prevail'd with thee."
 This Heathen logic seems to bear too
 hard
 On me and many a harmless modern bard:
 The critics, hence, may think themselves
 decreed
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
 Foes to the tribe, from which they trace
 their clan,
 As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
 To which (though, by the breed, our kind's
 disgrac'd)
 We grant superior elegance of taste;
 But, in their own defence, the wits observe,
 That, by impulse from heav'n, they write
 and starve;
 Their patron planet, with resistless pow'r,
 Irradiates ev'ry poet's natal hour,
 Engend'ring in his head a solar heat,
 For which the college has no sure receipt,
 Else from their garrets would they soon
 withdraw,
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw.
 Nothing so much intoxicates the brain,
 As Flatt'ry's smooth insinuating bane:
 She, on th' unguarded ear, employs her art,
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding
 heart;
 And reason oft submits when both invade,
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
 When Flatt'ry's magic mists suffuse the
 sight,
 The don is active, and the boor polite;
 Her mirror shews perfection thro' the
 whole,
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle, or a mole;
 Each character in gay confusion lies,
 And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our
 pride,
 Tho' praise to venom turns, if wrong
 apply'd.
 Me thus she whispers, while I write to
 you:
 "Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review;
 "Then ev'ry Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
 "Arms, and the man, to sing in lofty lays,
 "Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
 "Such as the son of Thetis' sung at Troy,
 "When his high-sounding lyre his valour
 rais'd
 "To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
 "Like him the Briton, warm at honour's
 call,
 "At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding
 Gaul;

“By France the genius of the fight confest,
“For which our patron saint adorns his
breast.”—

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels
crown'd?

O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyle.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms dis-
plays,

In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a
flight,

And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would
explode;

Tho' ev'ry stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars,
Is it for me to prove in ev'ry part,
The piece irregular by laws of art?

His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his
flame;

Then cry, in seeming transport, while I
speak,

"Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!"
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And, courteous, with increase the debt
repays.

Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both, ravish'd sing *Te Phœbum* for success;
Rise swift, ye Laurels! Boy! bespeak the
press.—

Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read
From the records of fame condemn'd to
pass.

To Brisquet's calendar ^{pass,} a rubric ass.
Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to
find

A plain disease or blemish in the mind:
Few can, tho' wisdom should their health
ensure,

Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth disus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the keen desire of ev'ry sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Tho', to supply the vacancy of wit,

1 Iliad. IX.

1 Brisquet, jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn:
I scarcely think his picture would have

pow'r,
To make him fight the champions of the
tower,

Tho' lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they
came:

But yet without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to
wit:

Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' aerial songsters, list'ning to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.

At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful
prove,

But the nice audience hoot him thro' the
grove:

Conscious of wanted worth, and just dis-
dain,

Low'ring his crest, he creeps to Juno's
fane,

To his protectress there reveals the case,
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess,
known

By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:

"My fav'rite Bird! of all the feather'd kind,
"Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd;

"The tow'ring eagles to the realms of light,

"By their strong pounces claim a regal
right;

"The swan, contended with an humbler fate,

"Low on the fishy river rows in state;

"Gay starry plumes thy length of train
bedeck,

"And the green em'rald twinkles on thy
neck;

"But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,

"Is made chief warbler of the woodland
choir:

"These various bounties were dispos'd above,

"And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove.

"Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;

"Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at
more."

RAMSAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY, a Scotch poet, was born in 1685, at Leadhills in the parish of Crawford, Lanarkshire. He was a barber at Edinburgh; but afterwards became a bookseller in that city. In 1721 he published a quarto volume of his poems, which met with such great success that in 1728 he was induced to print another. His celebrated pastoral "The gentle Shepherd" is considered one of the classics of Scottish literature. His poems are elegant and simple. He was very much respected and his acquaintance sought by some of the most distinguished characters. He died June 7, 1758.

WRITTEN BENEATH THE HISTORICAL PRINT OF THE WONDERFUL PRESER- VATION OF MR. DAVID BRUCE,

AND OTHERS HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

St. Andrews, August 19, 1710.

Six times the day with light and hope arose,
As oft the night her terrors did oppose,
While toss'd on roaring waves the tender
crew

Had nought but death and horror in their
view:

Pale famine, seas, bleak cold at equal strife,
Conspiring all against their bloom of life;

Whilst like the lamp's last flame, their trem-
bling souls

Are on the wing to leave their mortal
goals;

And death before them stands with fright-
ful stare,

Their spirits spent, and sank down to
despair.

Behold th' indulgent providential eye;

With watchful rays descending from on
high;

Angels come posting down the divine beam,
To save the helpless is their last extreme:

Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock;
Some rule the winds, some lead them up
the rock,
While other two attend the dying pair,
To waft their young white souls thro' fields
of air.

ON THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,

THE 22^d OF APRIL, NINE O'CLOCK OF THE
MORNING, WRITTEN A MONTH BEFORE IT
HAPPENED, MARCH 1715.

Now do I press among the learned throng,
To tell a great Eclipse, in little song.
At me nor scheme, nor demonstration ask,
That is our *Gregory's*, or fam'd *Halley's*
task:
'Tis they who are conversant with each
star,
We know how planets planet rays debar.
This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,
She only echoes what she has been told.

Our rolling globe will scarce have made
the sun
Seem half way up Olympus to have run,
When night's pale queen in her oft changed
way,
Will intercept in direct line his ray,
And make black night, usurp the throne of
day.
The curious will attend that hour with care,
And wish no clouds may hover in the air,
To dark the medium, and obstruct from
sight
The gradual motion and decay of light,
Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water
pale,
To see which of the planets will prevail:
For then they think the sun and moon make
war;
Thus nurses tales oft times the judgment
mar.

When this strange darkness overshades
the plains,
'T will give an odd surprise t' unwarned
swains:
Plain honest kinds who do not know the
cause,
Nor know of orbs; their motions or their
laws,
Will from the half-plough'd furrows home-
ward bend,
In dire confusion, judging that the end
Of time approacheth; thus possess with
fear,
They'll think the general conflagration near.
The traveller benighted on the road
Will turn devout and supplicate his god;

Cocks with their careful mates and younger
fry,
As if 't were evening, to their roosts will fly;
The horned cattle will forget to feed,
And come home lowing from the grassie
mead;

Each bird of day will to his nest repair,
And leave to bats and owls the dusky air;
The lark and little robin's softer lay
Will not be heard till the return of day.
Now this will be great part of *Europe's*
case,
While *Phebe's* as a mask on *Phæbus'* face
The unlearn'd clowns who don't our *Æra*
know,
From this dark *Friday* will their ages show;
As I have often heard old country men
Talk of dark *Monday*, and their ages then.

Not long shall last this strange uncommon
gloom,
When light dispels the ploughman's fear of
doom;
With merry heart he'll lift his ravish'd
sight
Up to the heavens, and welcome back the
light.
How just 's the motion of these whirling
spheres!
Which ne'er can err while time is met by
years.
How vast is little man's capacious soul!
That knows how orbs thro' wilds of *Æther*
roll.
How great 's the power of that omnifick
hand!
Who gave them motion by his wise com-
mand,
That they should not, while time had being,
stand.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are *Mammon* and himself:
The drunken sots, who want the art to
think,
Still cease from friendship, when they cease
from drink,
The empty fop, who scarce for man will
pass,
Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his
glass.

Friendship first springs from sympathy
of mind,
Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found 'mongst men who can
espy,
The merits of his friend without envy.

Thus all pretending friendship's but a
 dream,
 Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

THE CLOCK AND DIAL.

AE DAY a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 And put his qualities to trial;
 Spake to him thus,—My neighbour, pray,
 Can'st tell me what's the time of day?
 The Dial said, 'I dinna ken.'—
 Alake! what stand ye there for then?—
 'I wait here till the sun shines bright,
 'For nought I ken but by his light.'
 Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help,
 Baith night and day may lane I skelp;
 Wind up my weights but anes a-week,
 Without him I can gang and speak:
 Nor like an useless sumph I stand,
 But constantly wheel round my hand:
 Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;
 And I am right, ane—two,—three—four.
 Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,
 The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;
 The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:
 'Ye see, said he, I've dung your fair,
 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
 'My friend, he added, count again,
 'And learn a wee to be less vain:
 'Ne'er brag of constant claverin' cant,
 'And that you answers never want:
 'For you're not ay to be believ'd:
 'What trust to you may be deceiv'd.
 'Be counsell'd to behave like me;
 'For when I dinna clearly see,
 'I always own I dinna ken,
 'And that's the way of wisest men.'

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT.

A PENSY Ant, right trig and clean,
 Came ae day whidding o'er the green,
 Where, to advance her pride, she saw
 A Caterpillar moving slaw:
 Good e'en t' ye, mistress Ant, said he,
 How's a' at hame. I'm blyth to s'ye.—
 The saucy Ant view'd him with scorn
 Nor wad civilities return;
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,
 Poor animal, I pity thee,
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,
 But some experiment of nature,
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,
 And the infinish'd was flung by.
 For me, I'm made with better grace,
 With active limbs, and lively face;
 And cleverly can move with ease
 Frae place to place where e'er I please:

Can foot a minuet or jig,
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig;
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand
 'Till his heart pitty—pattys, and—
 But laigh my qualities I bring,
 To stand up clashing with a thing,
 A creeping thing, the like of thee,
 Not worthy of a farewell t' ye.
 The airy Ant syne turn'd awa,
 And left him with a proud gaffa.
 The Caterpillar was struck dumb,
 And never answer'd her a mum:
 The humble reptile fand some pain
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.
 But tent neist time the Ant came by
 The Worm was grown a Butterfly;
 Transparent were his wings and fair,
 Which bare him flightering throw the air:
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,
 And thinking on his former slight,
 Thus to the Ant himself addrest,
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest?
 And notice what I now advise,
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise;
 For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,
 To raise aboon ye what ye scorn:
 For instance, now I spread my wing
 In air, while you're a creeping thing.

THE CAMELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,
 'Bout the Cameleon fell a ta'king,
 (Sic think it shaws them mettl'd men,
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken;)
 Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,
 Four-footed, with a fish's head;
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,
 And moves far slawer than a snail;
 Of colour, like a blowart blue;—
 Reply'd his nibour, *That's no true;*
For well I wat his colour's green,
If ane may true his ain twa een;
For I in sunshine saw him fair,
When he was dining on the air.—
 Excuse me, sais the ither blade,
 I saw him better in the shade,
 And he is blue.—*He's green I'm sure.*—
 Ye lied.—*And ye're the son of a whore.*—
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
 Had not a third come in the nick,
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what! are ye wood?
 What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't?
 Truth, says the tane, sir, ye shall hear 't:
 The Cameleon, I say, he's blue;
 He threaps he's green.—Now, what say
 you?
 Ne'er fash ye'r sells about the matter,
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,

He's black.—Sae nane of you are right,
 I view'd him well with candle-light;
 And have it in my pocket here,
 Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.
Fy! said a cangler, *what d'ye mean?*
I'll lay my lugs on 't, that he's green.
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay
 And to convince them, whop'd him
 out:
 But to surprise of ane and a',
 The Animal was white as snaw,
 And thus reprov'd them, "Shallow boys,
 "Away, Away, make nae mair noise;
 "Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right;
 "But learn to own your nibour's sight,
 "As good as yours.—Your judgment speak,
 "But never be sae daftly weak
 "T' imagine ithers will by force
 "Submit their sentiments to yours;
 "As things in various lights ye see,
 "They'll ilka ane resemble me."

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.
 INSCRIBED TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON,
 FOR THE IMPROVING OF NATURAL
 KNOWLEDGE.

GREAT Newton's dead,—full-ripe his fame;
 Cease, vulgar grief, to cloud our song:
 We thank the Author of our frame,
 Who lent him to the earth so long.

The god-like Man now mounts the sky,
 Exploring all yon radiant spheres;
 And with one view can more descry,
 Than here below in eighty years:

Tho' none, with greater strength of soul,
 Could rise to more divine a height,
 Or range the Orbs from Pole to Pole
 And more improve the human sight.

Now with full joy he can survey
 These words, and ev'ry shining blaze,
 That countless in the Milky Way,
 Only thro' glasses shew their rays.

Thousands in thousand arts excell'd,
 But often to one part confin'd;
 While ev'ry science stood reveal'd
 And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, most profound,
 Launch'd far in that extented sea,
 Where human minds can reach no bound,
 And never div'd so deep as he.

Sons of the east and western world,
 When on this Leading Star ye gaze
 While magnets guide the sail unfurl'd,
 Pay to his memory due praise.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide;
 While others crawl'd, he soar'd above:
 Yet modesty, unstain'd with pride,
 Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He shunn'd the sophistry of words,
 Which only hatch contentious spite;
 His learning turn'd on what affords
 By Demonstration most delight.

Britain may honourably boast,
 And glory in her matchless Son,
 Whose genius has invented most,
 And finish'd what the rest begun.

Ye Fellows of the Royal Class,
 Who honour'd him to be your Head
 Erect in finest stone and brass
 Statues of the Illustrious Dead.

Altho' more lasting than them all,
 Or ev'n the Poet's highest strain,
 His Works, as long as wheels this ball,
 Shall his great memory sustain.

May from your Learned Band arise
 Newtons to shine thro' future times,
 And bring down knowledge from the skies,
 To plant on wild Barbarian climes.

'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,
 Be brought into each proper road,
 Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,
 To know their Saviour and their God.

CONTENT.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy
 morn,
 And from the clod invite the sprouting
 corn;
 When chequer'd green, wing'd musick, new
 blown scents,
 Conspir'd to sooth the mind, and please
 each sense:
 Then down a shady haugh I took my way,
 Delighted with each flower and budding
 spray:
 Musing on all that hurry, pain and strife,
 Which flow from the fantastick ills of life.
 Enlarg'd from such distresses of the mind,
 Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts re-
 fin'd,
 And made me in the laughing sage's way,
 As a mere farce the murm'ring world
 survey;

Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.

Godlike is he whom no false fears annoy,
Who lives content, and grasps the present
joy;
Whose mind is not with wild convulsions
rent
Of pride, and avarice, and discontent,
Whose well-train'd passions, with a pious
awe,

Are all subordinate to reason's law:
Then smooth content arises like the day,
And makes each rugged phantom fly away.
To lowest men she gives a lib'ral share
Of solid bliss; she mitigates our care,
Enlarging joys, administering health;
The rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's
wealth;

A train of comforts on her nod attend,
And to her sway profits and honours bend.
Hail blest content! who art by heav'n de-
sign'd

Parent of health and cheerfulness of mind;
Serene content shall animate my song,
And make the immortal numbers smooth
and strong.

Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head
Experience speak, and youth's attention
plead;

Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose:
What state of life enjoys the most repose.
Thus I address:—And thus the ancient
bard;—

First, to no state of life fix thy regard.
All mortals may be happy, if they please,
Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering disease.

Midas, the wretch wrapt in his patched
rags,

With empty paunch, sits brooding o'er his
bags;

Meager his look, his mind in constant
fright,

If winds but move his windows in the
night;

If dogs should bark, or but a mouse make
din,

He sweats and starts, and thinks the thief's
got in:

His sleep forsakes him 'till the dawn
appears,

Which every thing but such a caitiff cheers;
It gives him pain to buy a farthing-light,

He jums at home in darkness all the night.
What makes him manage with such cautious
pain?

'T would break a sum; a farthing spent so
vain!

If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful
man

Gives ten per Cent with an insuring pawn;

Tho' he's provided in as much would serve
Whole *Nestor's* years, he ever fears to
starve.

Tell him of alms, alas! he'd rather chuse
Damnation and the promis'd bliss refuse.
—And is there such a wretch beneath the
Sun?

Yes, he return'd, thousands instead of one,
To whom content is utterly unknown.—

Are the rich men such?—He answer'd, no;
Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth
bestow

Upon himself, his friends, and on the poor,
Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

Reverse of these is he who braves the sky,
Cursing his maker when he throws the die:
Gods, devils, furies, hell, heaven, blood and
wounds,

Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted sounds:
He to perdition doth his soul bequeath,

Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
Except at game, he ne'er employs his
thought

'Till hiss'd and pointed at,—not worth a
groat.

The desp'rate remnant of a large estate
Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy
fate;

He finds his folly now, but finds too late
Ill brooks my fondling master to be poor,

Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and
whore.

How pitiful he looks without his rent!
They who fly virtue, ever fly content.

Now I beheld the sage look'd less severe,
Whilst pity join'd his old satyrick lear.

The weakly mind, said he, is quickly torn,
Men are not gods, some frailties must be
born:

Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn
abuse;

The happiest men at times their fate re-
fuse,

Befool themselves,—and trump up an ex-
cuse.

Is *Lucius* but a subaltern of foot?
His equal *Gallus* is a coronet.

A duchess on a velvet couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair cheeks till she is almost
blind:

Poor *Phili's* death the briny pearls demands,
Who ceases now to snare and lick her hands.

The politicians, who in learn'd debates,
With penetration carve our kingdom's fates,

Look sour, drink coffee, shrug, and read
gazettes.

Deep sunk in craft of state their souls are
lost,

And all their hopes depend upon the post:

Each mail that's due they curse the contrair
wind,
'Tis strange if this way men contentment
find;
Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,
Who vex themselves in what they 've no
concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs
In tradesmen's books, which makes the
careful duns
Often e'er ten to break his slumbering
rest:

Whilst with their craving clamours he's
opprest,
He frames excuses till his cranny akes,
Then thinks he justly damns the cursed
snakes,
The disappointed dun with as much ire,
Both threats and curses till his breast's on
fire;

Then home he goes, and pours it on his
house,
His servants suffer oft, and oft his spouse.

Some groan thro' life amidst a heap of
cares,
To load with too much wealth their lazy
heirs:

The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,
And all his life proclaims his father fool.
He toils in spending.—Leaves a thread-
bare son,
To scrape anew, as had his grandsire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla's* bosom fir'd,
If *Leda's* sable locks are more admir'd;
While *Leda* does her secret sighs discharge,
Because her mouth's a straw-breadth, ah!
too large.

Thus sung the sire and left me to evite
The scorching beams in some cool green
retreat;
Where gentle slumber seiz'd my weary'd
brain,
And mimic fancy op'd the following scene.

Methought I stood upon a raising ground,
A splendid landskip open'd all around,
Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks and
woods,

And domes, which hid their turrets in the
clouds;

To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,
Celestial virtue shone through all her air:
A nymph for grace, her wisdom more re-
nown'd

Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour
crown'd.

Around her heav'nly smiles a helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as she mov'd, a spear she
gently rais'd.

My sight at first the lustre scarce cou'd bear,
Her dazzling glories shone so strong and
clear:

A majesty sublime, with all that's sweet,
Did adoration claim and love invite.
I felt her wisdom's charm my thoughts
inspire,

Her dauntless courage set my soul on fire.
The maid, when thus I knew, I soon addrest,
My present wishful thoughts the same
suggest:

"Of all th' etherial powers thou noblest
maid,

"To human weakness lend'st the readiest
aid:

"To where content and her blest train
reside,

"Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my guide."
With my request well pleas'd, our course
we bent,

To find the habitation of content.

Thro' fierce *Bellona's* tents we first ad-
vanc'd,

Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horses
pranc'd:

Here *Vi et Armis* sat with dreadful awe
And daring front, to prop each nation's
law;

Attending squadrons on her motions wait,
Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their
fate.

Here chieftain souls glow'd with as great
a fire,

As his who made the world but one empire.
Even in low ranks brave spirits might be
found,

Who wanted nought of monarchs but a
crown.

But ah! ambition stood a foe to peace,
Shaking the empty fob and ragged fleece;

Which were more hideous to these sons of
war,

Than brimstone, smoak and storms of
bullets are.

Here, said my guide, content is rarely found,
Where blood and noisy jars beset the
ground.

Trade's wealthy ware-house next fell in our
way,

Where in great bales part of each nation
lay,

The *Spanish* citron, and *Hesperia's* oil,
Persia's soft product, and the *Chinese* toil;

Warm *Borneo's* spices, *Arab's* scented gum,
The *Polish* amber, and the *Saxon* mum,

The *Orient* pearl, *Holland's* lace and toys,
And tinsy work, which the fair nun employs.

From *India* ivory, and the clouded cane,
And cochineal from straits of *Magellan*.

The *Scandinavian* rosin, hemp and tar,
The *Lapland* furs, and *Russia* caviare,

The *Gallick* punchion charg'd with ruby
juice,
Which makes the hearts of gods and men
rejoice.

Britannia here pours from her plenteous
horn,

Her shining mirrors, clock-work, loaths and
corn.

Here, *Cent per Cents* sat poring o'er their
books,

While many shew'd the bankrupts in their
looks,

Who by mismanagement their stock had
spent,

Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the
government.

The missive letter and peremptor bill,
Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their
skill.

Uncertain credit bore the sceptre here,
And her prime ministers were hope and
fear.

The surly chiefs demanded what we sought,
Content, said I, may she with gold be
bought?

Content! said one, then star'd and bit his
thumb,

And leering ask'd, if I was worth a plum.

Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western
gales,

Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and
dales;

Where longing lovers haunt the streams
and glades,

And cooling groves, whose verdure never
fades;

Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode,
There sure I thought our long'd-for bliss
abode,

Whom first we met on that enchanted
plain,

Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive
swain;

Him I addrest,—“O youth, what heavenly
power

“Commands and graces yon *Elysian* bower?
“Sure 'tis content, else much I am deceiv'd.”

The shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I
rav'd.

Rare she appears, unless on some fine day
She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away:

If her you seek, soon hence you must
remove,

Her presence is precarious in love.

Thro' these and other shrines we wander'd
long,

Which merit no description in my song:
“Till at the last, methought we cast our

eye
Upon an antique temple, square and high,

Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky;

On adamantine *Dorick* pillars rear'd,
Strong *Gothick* work the massy pile ap-
pear'd:

Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,
Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd
the mind.

Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts
engage,

To us approach'd a studious rev'rend sage:
Both awe and kindness his grave aspect

bore,
Which spoke him rich with wisdom's finest
store.

He ask'd our errant there,—Straight I
reply'd,

“Content, in these high towers does she
reside?”

Not far from hence, said he, her palace
stands,

Ours she regards, as we do her demands;
Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway,

And in return she feasts us every day,
Then straight an ancient telescope he

brought,
By *Socrates* and *Epictetus* wrought,

Improved since, made easier to the sight,
Lengthen'd the tube, the glasses ground

more bright:
Through this he shew'd a hill, whose lofty

brow,
Enjoy'd the sun, while vapours all below,
In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,

Where phantoms of most horrid forms
abound;

The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear,
Frightful in shape, most monstrous appear.

Then thus my guide,—
Your way lies through you gloom, be not

aghast,
Come briskly on, you'll jest them when
they're past:

Mere empty spectres, harmless as the
air,

Which merit not your notice, less your
care.

Encourag'd with her word, I thus addrest
My noble guide, and grateful joy exprest.

“O sacred wisdom! thine 's the source of
light,

“Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope
in night;

“Of woe and bliss thou only art the fest,
“Falsehood and truth before thee stand con-
fest:

“Thou mak'st a double life: one nature
gave,

“But without thine, what is it mortals
have?

“A breathing motion grazing to the grave.”

Now thro' the damps methought we boldly
went,

Smiling at all the grins of discontent:

Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising ground we
 gain'd,
 Whilst inward joy my weary'd limbs
 sustain'd.
 Arriv'd the height, whose top was large
 and plain,
 And what appear'd soon recompens'd my
 pain,
 Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamel'd
 scene.

Amidst the glade the sacred palace stood,
 The architecture not so fine as good;
 Nor scrimp, nor gousty, regular and plain,
 Plain were the columns which the roof
 sustain:

And easy greatness in the whole was found,
 Where all that nature wanted did abound.
 But here no beds are screen'd with rich
 brocade,

Nor fewel-logs in silver grates are laid:
 No broken *China*-bowls disturb the joy;
 Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy;
 Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are
 rang'd,
 To be with each splenetick fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,
 Of temper cross, and practis'd in debate:
 'Till once acquaint with him, no entry
 here,

Tho' brave as *Cæsar*, or as *Helen* fair:
 To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,
 And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his
 name.

This fair inscription shone above the gate,
*Fear none but him whose Will directs
 thy Fate.*

With smile austere he lifted up his head,
 Pointed the characters, and bid us read.
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at
 last
 Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

Each day a herald, by the queen's com-
 mand,
 Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
 And thence to all the earth this offer make,
 "Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
 "Shall have them free, if they small rubs
 can bear

"Of disappointment, spleen and bug-bear
 fear."

Rais'd on a throne within the outer gate,
 The goddess sat, her vot'ries round her
 wait:

The beautiful divinity disclos'd:
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares
 compos'd:

Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
 Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean:

Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were
 smooth,
 Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth;
 And all her accents so harmonious flow'd,
 That every list'ning ear with pleasure
 glow'd.

An olive garland on her head she wore,
 And her right hand a *Cornucopia* bore,
 Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a bench without the
 door,

To try the *Sterling* of each human ore:
 Grim judge he was, and them away he sent,
 Unfit t' approach the shrine of calm content.

To him a hoary dotard load with bags:
 Unwieldy load! to one who hardly drags
 His being.—More than seventy years, said
 he,
 I've sought this court, 'till now unfound by
 me:

Now let me rest.—"Yes, if ye want no
 more;

"But e'er the sun has made his annual
 tour,

"Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's
 without thy pow'r."

The thoughts of death, and ceasing from
 his gain,

Brought on the old man's head so sharp
 a pain,

Which dim'd his optick nerves, and with
 the light

He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to
 night.

Poor griping thing, how useless is thy
 breath,

While nothing's so much long'd for as thy
 death?

How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of
 years?

A slave to poverty, to toils and fears;
 And all to vie with some black rugged hill,
 Whose rich contents millions of chests can
 fill.

As round the greedy rock clings to the
 mine,

And hinders it in open day to shine,
 'Till diggers hew it from the spar's embrace,

Making it circle, stamp'd with *Cæsar's* face;
 So dost thou hoard, and from thy prince
 parloin,

His useful image, and thy country coin,
 'Till gaping heirs have free'd th' imprison'd
 slave

When to their comfort thou hast fill'd a grave.

The next, who with a janty air approach'd,
 Was a gay youth, who thither had been
 coach'd:

Sleek were his *Flanders* mares, his liv'ries
 fine,

With glittering gold his furniture did shine.

Sure such methought may enter when they
 please,
 Who have all these appearances of ease,
 Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he
 crav'd,
 Attempt to pass, but found himself deceiv'd:
 Old *Touchstone* gave him on the breast
 a box,
 Which op'd the fluices of a latent pox;
 Then bid his equipage in haste depart.
 The youth look'd at them with a fainting
 heart;
 He found he cou'd not walk, and bid them
 stay,
 Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and
 wheel'd away.
 The pow'r express'd herself thus with
 a smile,
 "These changing shadows are not worth
 our while;
 "With smallest trifles off their peace is
 torn,
 "If here a night, they rarely wait the
 morn."
 Another beau as fine, but more vivace,
 Whose airs sat round him with an easy
 grace,
 And well-bred motion, came up to the gate,
 I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate.
 The sentry broke his clouded cane—he
 smil'd,
 Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.
 The cane was soon renew'd which had been
 broke,
 And thus the Virtue to the circle spoke,
 "Each thing magnificent or gay we grant
 "To them who're capable to bear their
 want."
 Two handsome toasts came next; them well
 I knew,
 Their lovely make the court's observance
 drew;
 Three waiting-maids attended in the rear,
 Each loaden with as much as she cou'd
 bear:
 One mov'd beneath a load of silks and lace,
 Another bore the offsets of the face;
 But the most bulky burden of the three,
 Was her's who bore the utensils of *Bohea*.
 My mind indulgent in their favour pled,
 Hoping no opposition would be made:
 So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their eye,
 Enough almost to give content envy.
 But soon I found my error; the bold judge,
 Who acted as if prompted by some grudge,
 Them thus saluted with a hollow tone,
 "You're none of my acquaintance, get you
 gone;
 "What loads of trum'p'ry these?—ha, where's
 my cross?
 "I'll try if these be solid ware or boss;"

The *China* felt the fury of his blow,
 And lost a being, or for use or show;
 For use or show no more's each plate or
 cup,
 But all in shreds upon the threshold drop.
 Now every charm which deck'd their face
 before,
 Gives place to rage, and beauty is no more.
 The briny stream their rosy cheeks be-
 smear'd,
 Whilst they in clouds of vapours dis-
 appear'd.
 A rustic hind, attir'd in home-spun grey,
 With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with
 clay;
 Palms shod with horn, his front fresh, brown
 and broad,
 With legs and shoulders fitted for a load;
 He 'midst ten bawling children laugh'd and
 sung,
 While consort hobnails on the pavement
 rung:
 Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,
 Forcing along his offspring and their dame.
 Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the
 clown
 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him
 down;
 And spite of him, into the palace went,
 Where he was kindly welcom'd by content.
 Two *Busbian* philosophers put in their claims,
Gamaliel and *Critis* were their names,
 But soon's they had our *British Homer*
 seen,
 With face unruffl'd waiting on the queen,
 Envious hate their surly bosom's fir'd,
 Their colour chang'd, they from the porch
 retir'd:
 Backward they went, reflecting with much
 rage
 On the bad taste and humour of the age,
 Which paid so much respect to nat'ral parts,
 While they were starving graduates of arts.
 The goddess fell a laughing at the fools,
 And sent them packing to their grammar-
 schools;
 Or in some garret elevate to dwell,
 There with *Sisyphean* toil to teach young
Beaus to spell.
 Now all this while a gale of eastern wind,
 And cloudy skies oppress the human mind;
 The wind set west, back'd with the radiant
 beams,
 Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the
 streams,
 Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of
 souls,
 Who crowded now the avenue in shoals.
 Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs,
 Of new-wed lovers many handsome pairs;

Men landed from abroad, from camps and seas;
 Others got through some dangerous disease:
 A train of *Belles* adorn'd with something new,
 And even of ancient prudes there were a few,
 Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea,
 Which for a space set them from vapours free.
 Here from their cups the lower species flockt,
 And knaves with bribes and cheating methods stockt.

The pow'r survey'd the troop, and gave command
 They should no longer in the entry stand,
 But be convey'd into *Chimera's* tower,
 There to attend her pleasure for an hour.

Soon as they enter'd, apprehension shook
 The fabrick: fear was fixt on every look;
 Old age and poverty, disease, disgrace,
 With horrid grin, star'd full in every face,
 Which made them trembling at their unknown fate,
 Issue in haste out by the postern-gate.

None waited out their hour but only two,
 Who had been wedded fifteen years ago.
 The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind;
 His spouse was cheerful, beautiful and kind:
 She neither fear'd the shock, nor phantom's stare,
 She thought her husband wise, and knew that he was there

Now while the court was sitting, my fair guide
 Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd;
 I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious fields
 Adorn'd with all prolifick nature yields,
 Profusely rich, with her most valu'd store:
 But as m'enchanted fancy wander'd o'er
 The happy plain, new beauties seem'd to rise,
 The fields were fled, and all was painted skies.

Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former scene;
 Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
 Again the flow'ry meadows disappear,
 And hills and groves their stately summits rear;

These sink again, and rapid rivers flow,
 Next from the rivers cities seem to grow.
 Sometime the fleeting scene I had forgot,
 In busy thought entranc'd with pain I sought,

To know the hidden charm; straight all was fled,
 And boundless heav'ns o'er boundless ocean spread;
 Impatient I obtest my noble guide,
 Reveal this wond'rous secret, she reply'd.

We carried on what greatly we design'd,
 When all these human follies you resign'd,
 Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind:
 Yet think not true content can thus be bought,
 There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought.

When me your leader prudently you chose,
 And listening to my counsel, didst refuse
 Fantastick joys, your soul was thus prepar'd
 For true content; and thus I do reward
 Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wondrous clime;

Of nature's blessings here are hid the prime:
 But wise and virtuous thought in constant course,
 Must draw these beauties from their hidden source;
 The smallest intermissions will transform
 The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm.

'Tis ugly vice will rob you of content,
 And to your view all hellish woes present.
 Nor grudge the care in virtue you employ,
 Your present toil will prove your future joy.
 Then smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,
 Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid.

A while the charming voice so fill'd my ears,
 I griev'd the divine form no more appears.
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady mind,
 Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd
 To try the virtues of the clime I sought;
 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought,

Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear,
 Wild shrieks and loud laments disturb mine ear;

New woes and horrors did my sight alarm:
 Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm.

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful view,
 And thus I sought past pleasures to renew.
 To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,

Then quick as thought the following sighs disclose:
 Streams, meadows, grottos, groves, birds carolling,
 Calmless, and temp'rate warmth, and endless spring;

And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands;
Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt, if they're those whom dreadful to the view,
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship and give mutual praise.
Brave minds how'er at war are secret friends;
Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends;
In Peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.
Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy vet'ran proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.
Ye gen'rous Fair! receive the brave with smiles;
O'erpay their sleepless nights and crown their toils:
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due;
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires
When English valour English beauty fires.
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave till they have nymphs so fair.
See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles or trembles at his various fate.

Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievements sings the bard that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run
To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.
Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide
Where his hard fate the last Bavaria try'd,
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame?
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name.
Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field:
On those steep banks near Danube's raging flood
The Gauls thrice started back and trembling stood:
When Churchill's arm perceiv'd they stood not long,
But plung'd amidst the waves a desperate throng!
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.
As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landon bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore,
If chance a generous steed the work behold.
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold;
So Hockstet seen tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye Powers! with scenes less nobly bright;
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,

Content to see the honours of the field
By ploughshares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.

O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine;

Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,

Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground,
While shepherds sleep along the rampart laid,

Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man, oblivion blast his name,
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!
Who fond of lawless rule and proudly brave
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,

His neighbours' realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,

In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd

his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art?

Ah! curst Ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below;
Curst by the hind when to the spoils he

yields
His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd

fields;
Curst by the maid torn from her lover's

side
When left a widow tho' not yet a bride;

By mothers curst when floods of tears they

shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead!

Oh, sacred Bristol! then what dangers

prove
The arts thou smil'st on with paternal love!

Then mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvass

glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword

pursues
The gentle poet and defenceless Muse:

A voice like thine alone might then assuage
The warrior's fury and controul his rage;

To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal

stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his

hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy

shore
The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's

roar.
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain

Where Tartar clans and grisly Cossacks

reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matron's

cries,
See virgins ravished with relentless eyes,

To death grey heads and smiling infants

doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant

womb,

O'erwasted kingdoms spread his wide command,

The savage lord of an unpeopled land!

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion and impartial laws;

To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she

brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:

Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by Nereids from the ocean springs,

With smiles she sees the threatening billows

rise,
Spreads smooth the surge and clears the

low'ring skies,
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids

crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound,

Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.
Amidst the world of waves so stands

serene
Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen!

In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating

wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,

Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppressed

Hath not her anger quelled, her aid redress-

ed!
Say where have e'er her Union Crosses

fail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more pre-

vail'd!
Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's

cause,
Her pride to teach, th' untamed Barbarian

laws.
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the

prize,
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's

throne
The king whose power half Europe's regions

own,
Whose sceptre waving with one shout

rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the

north,
Thro' realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way

To court our friendship and our fame sur-

vey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore

And round his empire spread the learned

store:
(T' adorn old realms is more than new to

raise;
His country's parent is a monarch's praise).

His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear;

With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.

Did not the painted kings of India greet
 Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her
 feet?
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had
 quafft,
 Fam'd for the javelin and envenom'd shaft,
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant
 claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian
 name.
 Blest use of power! O virtuous pride in
 kings!
 And like his bounty whence dominion
 springs!
 Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's in-
 dulgence shine,
 And ranges myriads under laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet re-
 gions hold,
 With groves of spices, and with mines of
 gold.
 Fearless our merchant now pursues his
 gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless
 main.
 Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
 Now swells his canvass to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottos
 shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern
 seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
 And here the ore whose melted mass shall
 yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field,
 Which mix'd with medals of immortal
 Rome
 May clear disputes and teach the times to
 come.
 In circling beams shall godlike Anna
 glow,
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the pros-
 trate foe;
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies
 stand,
 Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful
 band.
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
 And Campbell's Dragon on his dauntless
 breast;
 Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils en-
 roll'd,
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili
 gold:
 And if the Muse, O Bristol! might decree,
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
 The lyre for Granville and the cross for
 thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain
 pays,
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise:
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail
 When English numbers antiquated fail:
 A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the
 field;
 To sweet retirements see them safe con-
 vey'd,
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.
 From fields of death to Woodstock's peace-
 ful glooms,
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
 Begin, my Muse! and softly touch the
 string;
 Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learnt to
 sing.
 Hail, fabled Grotto! hail, Elysian Soil!
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
 Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the
 throne
 And beauty was content to shine unknown,
 Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,
 And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome
 appear,
 The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
 The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
 Oft' if the Muse presage shall he be seen
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
 In dreams behail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
 And here old Chaucer warbled through the
 glades;
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall
 bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the favorite sound.
 Here, here at least thy love for arms give
 o'er,
 Nor one world conquer'd fondly wish for
 more;
 Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
 The Muse admires it while she strives to
 blame.
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding
 deer,
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,
 And wear each dreadful image from thy
 breast;
 With pleasure by thy conquests shalt thou
 see
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free:
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose de-
 stroy,
 But what thou giv'st the world thyself en-
 joy.
 Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours
 are past,
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last:
 Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage
 o'er)
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly
 shore:

Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span?
If bright the prospect we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,

And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Nella's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall,

Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board

Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,

And trumps that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls;

Fair dames shall oft with curious eye explore

The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,

Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,

(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought)

Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,

And Gaul's fair flowers in human crimson dy'd.

Of Churchill's race, perhaps some lovely boy

Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,

Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,

And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,

Then seek in starts the hushing mother's breast.

So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,

The little lovers in sport his falchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield;

One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore imbru'd,

And one the spear that wrecks with Typhon's blood,

Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown

Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,

Our victors blest in peace forget their wars,

Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.

But, Oh! what sorrow shall bedew your urns,

Ye honour'd Shades! whom widow'd Albion mourns?

If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions once your own,

Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;

Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,

Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,

And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound!

Accept, great Anne! the tears their memory draws

Who nobly perish'd, in their sovereign's cause;

For thou in pity bidst the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor will't venture more.

Vast price of blood on each victorious day!

(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)

Lamenting triumphs! when one breath must tell

That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,

On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,
Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,

On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand

Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a track whose wide domain shall run

Its circling skies shall see no setting sun!

Thee, thee a hundred languages shall claim,

And savage Indians swear by Anna's name;

The lines and poles shall own thy rightful sway,

And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain

The watery kingdoms and control the main;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,

Across the seas a formidable line.

The fight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore.

In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,

And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;

Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond th' encroaching
tide;

On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes across the raging
flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging galleys
ride)

A whole hour's sale scarce reach'd the
further side,
Betwixt his brazen thighs in loose array
Ten thousand streamers on the billows
play.

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now re-
stor'd
To Britain's empire owns her ancient lord:
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patri-
ot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his sovereign's
frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important
town.

His son was born the ravish'd prey to
claim,
And France still trembles at an Harley's
name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore
Our fleet scarce fear'd the sands or tempests
more,
Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out
th' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks such vast
towers restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and
main.

His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply
buys

Thy friendship, Anna! with the mighty
prize.

Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown.

Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the
fight,

Nor foes more dreadful than the Gaul in-
vite;

Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy
rage

To rend their banks, and pour at one com-
mand

Thy realm the sea o'er their precarious
land.

Henceforth be thine, vicegerent of the
skies!

Scorn'd worth to raise, and Vice in robes
chastise,

To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordly
war;

Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to
rage,

And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change! the soldier's late destroying
hand

Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen shall
smile,

And turn her cares upon her favorite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds and wrapt in mantling
flames;

He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forked vengeance flings:

At length Heaven's wrath appeas'd he
quits the war

To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles
wait,

These guard the church, and those direct
the state.

To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently
rears;

She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws;

With holy zeal the sacred work begin
To bend the stubborn and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's Earl in careful thought shall
stand

To raise his queen and save a sinking land.
The wealthiest glebe to rav'nous Spaniards
known

He marks, and makes the golden world our
own,

Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the
prize,

And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree that bore Hesperian
gold

The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a
fold;

His eyes uprearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall every art renew,

(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall de-
fend,

And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend).
With piercing eye some search where Na-
ture plays,

And trace the wanton thro' her darksome
maze,

Whence health from herbs, from seeds how
groves begun,

How vital streams incircling eddies run;
Some teach why round the sun the spheres
advance

In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,

How tides when heav'd by pressings moons
 o'erflow,
 And sun born Iris paints her showery bow.
 In happy chains our daring language bound
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
 But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely
 rage,
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage.
 Till Congreve bids her smile Augusta stands,
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe
 commands.
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength
 combine
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's de-
 fence,
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
 Nor, Prior! hast thou hush'd the trump in
 vain:
 The lyre shall now revive her mirthful
 strain;
 New tales shall now be told; if right I see
 The soul of Chaucer is restored in thee.
 Garth in majestic numbers to the stars
 Shall raise mock heroes and fantastic wars.
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy
 name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into
 flame.
 With Philips shall the peaceful valleys ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
 That much lov'd youth whom Utrecht's
 walls confine
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's
 join:
 He too from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious
 name.
 Fir'd with the views this glittering scene
 displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's
 praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
 In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride
 Where learning blooms while fame and
 worth preside,
 Where laurell'd bards have struck the war-
 bling strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster! inflame
 My eager breast to raise the British name,
 Urge on my soul with no ignoble pride
 To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE
 DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF DUMB too long the drooping Muse hath
 stayed,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but be-
 moan,
 And judge, oh, judge my bosom by your
 own!
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
 Slow comes the verse that real woe in-
 spires.
 Grief, unaffected, suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
 Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansion of the
 dead;
 Through breathing statues, the unheeded
 things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through
 walks of kings!
 What awe did this slow solemn knell in-
 spire;
 The pealing organ and the pausing choir!
 The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
 And the last words that dust to dust con-
 veyed!
 While, speechless, o'er thy closing grave we
 bend,
 Accept those tears, thou dear departed
 friend.
 Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
 And sleep in peace, next thy loved Mon-
 tague.
 To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine, with true sighs, thy absence to be-
 moan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart:
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untuned my
 tongue:
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment unchastised by thee.
 Oh, let me range the gloomy aisles
 alone;
 Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where speaking marbles
 show,
 What worthies form the hallowed mould
 below;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire
 held:
 In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
 Chiefs, graced with scars, or prodigal of
 blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom
 stood;

Just men, by whom impartial laws were
 given,
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to
 Heaven;
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty
 rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss con-
 veyed,
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
 In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please the un-
 bodied mind?
 A winged Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
 From world to world unwearied does he
 fly?
 Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering an-
 gels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell,
 How Michael battled and the dragon fell;
 Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left be-
 hind?
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form de-
 scend,
 To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
 When rage misguides me, or when fear
 alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure
 charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod be-
 fore,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us
 more.
 That awful form, which, so the heavens
 decree,
 Must still be loved, and still deplored by
 me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 The unblemished statesman seems to strike
 my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato
 there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
 T' was there of just and good he reasoned
 strong,
 Cleared some great truth, or raised some
 serious song:
 There patient showed us the wide course to
 steer
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 Then taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge,) taught us how to
 die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique struc-
 tures grace,
 Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble
 race;
 Why, once so loved, when'er thy bower
 appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden
 tears?
 How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh
 and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged
 trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening
 breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore:
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no
 more;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-tide
 shade.
 From other ills, however fortune frowned,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmured o'er his
 urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom
 bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds),
 The verse, begun to one lost friend prolong,
 And weep a second in the unfinished song?
 These works divine, which on his death-
 bed laid
 To thee, O Craggs! the expiring sage con-
 veyed:
 Great, but ill-omened monument of fame,
 Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon thy coffin lies.
 Blessed pair, whose union future bards shall
 tell
 In future tongues, each others boast! fare-
 well.
 Farewell! whom joined in fame, in friend-
 ship tried,
 No chance can sever nor the grave divide.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE
 SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE
 OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL, INSCRIBED
 TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good,
 the great,
 Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state!
 How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with
 care!
 What steady sadness and august despair!

In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that
face,
Tears which his heart disdained from me
o'erflow
Thus to survey God's substitute below
In solemn anguish and majestic woe!

When spoiled of empire by unhallowed
hands,
Sold by his slaves and held in impious
bands,
Rent from what oft, had sweetened anxious
life,
His helpless children and his bosom wife,
Doomed for the faith plebeian rage to
stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land,
Then thus was seen, abandoned and for-
lorn,
The King, the Father, and the Saint, to
mourn!—

How could'st thou, Artist! then thy skill dis-
play?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray;
Near thy bold work the stunned spectators
faint,
Nor see unmoved what thou unmoved
could'st paint:
What brings to mind each various scene of
woe,

Th' insulting judge, the solemn mocking
show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow!

Where then, just Heaven! was thy un-
active hand,
Thy idler thunder and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the stars
regard,
And injured Virtue meet this sad reward?
So sad none like can Time's old records
tell,

Though Pompey bled and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too
high:
All parallels are wrongs or blasphemy.

O Power supreme! how secret are thy
ways!

Yet man, vain man! would trace the mystic
maze,

With foolish wisdom arguing charge his
God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
New mould the spheres, and mend the Sky's
design,

And sound th' immense with his short scanty
line.

Do thou, my Soul, the destined period wait
When God shall solve the dark decrees of
Fate,

His now unequal dispensation clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear,

When suffering saints aloft in beams shall
glow,

And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth
below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty con-
science dart,

A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image seemed t' invade his
room,

Gazed him to stone and warned him to the
tomb,

While thunders roll and nimble lightnings
play,

And the storm wings his spotted soul away.
A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heaven
command

To scatter blessings o'er the British land;
Not that more kind which dashed the pride
of Spain,

And whirled her crushed Armada round the
main;

Not those more kind which guide our float-
ing towers,

Waft gums and gold, and made far India
ours;

That only kinder which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuarts race re-
store,

Renewed the church, reversed the king-
dom's doom,

And brought with Charles an Anna yet to
come.

O Clarke! to whom a Stuart trusts her
reign

O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main,
Dear as the faith the loyal heart hath sworn
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn:

This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's
breast,

The poison spill, and half drawn sword
arrest,

To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And one destroyed a thousand kings defend.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ADDISON ON HIS
TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engrossed Britannia's
stage,

And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,

And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection mixt with dangerous
art

Debased our manhood while it soothed the
heart:

You scorn to raise a grief thyself must
blame,

Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,

And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with generous pleasure
glow,
Our hearts exulting while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the
weight

Of all his sufferings venerably great,
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his
side

With conscious virtue and becoming pride!

The aged oak that rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains
his state

Fixt deep in earth and fastened by his
weight;

His naked boughs still lend the shepherd's
aid,

And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace be-
stows

Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great business
wait,

Anxious for Rome and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to
fame

Our Britains crowd and catch the Roman
flame,

Where states and senates well might lend
an ear,

And kings and priests without a blush ap-
pear.

France boasts no more, but fearful to
engage,

Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Haste to learn thee, and learning shall sub-
mit

Alike to British arms and British wit:

No more she'll wonder, forced to do us
right,

Who think like Romans could like Romans
fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to
see,

And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.

The senates, consuls, and the gods of
Rome,

Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find each deed, each word ex-
pressed,

In every thought that swelled a Roman
breast,

We trace each hint that could thy soul in-
spire.

With Virgil's judgment and with Lucan's
fire.

We know thy worth, and, give us leave to
boast,

We most admire because we know thee
most.

OXFORD.

OXFORD! the goddess Muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens and adorn'd like Rome,
Hadst thou of old been Learnings fam'd
retreat,

And Pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,
O how unbounded had their fiction been!

What fancy'd visions had adorned the
scene!

Upon each hill a sylvan Pan had stood,
And every thicket boasted of a god,
Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a stream without its nymphs could
move;

Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd:
The tales adorn'd with each poetic grace
Had look'd almost as charming as the
place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with trans-
ports own

Those fictions by more wondrous truths
outdone.

Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
And Themis smiles from heav'n on this
retreat;

Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
And all our Muses born with vestal fires;

Whilst guardian angels our Apollos stand,
Scatt'ring rich favours with a bounteous
hand

To bless the happy air and sanctify the
land.

O pleasing Shades! O ever green retreats!
Ye learned grottoes and ye sacred Seats!

Never may you politer arts refuse,
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!

So may you be kind Heav'n's distinguished
care,

And may your fame be lasting as it's fair!
Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus
dream,

Or taste th' inspiring Heliconian stream,
Yet whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
Of every Muse and every tuneful god:

Parnassus owns it honours far undone,
And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.

GAY.

JOHN GAY, a distinguished poet, was a native of Devonshire. He was born in 1688, at Barnstaple, educated at the free school of that town, and afterwards apprenticed to a silk-mercator in London. His indentures, however, were cancelled, in consequence, of his negligent attendance and dislike to trade, and he then depended on literature and the patronage of the great for a livelihood. Although Johnson will not allow that the poetry of Gay has "The dignity of genius", it is elegant and sprightly, and his descriptions merit much approbation. He was possessed of so sensitive a disposition that the least disappointment sank him to the depth of despair. He died in 1732, at the early age of forty-four.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?"

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
"I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

"The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?"

My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
"From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pie?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."
"Thy fame is just," the sage replies;
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.
THE LION, THE TIGER, AND
THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to condemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood:
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy Lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd:
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion then bespoke his guest:

"What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the
fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam,
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.

These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."

"True", says the Man, "the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right:
Be loved; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like Heaven, to succour the distress."

"The case is plain", the monarch said;
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, Friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me."

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what Learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

"Dear emblem of the flattering host,
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, Friend; I know the Town."

"Sir", says the sycophant, "like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said:
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address:
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion:
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,

And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd feed on air."

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He rings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

"Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue 's sold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!"
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd

"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And Power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside;
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.

Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt."

THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, AND THE GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit,
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heaven's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

"Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,"
The Turkey cries. "Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin."

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."

"True: those are faults," the Peacock
cries;
"My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey, or the Goose, support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

A MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.

So forth he fares, all toil defies;
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to town convey'd;
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive—in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He, day by day, her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others gloat
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.

"Hear and improve," he pertly cries;
"I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow, like man, polite."

He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, sneers, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the woods secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the dog pursued his pace,
The fleet robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

"Let us awhile the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."

"A truce!" replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.

"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.

Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."

"Friend", says the Wolf, "the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary wolves should eat.

If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse."

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Pass to-day was in disgrace,
Another Cat supply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd:
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The Master took his information.

"Hang him, the villain 's curs'd", he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The Master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a Lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard," the Mastiff cry'd,
"But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is THERE no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent Doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath:
"I feel the chilling wound of Death!
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade:
'Tis self-defence in each profession;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."

An Angel came: "Ah! Friend!" he cry'd,
"No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays,
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."

"But why such haste," the sick Man whines;
"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still:—
That sum and more are in my will."

"Fool," says the Vision, "now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."

"While there is life, there 's hope", he
cry'd;
"Then why such haste?"—so groan'd, and
dy'd.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what
care
Calls for thy honest labour there?"

The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."

"Friend," says the Sage, "the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"

"Hold," cry'd the Clown, with passion
heated,
"Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures
stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their Sovereign lord."

"Thus tyrants boast," the Sage reply'd,
"Whose murders spring from power and
pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For 'Petty rogues submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.'"

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?"

"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew,
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert I'll read my Fable."

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That Raven on yon' left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking
toad,

A murrain take thy hoarsen throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your
oaths,

Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.

But why on me those curses thrown?

Goody, the fault was all your own;

For had you laid this brittle ware

On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,

Though all the Ravens of the Hundred

With croaking had your tongue out-thun-

dered,

Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,

And you, good Woman, sav'd your eggs."

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit prefer'd;

He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.

Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;

For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes: and now for heirs

Again he worries Heaven with prayers.

Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

"Once more," he cries, "accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:

Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's riches gifts enjoy.

My next with strong ambition fire;

May favour teach him to aspire,

Till he the step of power ascend,

And courtiers to their idol bend!

With every grace, with every charm,

My daughter's perfect features arm.

If Heaven approve, a Father's bless'd."

Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,

Studious of every griping art,

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,

And all his life devotes to gain.

He feels no joy, his cares increase,

He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;

In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)

He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew;

The thriving art of courts he knew;

He reach'd the height of power and place,

Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies

His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.

The vain coquette each suit disdains,

And glories in her lovers' pains.

With age she fades, each lover flies;

Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,

And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,

Thus spoke the God: "By outward show

Men judge of happiness and woe.

Shall ignorance of good and ill

Dare to direct th' eternal will?

Seek virtue; and, of that possest,

To Providence resign the rest."

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,

Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,

Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships; who depend

On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,

Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,

Was known by all the bestial train

Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;

Her care was never to offend;

And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,

To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back, her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden 's light."

The Horse reply'd, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite Cow
Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:

"My back," says she, "may do you harm;
The Sheep 's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see, the hounds are just in view."

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

CONSIDER man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just!

I grant, the hungry must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known,

But every mortal feels his own.

We're born a restless, needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.

Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:

Thus fell our sires, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;

When altars to his name were dress'd;
That he was man, his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.

What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?

He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.

Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life:

Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.

This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?

Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.

Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

"The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where 's this vexatious Turnspit gone?

Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin 's spoilt, and I'm in fault."

Thus said (for sure you 'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)

With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen, Nan forsook.

The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:

The sneaking Cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries:

These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns:

With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

"Was ever Cur so curs'd! (he cry'd)
What star did at my birth preside!

Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?

Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.

Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,

I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;

And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favorite guest:

Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,

By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,

Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion, sire?
A Lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

"Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind 's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load.
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour 's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast;
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."

"Till now," th' astonished Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon' mighty beast complains
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."

Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you 're over-nice,
True; flattery is a shocking vice;
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?

Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman, in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their
face;
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?

Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass, the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.

How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
What 's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as soon as blown.

What 's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race:
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.

Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, Man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcase in the gale.

Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last,—a dainty treat!
To birds of taste, delicious meat!"

A sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat, suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.

"Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads," says he, "learn more respect;
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The Squire, that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses (say what we can),
Or where's the dignity of man?"

With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food;
The venison of the prescient brood.

The Sexton's indignation mov'd;
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undescerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.

"Hold," says the Fowl, "since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point; for taste may err."

As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length. They straight agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.

He paus'd; and, with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:

"On carcasses of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, on fowl, on man, I feed:
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast!)
A glutton is the rankest feast.

Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.

The prince who kept the world in awe,

The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; death confounds them all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis seated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul we know not where.
So, good-man Sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous
flame

Shall burst its prison and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen light-
ning flies,

When fervent heat dissolves the melting
skies,

Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert be-
fore,

And know no change, when Time shall be
no more.

O endless thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of
thee;

For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing
man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompassed
round,

Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden
wound:

To-day the statesman of new honour
dreams,

To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?

Think all that treasure thou must leave be-
hind;

Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd
hearse,

And all thy hoards with lavish hand dis-
perse.

Should certain fate th' impending blow
delay,

Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom de-
cay;

Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels
warm.

Who then would wish to stretch this narrow
span,

To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundless theme extends our
thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are
nought.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades
of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with
light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling
year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties
glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure
boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
No distant landscapes draw our curious
eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation
lies.
Yet still, e'en now, while darkness clothes
the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault
appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless
sphere:
The silver moon her western couch for-
sakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
Her solid globe bears back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light re-
pays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre
send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns at-
tend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes de-
clare;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal
King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,

Can at his Word bid numerous worlds ap-
pear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful Word
shall hear.
When to the Western main the sun de-
scends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds
arise;
Refresh'd the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the
night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body
flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be
known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory
flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul em-
ploy,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his
flame;
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade!
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state! If jealous foes
Thy right of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands!
That benefit is unconfined,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plans;
'Tis that—alone—thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that and all the world is thine.

POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE, an eminent poet, was born in London in 1688. His Father being a Roman Catholic he was placed at eight years of age, under Javener, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His Parents retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest; here, Pope pursued his studies under different priests to whom he was consigned. Dr. Aikin remarks that "while it is allowed that Pope was deficient in invention, his other qualifications will scarcely be disputed; and it will generally be admitted that no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendor of diction, and the truly poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched." His productions constituted a School of English poetry, which in part continues to the present time. He expired May 30, 1744, at fifty-six years of age.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I.

SAY first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd beings people ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are:

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II.

PRESUMPTUOUS Man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade:

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this—if God has plac'd him wrong.

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere un-
 known;
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some
 goal:
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
 When the proud steed shall know why man
 restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the
 plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the
 clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness com-
 prehend
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd,
 and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in
 fault;
 Say rather Man's as perfect, as he ought;
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and
 place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter soon or late, or here, or there?
 The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book
 of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present
 state:
 From brutes what men, from men what
 spirits know;
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry
 food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his
 blood.
 Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by
 Heav'n:

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
 soar,
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God
 adore.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to
 know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing
 now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is but always to be blest.
 The soul (uneasy and confin'd) from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd
 mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
 wind;
 His soul proud science never taught to
 stray,
 Far as the solar walk or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler
 heav'n;
 Some safer world in depth of woods
 embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land
 behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
 gold!
 To be, contents his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful day shall bear him company.

IV.

Go WISER thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high
 care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the
 rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the
 skies!
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be
 gods.
 Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis
 for mine!
 "For me kind Nature wakes her genial
 pow'r,
 "Suckles each herb and spreads out ev'ry
 flow'r;
 "Annual for me the grape, the rose renew
 "The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 "For me the mine a thousand treasures
 brings;
 "For me health gushes from a thousand
 springs;
 "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me
 rise;
 "My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious
end,
From burning suns when livid deaths
descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tem-
pests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the
deep?

"No," 'tis reply'd; "the first almighty cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"The exceptions few; some change since
all began,
"And what created perfect?"—Why then
Man?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do
less?

As much that end a constant course re-
quires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's
design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the
light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the
storms;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge
mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning
springs;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these
acquit?

In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI.

WHAT would this Man? Now upward will
he soar,

And little less than angel, would be more!
Now looking downward, just as griev'd
appears

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of
bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use had he the pow'rs of
all?

Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of
force;

All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with
all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that bless-
ing find),
Is not to act or think beyond Mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his Nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics giv'n?
T' inspect a mite, not to comprehend the
Heav'n?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the
spheres,

How would he wish that Heav'n had left
him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and
wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII.

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled
grass:

What modes of sight betwixt each wide
extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell the headlong lioness between,
And hung sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood!
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing
dew?

How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with
thine!

'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd!
What thin partitions sense from thought
divide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could there be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII.

SEE thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend
below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, Man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can
see,

No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's
destroyed:

From Nature's chain whatever link you
strike,

Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be
hurl'd,

Being on being wreck'd, and world on
world;

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
nod,

And Nature trembles to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—for whom? for
thee?

Vile worm?—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX.

WHAT if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the
same;

Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees;

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X.

CEASE then, nor Order Imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due
degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on
thee.

Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not
see;

All discord harmony not understood;

All partial evil universal good:

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I.

Know then thyself, presume not God to
scan;

The proper study of mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great:

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic
side,

With too much weakness for the Stoic's
pride,

He hangs between: in doubt to act, or rest;

In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer;

Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much:

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;

Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;

Created half to rise, and half to fall;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where
science guides;

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the
tides;

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;

Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect, and first
fair;

Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,

And quitting sense call imitating God;

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,

And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet
bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part,
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to

art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is un-
done.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy
guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human rain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent
parts

Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times
to come!

II.

Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end to move or govern
all;
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the
soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that no action could attend,
And but for this were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle re-
quires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh,
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason the future and the consequence,
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more
strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love
restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends
to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the
flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III.

MODES of self-love the passions we may
call;
'Tis real good, or seeming moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's
name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast,
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the
whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail;
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the
wind.

Passions like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keeps to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and
God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling
train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds
confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of our
mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded
strife,

Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect
rise:

Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all
alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;

Hence diff'rent passions more or less in-
flame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his
breath
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at
length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens
with his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.
Each vital humour, which should feed the
whole,

Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns Vinegar more
sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful
sway,

In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are
fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade,
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the
strong:

So when small humours gather to the gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow;
And treat this passion more as friend than
foe;

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory,
please,

Or (oft more strong than all) the love of
ease;

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, e'en at life's expense,
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:

'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature
mix'd;

The dross cements what else were too
refin'd,

And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply;
E'en av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;

Lust, thro' some certain strainers, well
refin'd,

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on
shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our
pride)

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:

Reason the bias turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV.

THIS light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the
mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;

In Man they join to some mysterious use;

Tho' each by turns the other's bounds in-
vade,

As in some well-wrought picture light and
shade,

And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion
fall,

That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite,
A thousand ways, is there no black or
white?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so
plain;

'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As to be hated needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er
agreed:

Ask where 's the North? At York, 'tis on
the Tweed;

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there

At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
where.

No Creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than
he;

E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own,
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends his right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best by fits what they despise.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For vice or virtue self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that

the whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the

chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward, but

praise,
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other, for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength

of all,
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally,
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love

sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to

resign;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passions, knowledge, fame, or

self,
Not one will change his neighbour with
himself.

The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more,
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of

Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist, in his golden views,
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state
attend,

And pride bestow'd on all, a common
friend:

See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we
die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth

delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys

of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is

o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying
rays

Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can
destroy;

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain;

E'en mean self-love becomes, by force
divine,

The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must
rise;

'Tis this, tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and

day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I.
Look round our world; behold the chain
of love,

Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend;

Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to em-
brace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good!

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and
die;)

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea
return.

Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving, soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beasts in aid of Man, and Man of
beast;
All serv'd, all-serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends un-
known.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for
thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnit pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the
note.
The bounding steed, you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the
pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the
plain?

The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their
grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy
call,

Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her
care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd
a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my
use!
"See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd
goose.

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for
all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak
control;
Be Man the wit, and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and
woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the
dove?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomele sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his
woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his
floods;

For some his int'rest prompts him to pro-
vide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his
pride:

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy,
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage
saves;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the
pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, where thy feast is
o'er!

To each unthinking being Heav'n, a
friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it
too:

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming
near.

Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd,
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II.

WHETHER with reason or with instinct blest,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which suits them
best;

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their
end.

Say, where full instinct, is th' unerring
guide,

What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when
prest,

Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This, too, serves always; reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs,
One in their nature, which are two in
ours;

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and
wood,
To shun their poison, and to choose their
food?

Prescient, the tides or tempests to with-
stand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the
sand?

Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore,
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown
before?

Who calls the council, states the certain
day,

Who forms the phalanx, and who points
the way?

"And for those arts mere instinct could
afford,
"Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods
ador'd."

V.

GREAT Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love
or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens
bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could
bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly
draw,
When love was liberty, and Nature law:
Thus states were form'd, the name of King
unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in
one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a fire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI.

TILL then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch
sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing
state;
On him, their second Providence, they
hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the
food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the
flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss pro-
found,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as
Man:
Then looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son:
The worker from the work distinct was
known,
And simple reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance
then,
For Nature knew no right divine in Men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms
undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the work, and counterwork its
cause?
Force first made conquest, and that con-
quest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conq'rors, slaves of subjects
made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and
thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when
groan'd the ground,
She, taught the weak to bend, the proud to
pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than
they;
She from the rending earth and bursting
skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd
abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her
gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge or
lust:
Such as the souls of cowards might con-
ceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would
believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on
pride:
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no
more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with
gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human
blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the
world below,
And play'd the good an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love, thro' just and thro'
unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and
laws:
For what one likes if others like as well?
What serves one will when many wills
rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to
gain.

Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous
mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore,
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled

new:
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught power's due use to people and to
kings,

Taught not to slack nor strain its tender
strings,

The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other
too,

Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.

Such is the world's great harmony, that
springs

From order, union, full consent of things:

Where small and great, where weak and
mighty made

To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not in-
vade;

More pow'rful each as needful to the
rest,

And in proportion as it blesses blest;

Draw to one point, and to one centre
bring

Beast, Man, or angel, servant, lord, or
king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For modes of faith let graceless Zealots
fight;

His can't be wrong whose life is in the
right,

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great
end;

And all of God that bless mankind or
mend.

Man, 'like the gen'rous vine, supported
lives;

The strength he gains is from th' embrace
he gives.

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the

sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,

And one regards itself, and one the
whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral
frame

And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

OH, happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er
thy name:

That something still which prompts th'
eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and
wise;

Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to

grow?

Fair op'ning to some court propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels
yield,

Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

Where grows?—where grows it not? If
vain our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the
soil:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells
with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are
blind;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in

ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment

these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in

pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue

vain!
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,

To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's
leave;

All states can reach it, and all heads con-
ceive;

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they
dwell;

There needs but thinking right, and meaning
well;

And mourn our various portions as we
please,

Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws",

And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find
But some way leans and hearkens to the
kind;

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.

Abstract what others feel, what others
think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
Each has his share; and who would more
obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the
pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this con-
fess,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from
hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common
sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's
peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the
whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope and these
in fear:

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh! Sons of Earth! attempting still to
rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the
skies!

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil
surveys,

And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of
sense,

Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Com-
petence.

But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh, Virtue! peace is all thy
own.

The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them as they worse
obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means
or right?

Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion
first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice
attains,

'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they
would,

One they must want, which is to pass for
good.

Oh! blind to truth, and God's whole scheme
below,

Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme
the best,

Best knows the blessing, and will most be
blest:

But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the
just!

See godlike Turenne prostrate in the dust!

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!

Was this their virtue or contempt of life?

Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er
gave,

Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,

Why full of days and honour lives the sire?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer
breath,

When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was
death?

Or why so long (in life if long can be),
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders
Will.

God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare till Man improv'd it
all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
cause,

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall its fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,

O, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from
on high,

Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartres' head reserve the hanging
wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the
knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care:
But who but God can tell us who they
are?

One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit
fell;

Another deems him instrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no
God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:

And which more bless'd? who chain'd his
country, say,

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes virtue starves while vice
is fed."

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,

The knave deserves it when he tempts the
main,

Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for
gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent;

Nor is his claim to plenty but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

"No—shall the good want health, the
good want pow'r?"

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly
thing.

"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why
no King?"

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce con-
ceive,

God gives enough while he has more to
give:

Immense the pow'r, immense were the
demand:

Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt
joy,

Is Virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and six,

Justice a conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,

Or public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us
there,

With the same trash mad mortals wish for
here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for
cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:

Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or
trust,

Content, or pleasure, but the good and just!

Judges and senates have been bought for
gold;

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh! fool, to think God hates the worthy
mind,

The lover and the love of human kind,

Whose life is healthful, and whose con-
science clear,

Because he wants a thousand pounds a-
year!

Honour and shame from no condition
rise;

Act well your part, there all the honour
lies.

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence
made;

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,

The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry'd) than crown
and cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool.

You'll find if once the monarch acts the
monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it the
fellow;

The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round
with strings,

That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of
kings,

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race.

In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you
rate,

Count me those only who were good and
great.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the
flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young,

Nor own your fathers have been fools so
long.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cow-
ards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where
greatness lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the
wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's
agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:

Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take;
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius, let him reign, or bleed,
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;

A thing beyond us e'en before our death;
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,

The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes and friends:
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:
Alike, or when, or where they shone or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As Justice tears his body from the grave;

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign but of true desert;
Rays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs,

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies!

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known,

To see all others' faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,

Without a second, or without a judge,

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view,

Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;

Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;

How much of other each is sure to cost;

How each for other oft is wholly lost;

How inconsistent greater goods with these;

How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:

Think, and if still the things thy envy call,

Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?

To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind;

Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all united thy ambition call,

From ancient story learn to scorn them all:

There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,

See the false scale of happiness complete!

In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,

How happy! those to ruin, these betray.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,

From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,

And all that raised the hero sunk the Man:

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,

But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,

Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame

E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,

Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),

"Virtue alone is happiness below:"

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart,
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

I.
DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around,
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold
notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music
floats;

Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.
By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.
But when our country's cause provokes to
arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the
seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his
strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees,
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.
 BUT when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal streams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
 And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
 See shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance;
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round
 their heads.

V.
 BY the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow,
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
 Oh, take the husband, or restore the wife!
 He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the poet's pray'r;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.
 BUT soon, too soon, the lover turns his
 eyes;
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to
 love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he
 flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with Bacchanals'
 cries—

Ah see, he dies!
 Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains,
 rung.

VII.
 MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the
 sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls
 aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT
 TWELVE YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herbs with milk, whose fields with
 bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

EPISTLE

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh! be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n
can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and
a friend;
Not with those toys the female world ad-
mire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs
o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more:
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

EPITAPHS.

ON MRS. CORBET, WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN
HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober
sense:

No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd,
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONORABLE ROBERT
DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY, ERECTED
BY THEIR FATHER, THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE
CHURCH OF SHERBORNE IN DORSETSHIRE,
1727.

Go! Fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension
great:

Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world
might hear:

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his
doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet
shore,

Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

ON MR. GAY, IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY,
1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:

Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy
bust

Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies
Gay.

SOMERVILLE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE was a native of Warwickshire, and was born at Edston (the seat of his Father) in 1692. He was a country gentleman and much addicted to conviviality and field sports. He relates of himself "that he was born near the Avon's banks, he was bred at Winchester School, and was elected Fellow of New College." As a poet he is chiefly known by the "Chase"; a piece in blank verse. His serious pieces are sometimes elevated, and his trifles sometimes elegant. He is allowed by sportsmen to have written with great intelligence of his subject, and though it is impossible to interest general readers of verses in the danger or pleasures of the chase, he has done all that transition or variety could easily affect; and has rendered it entertaining by his description of the modes of hunting in other countries. He died in 1742.

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Address to his Royal Highness the Prince.—The origin of hunting.—The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters.—Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice.—The grant made by God to man, of the beasts, etc.—The regular manner of hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans.—The best hounds and best horses bred here.—The advantage of this exercise to us, as Islanders.—Address to gentlemen of estates.—Situation of the kennel and its several courts.—The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel.—The different sorts of hounds for each different chase.—Description of a perfect hound.—Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended.—Of the large deep-mouthed hound, for hunting the stag and otter.—Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland.—A physical account of scents.—Of good and bad scenting days.—A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various
breed,
And no less various use. O thou great
Prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim
their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive
song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' ex-
ploits,
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal
Youth,
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud,
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding
horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,

Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light bounding o'er the wave, from shore
to shore.

Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future time, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should in-
vade

Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in
vain

To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through th' embattled
foe,

And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee,
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and
fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach Perfection's height:
So mimic art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on
beasts,

And stain'd the woodland green with purple
die,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's
art;

No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of
war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude,
Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they
pitch

Their artless toils, then range the desert
hills,

And scour the plains below; the trembling
herd

Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous
shout

Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find

Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course; and ere his beams
decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and
speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak, degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our
coasts;
The huntsman ever gay, robust and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with
joy.

Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune
blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers'
care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too
strong,
Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the
pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the
gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve
unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain-ash, that braves the
bolts
Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full
bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding
way:
Pleas'd with that social, sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight!
First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he
shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much
the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to
stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry
lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone

The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if

Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muse's aid, untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding

Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the

Pinch'd with afflictive want: for use, not

Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd

To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's

And all his future triumphs must depend.

Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or

From the full cistern lead the ductile

To wash thy court well-pav'd, not spare

For much to health will cleanliness avail.

Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky

And brush th' entangled covert, whose

O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off

Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit

The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy

In a large square th' adjacent field en-

There plant in equal ranks the spreading

Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,

A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect

Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams

The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd

And drop their feeble tails; to cooler

Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt

The cordial breeze their fainting hearts

revive:

Tumultuous soon they plunge into the

There lave their reeking sides, with greedy

Gulp down the flying wave, this way and

From shore to shore they swim, while

And wild uproar torment the troubled

Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch

Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton

Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant

Attend their frolics, which too often end

In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy

Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing, o'er-rule the stern debate,

And quench their kindling rage; for oft in

Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant

Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws,

Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on

Panting, half-dead the conquer'd champion

Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried

And thirsting for his blood, drag different

His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd

O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the

To point your vengeance at the friendless

And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!

Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! among the ranker

Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay

Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind

To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself

Their great physician. Now grown stiff

And many a painful chase, the wise old

Regardless of the frolic pack, attends

His master's side, or slumbers at his ease

Beneath the bending shade; there many

a ring

Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful
foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his
speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn, to seize his panting
prey;
And in imperfect whimperings speaks his
joy.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment; nor the timorous
hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile
offence

To the mean, murderous, coursing crew;
intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes,
just Heav'n!

And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give
scope

To all her subtle play: by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving
tail:

Through all her labyrinths pursues, and
rings

Her doleful knell. See there with coun-
tenance blythe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening
nose

Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black
eyes

Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd
pride,

Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown
tail

O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he
stands;

His round cat-foot, strait hams, and wide-
spread thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his
speed,

His strength, his wind, or on the steepy
hill,

Or far-extended plain; in every part

So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice,
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean

Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of
size

Gigantic; he in the thickwoven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake

Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: but if too
small,

The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;

Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering
thorn,

For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and
exact,

By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their
arms

Far-gleaming, dart the same united-blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;

How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.

So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just

applause.

But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall

grate

Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.

But if th' amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland

reigns;

Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd

hound

Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow,
but sure;

Whose ears down-hanging from his thick
round head

Shall sweep the morning-dew, whose clang-
ing voice

Awake the mountain echo in her cell,

And shake the forests: the bold talbot kind

Of these the prime, as white as Alpine
snows;

And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale,

the seat

Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew

The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread com-

mands

To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd;

There dwelt a pilfering race, well train'd

and skill'd

In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil

Their only substance, feuds and wars their

sport:

Not more expert in every fraudulent art

The arch felon¹ was of old, who by the

tail

Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his

wiles,

In vain the shelter of the covering rock,

In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames

That issued from his mouth; for soon he

paid

¹ Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* lib. viii.

That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
 That balm of life, that sweetest blessing,
 Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-
 Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how
 low,
 The bookless sauntering youth, proud of
 the scut
 That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
 And rusty couples jingling by his side.
 Be thou of other mould; and know that
 such
 Transporting pleasures, were by Heav'n
 ordain'd
 Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes.—Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning.—Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind.—Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those, who follow that chase.—Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great.—Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
 To observe that instinct, which unerring
 guides

The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore
 And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught, the roe-
 buck swift
 Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
 And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he
 flies

But checks his ardour, till the steaming
 scent
 That freshens on the blade, provokes their
 rage.
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
 Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each
 nerve,
 Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they
 foam;
 Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high
 hills
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd
 crowd
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
 To choose her soft abode: with step revers'd
 She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the
 morn
 Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close
 recess.

As wandering shepherds on the Arabian
 plains
 No settled residence observe, but shift

Their moving camp; now, on some cooler
 hill
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing
 breeze;
 And then, below, where trickling streams
 distil
 From some penurious source, their thirst
 allay,
 And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise
 hares
 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious
 eye
 Should mark their haunts, and by dark,
 treacherous wiles
 Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
 Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
 Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.
 When Spring shines forth, season of love
 and joy,
 In the moist march, 'mong beds of rushes
 hid,

They cool their boiling blood: when sum-
 mer suns
 Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving
 fields
 Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless
 young:
 But when autumnal torrents, and fierce
 rains
 Deluge the vale, and the dry crumbling
 bank
 Their forms they delve, and cautiously
 avoid
 The dripping covert. Yet when winter's
 cold
 Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed
 return'd
 In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking,
 creep
 Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing
 still,

As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
 But every season carefully observ'd,
 Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
 The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may
 find
 His subtle, various game; nor waste in vain
 His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds
 With disappointment vex'd, each springing
 lark

Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the
 fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
 Her fragrant bounties show'rs, the fields are
 shorn;
 Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase; his barns
 are stor'd,
 And groaning staddles bend beneath their
 load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;

Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, hunts-
man, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they
stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! Then all
at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds
let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering
god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy
lawn:
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd
on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks,
and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave
youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to
joy!
See how their coursers, than the mountain
roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick
clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs
scarce print
The grass unbruise'd; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd
gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and
brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands,
by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their
rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments,
wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are
gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide
rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy
task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exile'd
wretch
The frightened chase leaves her late dear
abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.
Hark! from yon covert, where those
towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale

Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunter's
shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet wind-
ing notes,
The pack wide-opening load the trembling
air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near, afflictive
birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison
broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's
call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the plough-
man leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating
flocks
Are now the Shepherd's joy; men, boys, and
girls
Desert th' unpeopled village, and wild
crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrenzy
seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon opening
glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost
bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious
creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the streaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something
more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagem inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course
to take,
And how to' escape the fierce blood-thirsty
crew
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears
prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's
ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and
tide,
And all their canvass wings scud half so
fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage
try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour
along,

In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
 Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
 Hang on the scent unwearied; up they
 climb,
 And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
 We press, we gore; till once the summit
 gain'd,
 Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
 Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
 Happy the man, who with unrivall'd speed
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure
 view
 The struggling pack; how in the rapid
 course
 Alternate they preside, and justling rush
 To guide the dubious scent; how giddy
 youth
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
 How, niggard of his strength, the wise old
 hound
 Hangs in the rear, till some important
 point
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
 Sinking he finds, then to the head he
 springs
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the
 prize.
 Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full
 career.
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance
 gaze,
 Have haply toil'd the turf. See! that old
 hound,
 How busily he works; but dares not trust
 His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
 Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
 Sally'd awhile, at once their peal renew,
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
 See, how they toss, with animated rage
 Recovering all they lost!—that eager haste
 Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet
 once more
 They're check'd;—hold back with speed—
 on either hand
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'tis
 right,
 Away they spring; the rustling stubbles
 bend
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor
 chase
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well-known haunts, where once she
 rang'd secure,
 With love and plenty bless'd. See! there
 she goes,
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness. See, how black she
 looks!
 The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores,
 scarce leaves
 A languid scent: and now in open view

See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
 How quick she turns! their gaping jaws
 eludes,
 And yet a moment lives; till round enclos'd
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant
 dies.
 So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
 Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
 Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus'
 banks,
 Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he
 flies,
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in
 vain;
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.
 The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes
 down
 Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering
 heart.
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground
 she lies,
 A mangled corse: in her dim glaring eyes
 Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb,
 Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious
 hounds
 Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
 Each happy favourite courts his kind ap-
 plause,
 With humble adulation cowering low.
 All now is joy. With cheek full-blown they
 wind
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening
 pack
 The concert swells, and hills and dales re-
 turn
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor
 hare,
 A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
 In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
 But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
 Magnificence and grandeur of the chase;
 Hear what the Muse from faithful records
 sings.
 Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian
 stream,
 Line with line, rise the pavilions proud,
 Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
 Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent
 to tent,
 Why press in crowds the buzzing multi-
 tude?
 Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed
 lance,
 This way and that far-beaming o'er the
 plain?
 Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,

Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous
 host
 Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
 To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
 Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's
 cries,
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse,
 Shall sting the conscious victor: but man-
 kind
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on
 beasts
 He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of
 prey
 Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he
 comes!
 Imperial Delhi, opening wide her gates,
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in
 arms
 And all the pomp of war. Before them
 sound
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial
 airs,
 And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
 Borne upon the back of his proud elephant,
 Sits the great chief of Tamer's glorious
 race:
 Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
 Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him
 crowd,
 And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his
 nod:
 And potent Rajahs, who themselves pre-
 side
 O'er realms of wide extent; but here sub-
 miss
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and
 slaves.
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
 The fair Sultanas of his court; a troop
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
 From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
 Ah cruel Eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
 To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
 Were less severe. The vulgar close the
 march,
 Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
 Her empty and depopulated streets.
 Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
 Through groves of spears, from file to file,
 he darts
 His sharp, experienc'd eye; their order
 marks,
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
 Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
 Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,
 On these extended plains, when Ammon's
 son
 With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that
 host
 More numerous of old, which the great
 king¹
 Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeop-
 led East;
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to
 shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in
 troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
 A wide circumference; full many a league
 In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and
 plains,
 Large provinces; enough to gratify
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
 Man's erring will. Now sits in close divan
 The mighty chief of this prodigious host.
 He from the throne high-eminent presides,
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the
 chase,
 From ancient records drawn. With rever-
 ence low,
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
 His irreversible decrees; from which
 To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
 Each to his station leads; encamping round,
 Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
 Where decent order reigns, what these com-
 mand,
 Those execute with speed, and punctual
 care;
 In all the strictest discipline of war:
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult
 Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high
 resolve,
 That flies on wings, through all th' encir-
 cling line,
 Each motion steers, and animates the
 whole.
 So by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
 The planets in their spheres roll round his
 orb;
 On all he shines, and rules the great
 machine.
 Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting
 mists,
 The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's
 voice,
 Now high in air th' imperial standard
 waves,
 Emblazon'd rich with gold and glittering
 gems;
 And like a sheet of fire, through the dim
 gloom
 Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
 And all the brazen instruments of war,
 With mutual clamour and united din,
 Fill the large concave. While from camp
 to camp
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in
 air,
 Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell

1 Xerxes.

Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy
den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at
once
Onward they march embattled, to the
sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and
bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters
range
Inquisitive; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters
wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd;
they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling
fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest
seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep
they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions,
pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful
crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance
still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed
spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapp'd in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks,
around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd,
and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy
light:
So round some island's shore of large ex-
tent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit
wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous
roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst
the bird
That glads the night, had cheer'd the listen-
ing groves
With sweet complainings. Through the
silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild
despair.

Thus day by day, they still the chase renew;
At night encamp, till now in straiter
bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no
mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-
judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth
and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the
lamb
The lion hangs his head; the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of
man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding
eye:
So abject is a tyrant in distress!
At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd
in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial
blood,
Early resolv'd to assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's
growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless
hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the moun-
tain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful
eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aureng-
zebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of
life,
When vigour strung his nerve. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge.
The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling
line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows,
wing'd

With death, and javelins launch'd from every
 arm,
 Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a
 wound
 Gor'd through and through. Despair at last
 prevails,
 When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses
 all
 Their drooping courage. Swell'd with fu-
 rious rage,
 Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful
 band
 They rush implacable. They their broad
 shields
 Quick interpose; on each devoted head
 Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of
 Jove,
 Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
 The grinning monsters lie, and their foul
 gore
 Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
 The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they
 pierce
 Through their tough hides; or at their
 gaping mouths
 An easier passage find. The king of brutes,
 In broken roarings breathes his last; the
 bear
 Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted
 skin,
 Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties
 gay,
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
 The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides
 along,
 Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her
 prey.
 Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every
 kind,
 A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd
 in blood,
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet
 remain
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break
 The impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dis-
 pers'd.
 And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd)
 the work
 Of death had been complete; and Aureng-
 zebe
 By one dread frown extinguish'd half their
 race.
 When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
 Those charms, but rarely to the day re-
 veal'd.
 Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to
 save
 The vanquish'd host. What mortal can
 deny

When suppliant beauty begs? At his com-
 mand,
 Opening to right and left, the well-train'd
 troops
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
 Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts
 exult
 In wantonness of power, 'gainst the brute
 race,
 Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless
 war
 Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your
 thirst of blood;
 But learn from Aurengzebe to spare man-
 kind.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales.—From hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts.—Censure of an over-numerous pack.—Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts.—The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it.—Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant.—The ancient way of hunting the tyger with a mirror.—The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar.—Description of the royal stag chase at Windsor Forest.—Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
 Launch'd half her forest, and with numerous
 fleets
 Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly
 rode
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
 And disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair
 fled.
 Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy
 oars
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at
 land
 His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious
 prince!
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
 And from rapacious savages their flocks.
 Cambria's proud kings (though with re-
 luctance) paid
 Their tributary wolves; head after head,
 In full account, till the woods yield no
 more,
 And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
 The social troops; and soon their large in-
 crease

Justling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening
 mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the
 cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud
 clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far
 behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the
 plain!
The panting courser now with trembling
 nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he
 foams,
The big round drops run trickling down
 his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back
 and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor
 jade,
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears
With galling spurs harrows his mangled
 sides;
He can no more: his stiff, unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he
 stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who with-
 out grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's
 joy,
His minion and his daily care, well clothed,
Well fed with every nicer cate, no cost,
No labour spar'd; who, when the flying
 chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled in-
 solence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd
 along.
While these with loosen'd reins and dang-
 ling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce
 bear
Their weights; another in the treacherous
 bog
Lies floundering, half-ingulf'd. What biting
 thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! old age
 laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny
 youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The short, pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman! from
 this height

Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover
round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not
right?—
See! there he creeps along; his brush he
drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide
jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms
too sure
Of sudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor
yields
To black despair: but one loose more, and
all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon vill-
age now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the
cots
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestall, and through every
yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he
flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through
every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly
hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own;
But faithful to the track, th' unerring
hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close
pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert
near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with
gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain,
there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from
thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his
blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder
notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon
dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for
joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious
deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our
toils.
Here must th' instructive Muse (but with
respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of
state,

With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn and shakes the trembling
copse.

Pompous encumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks be-
hind,

And slily creeps through the same beaten
track,
And hunts them step by step; then views
escap'd

With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd and
lost.

So when proud Eastern kings summon to
arms

Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a
world:

But when the day of battles calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band com-
pact

Of chosen veterans: they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons
fall

A smoking carnage, scatter'd o'er the
plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood
destroy:

The plunder'd warrener full many a while
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drag his trail; then from the
ground

Pares thin the close-gaz'd turf, there with
nice hand

Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' intended steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis
known,

When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a
limb

Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pit-fall plung'd, there's no
escape;

But, unrepriev'd, he dies, and bleach'd in
air,

The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass
hangs.

Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the
king

Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave:
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn; and all the
race

Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire

Into their darksome cells, there satiate
snore

O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring
tops,

With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy
rocks,

And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls

His watchful bands; and low into the
ground

A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The but of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his
dam:

And next a wall they build, with stones and
earth

Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the
shades

Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's
brow,

And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of
blood,

Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his
sides,

Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches
wide

His ravenous paws, with recent gore dis-
tain'd.

The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears

The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks, with piteous
moan,

The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy
brute

Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the
mound

To seize his trembling prey, head-long is
plung'd

Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of
tail,

That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws be-
smear'd

With blood, and offals crude, thy shaggy
mane,

The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem

Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the
strife,

When sovereign reason combats brutal
rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use.

With slender poles the wide, capacious
 mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is
 spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave, that yawns
 below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempt-
 ing fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy
 peach,
 The clustering vine, and of bright golden
 rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
 The stately elephant from the close shade
 With step majestic strides, eager to taste
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat
 shore
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
 To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death
 That lurks within: and soon he sporting
 breaks
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
 The price is life. For now the treacherous
 turf
 Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy
 beast
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
 So when dilated vapours, struggling heave
 Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd
 ground
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface
 yield,
 Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, in-
 gulf'd
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
 How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speck-
 led pard,
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
 Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
 A polish'd mirror, stops in full career
 The furious brute: he there his image
 views:
 Spots against spots with rage improving
 glow;
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and
 wide
 Distends his opening paws; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance
 arm'd.
 The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
 Directs the pointed spear, by which trans-
 fix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.

Thus man innumerable engines form, t'
 assail
 The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys
 His brethren of the plains; without whose
 aid
 The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes an equal war.
 But borne by him, without the well-train'd
 pack,
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
 Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his
 troop
 Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.
 Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
 Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on
 land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of
 sand
 Immers'd and lost. While these intrepid
 bands,
 Safe in their horses' speed, out-fly the
 storm,
 And scouring round make men and beasts
 their prey.
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
 As large as that in Erymanthian woods,
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
 In circles wide; and each in passing sends
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
 But perilous the attempt: for if the steed
 Haply too near approach; or loose the earth
 His footing fail; the watchful angry beast
 Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong
 glance
 Rips up his groan. Wounded, he rears aloft,
 And plunging, from his back the rider
 hurls
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the
 ground,
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the
 plain.
 Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
 But with unequal speed; for still they
 wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A
 wood
 Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
 His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
 From many a gaping font: and now at last
 Staggering he falls, in blood and foam ex-
 pires.
 But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
 On antique tales; while yet the royal stag
 Unsung remains? Tread with respectful
 awe
 Windsor's green glades; where Denham,
 tuneful bard
 Charm'd once the listening dryads, with his
 song
 Sublimely sweet:—O! grant me, sacred
 Shade,
 To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trem-
 bling rays
 Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly
 train
 Mount for the chase, nor views in all his
 course
 A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
 In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely
 nymphs
 The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
 Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
 For our more favour'd shades: in proud
 parade
 These shine magnificent, and press around
 The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
 They smile superior; of external show
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
 A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their
 court
 With real splendors, far above the pomp
 Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
 Like troops of Amazons, the female band
 Prance round their cars, not in refulgent
 arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the
 sword,
 Or bend the bow, these skill with surer aim.
 The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
 Lead on the splendid train. Anna more
 bright
 Than summer suns, or as the lightning
 keen,
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
 Fires every heart. He must be more than
 man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing
 ray.
 Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
 With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
 Without the needless aid of high descent,
 Have awed mankind, and taught the world's
 great lords
 To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
 As opening lilies; on whom every eye
 With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
 Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
 Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming
 Youth!
 May all your virtues with your years im-
 prove,
 Till in consummate worth, you shine the
 pride
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes
 On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is
 heard
 With the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
 And awful silence reigns; thus stand the
 pack
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to
 earth,
 While pass the glittering court, and royal
 pair:
 So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
 Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of
 kings.
 But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's
 voice
 Let loose the general chorus; far around
 Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning
 smiles.
 Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
 His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled
 sides,
 And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling
 shifts
 He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd
 pack
 With dreadful concert thunder in his rear:
 The woods reply, the thunder's cheering
 shouts
 Float through the glades, and the wide
 forest rings.
 How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
 And such the harmonious din, the soldier
 deems
 The battle kindling, and the statesman
 grave
 Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each
 sex
 In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no
 more
 Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy
 soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!
 See the swift courser strains, his shining
 hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling
 heath
 High-overgrown? Or who the quivering
 bog
 Soft-yielding to the step? All now is
 plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches
 far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing
 glades
 The forest opens to our wondering view:
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants
 fierce
 Lay waste the world; his the more glorious
 part

To check their pride; and when the brazen
 voice
 Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
 T' employ his station'd legions in the
 works
 Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness:
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the
 slope
 Depending road, and to make gay the face
 Of nature, with the embellishments of art.
 How melts my beating heart! as I behold
 Each lovely nymph our island's boast and
 pride,
 Push on the generous steed, that strokes
 along
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the
 steepy hill,
 Nor falters in th' extended vales below:
 Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
 And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
 While at their sides their pensive lovers
 wait,
 Direct their dubious course; now chill'd
 with fear
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
 O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising storm
 May darken with black wings, this glorious
 scene!
 Should some malignant pow'r thus damp
 our joys,
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
 Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
 For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as
 fair,
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph
 reign
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.
 Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs,
 roads, and streams
 Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
 He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
 Though far he cast the lingering pack be-
 hind,
 His haggard fancy still with horror views
 The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
 Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling
 heart.
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to
 hear
 The dying shrieks; and the pale threatening
 ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues.
 See here its slot; up yon green hill he
 climbs,
 Pants on his brow awhile, sadly looks back
 On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long the
 sight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along
 the vale:
 There mingles with the herd where once he
 reign'd

Proud monarch of the groves, whose clash-
 ing beam
 His rivals awed, and whose exalted pow'r
 Was still rewarded with successful love.
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of
 men;
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their im-
 pious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand
 marks,
 Black and imboss: nor are his hounds de-
 ceiv'd;
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious
 crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their
 prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging
 whip
 Stops full their bold career; passive they
 stand,
 Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
 So at their general's voice whole armies
 halt
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of
 blood.
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty
 streams
 Damm'd up awhile, they foam and pour
 along
 With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who
 hop'd
 His foes were lost, now once more hears
 astunn'd
 The dreadful din; he shivers every limb,
 He starts, he bounds; each bush presents
 a foe.
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
 Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that
 scarce
 Sustain their load; he pants, he sobs ap-
 pall'd;
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, be-
 neath
 His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if
 perchance
 Some prying eye surprise him; soon he
 rears
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the
 lawn
 With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
 The knowing forester; who inly smiles
 At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds:
 So midnight tapers waste their last re-
 mains,

Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders
 roll,
 And bellow through the vales; the moving
 storm
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade,
 prelude
 To his approaching fate. And now in view
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
 What strength is left: to the last dregs of
 life
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening
 left
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last re-
 serve.
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? De-
 spair
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his
 feet
 These grovelling lie, those by his antlers
 gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see dis-
 tress'd
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
 That covers well his rear; his front presents
 A host of foes. Oh! shun, ye noble train,
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his soul
 uprais'd,
 To dare some great exploit; he charges
 home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the
 breeze
 Urges his course with eager violence:
 Then takes the soil, and plunges in the
 flood
 Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that
 runs
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet
 Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks im-
 mers'd.
 His nose alone above the wave draws in
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood
 Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying
 eye
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding
 pack
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
 His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in
 vain:

At length a blood-hound bold, studious to
 kill,
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from
 far;
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his
 mouth
 Loud opening spends amain, and his wide
 throat
 Swells every note with joy; then fearless
 dives
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch,
 and wounds
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the
 stream,
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to
 mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd;
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows, bending low their downy
 heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy
 pack;
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up
 with pain
 The slippery bank, while others on firm
 land
 Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds
 returns.
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship
 Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
 Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
 Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy
 sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on
 board
 Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming
 wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
 So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes in one deep gulf immers'd.
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;
 Beneath a weight of woe, he groans dis-
 tress'd,
 The tears run trickling down his hairy
 cheeks;
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king be-
 holds
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
 Moves his great soul: soon at his high com-
 mand
 Rebuk'd the disappointed hungry pack
 Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their
 prey.
 Great Prince! from thee, what may thy
 subjects hope;
 So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
 O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!

Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r!
Justice may guard thy throne, but join'd
with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy
smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves
subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man.—Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business.—The choice of the dog, of great moment.—Of the litter of whelps.—Of the number to be reared.—Of setting them out to their several walks.—Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon.—Of entering the whelps.—Of breaking them from running at sheep.—Of the diseases of hounds.—Of their age.—Of madness; two sorts of it described; the dumb, and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects.—Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences.—The infectious hounds to be separated and fed apart.—The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady.—The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described.—Description of the otter-hunting.—The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth re-
turns
Dissolved: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all
things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts
that perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal
race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made:
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brackmans
now
As vainly preach; the teeming, ravenous
brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Incumbering all the globe: should not his
care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds
might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns
feed,
And through the deserts range, shivering,
forlorn,
Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.
The prudent huntsman therefore will
supply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,

And propagate their kind. As from the
root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily
yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree:
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his
breed,
And princes at their tables feast those
hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.
Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram
has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother Earth un-
bound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues
dissolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook build high her wicker nest;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking
court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red
eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they
take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter. On Scamander's
streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's
prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds
shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall
appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord
shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties
rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual
death;
And still the best lov'd, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love!
Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent
care
Prevent: for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the
rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the
brake
With thorns sharp pointed, plash'd, and
briars inwoven.
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour,
size.
Nor will sagacious huntsman less regard

His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong;
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
 Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
 Devious he strays, there every mew he
 tries!
 If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
 Away he flies vain glorious; and exults
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
 And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far be-
 hind,
 His vex'd associates pant, and labouring
 strain
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they
 reach
 Th' insulting boaster, his false courage
 fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose;
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base
 brood
 Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon ap-
 pears,
 With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's
 brink;
 Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
 Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce
 to light
 The smoking litter, crawling, helpless,
 blind;
 Nature their guide, they seek the pouting
 teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender
 dam
 Has form'd them with her tongue, with
 pleasure view
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors;
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All
 these
 Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
 Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
 Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
 And to the foster-parent give the care
 Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish
 kind
 The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt be-
 hold
 Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful, they desert
 Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
 With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic
 chase,
 Coursing around; unto thy choicest friends
 Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
 Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
 Receive thy growing hopes, with many a
 kiss
 Caress, and dignify their little charge
 With some great title and resounding name

Of high import. But cautious here observe
 To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
 The unexperienced youngster, immature,
 Alone to range the woods, or haunt the
 brakes

Where dodging conies sport: his nerves
 unstrung,
 And strength unequal; the laborious chase
 Stall stint his growth, and his rash forward
 youth

Contract such vicious habits, as they care
 And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and
 bold,

Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
 But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
 Select a few, and form them by degrees
 To stricter discipline. With these consort
 The staunch and steady sages of thy pack,
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
 And subtle doublings of the various chase.
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
 When instinct prompts, and when example
 guides.

If the too forward youngster at the head
 Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
 Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose
 Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
 His patience and his care; soon shalt thou
 view

The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
 And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lamb-
 kins play,
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes ob-
 serve

Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant
 plain;

In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
 Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
 His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling, o'er the rugged
 ground:

Then with his load fatigued, shall turn
 a-head,
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant
 peal

The panting wretch; till breathless and
 astunn'd,

Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not
 thou

The twining whip, but ply his bleeding
 sides

Lash after lash, and with thy threatening
 voice,

Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
 His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling
 doves,

Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists

The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to pre-
serve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch
old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though but in number
few,

Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling in lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd
roads,

O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks
distan'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious
way.

As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd
speech

Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their
heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's
dark cave.

Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all
o'er

With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes,
well pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can
tell

The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence can prevent madness, the
worst

Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation
spreads

Through all th' unpeopled kennel unre-
strain'd,

More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parch-
ing beams

Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each eve and morn, with quick observant
eye,

Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood

The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong
chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may
prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining! deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd;
He droops his pensive head, his trembling
limbs

No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at
last

Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings
rends

The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse
voice

Incessant bays; and snuffs the infectious
breeze;

This way and that he starts aghast, and
starts

At his own shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'r'd the
stream

He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, ap-
pall'd.

Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction
round;

The pack fly diverse; for whatever he
meets

Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.
If now perchance through the weak fence
escap'd,

Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man nor
beast

He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's
mound

Crops the rank mead, and listening hears
with joy

The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!

Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each
day

Visits thy stall, well-pleas'd; no more shalt
thou

With sprightly neighings, to the winding
horn,

And the loud opening pack in concert
join'd,

Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret
wound

Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and
dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course; the village
flies

Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors
are barr'd;

And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize

Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or
guns,

From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array:

Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd
and gor'd,

At one short poisonous gasp he breathes
his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and
view

With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where horror stalks at large; insatiate
death

Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour pre-
sents

A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe

Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight

In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their
cups

Spare not their friends, while senseless
squabble reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all

Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous
ground

With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd
preserve,

As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd

Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it
home

Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread
th' event:

Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.
Here, should the knowing Muse recount
the means

To stop this growing plague: and here,
alas!

Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and
boasts

Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend; each to his separate seat

Confine, in fetters bound; give each his
mess

Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,

Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of his contagious bite on hapless man.

The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive

The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts re-
pair.

Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy
youth

Now journeys home secure; but soon shall
wish

The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom
deep.

A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the
moon

Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she
shines

High in the vault of Heav'n; the lurking
pest

Begins the dire assault. The poisonous
foam

Through the deep wound instill'd with
hostile rage,

And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid; whose red waves

Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion
broke,

Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.

Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker
part,

Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions
shake

His trembling nerves, and wandering pun-
gent pains

Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his flutter-
ing pulse

Oft intermits; pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends

Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with
quick step,

And wildly stares; at last with boundless
sway

The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious
bane)

Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites:
 Like agitations in his boiling blood
 Present like species to his troubled mind;
 His nature, and his actions all canine.
 So as (old Homer sung) th' associates wild
 Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
 To swine transform'd, ran grunting through
 the groves:
 Dreadful example to a wicked world!
 See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up
 with thirst,
 But dares not drink: till now at last his
 soul
 Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon
 leaves,
 And to some purer region wings away.
 One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
 Another element demands thy song.
 No more o'er craggy steeps, through coverts
 thick
 With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
 Urge on with horn and voice the painful
 pack:
 But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous
 vale,
 Where winding streams amid the flowery
 meads
 Perpetual glide along: and undermine
 The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
 Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
 Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will,
 On the green watery reed their pasture
 graze,
 Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their
 ease,
 Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws
 aslope
 Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
 Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
 Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their
 sharks;
 Rivers and ponds inclos'd, the ravenous
 pike;
 He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his
 fate
 Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor
 spears
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd
 mail
 The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with
 joy

The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
 This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
 The deep still pool, within some hollow
 trunk
 Contrives his wicker couch; whence he
 surveys
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave
 youths,
 Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
 And every reedy bank; encourage all
 The busy-spreading pack, that fearless
 plunge
 Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
 Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding
 shore,
 Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
 Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
 See there his seal impress'd! and on that
 bank
 Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
 Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his
 feast.
 Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once
 more
 His seal I view: o'er yon dank rushy marsh
 The sly, goose-footed prowler bends his
 course,
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman,
 bring
 Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
 Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous
 joy,
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling
 air.
 Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods pre-
 side,
 Raise up your dripping heads above the
 wave,
 And hear our melody; th' harmonious notes
 Float with the stream; and every winding
 creek
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling
 flood
 Nods pendent, still improve from shore to
 shore
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
 What clamour loud! what gay, heart-cheer-
 ing sounds
 Urge through the breathing brass their mazy
 way!
 Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier
 strains
 The dancing billows, when proud Neptune
 rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy steam, that to each
 blade
 Rank-scenting clings. See! how the morn-
 ing dews

They sweep, that from their feet besprink-
ling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind,
Now on firm land they range; then in the
flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy
pools
Rustling they work their way: no holt
escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation
now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their
hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient
climb,
While others at the root incessant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives
along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy
way:
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he
vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended
spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled
surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult
reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he
vents!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down
they sink,
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery
bank
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the
brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents!
Again the crowd attack. That spear has
pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the
wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome
guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every
foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy
bank
He creeps disconsolate; his numerous foes

Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd
through and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in
vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling
strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping
dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and bless'd; did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various
wiles.
O happy! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature
boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes
frown
From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's
works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls;
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner
more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with
pow'r.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded
dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted
grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented
soul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he
pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning
slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born:
Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories
fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, un-
done,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are
fled.
For though they bask'd in his meridian
ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark
design,
No wicked interest bribes the venal heart;

But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life; our social
cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd.
We speak our inmost souls; good humour,
mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every
cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would
groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure?
Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind
your care,

Give me to know wise Nature's hidden
depths;

Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment
read

Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my
soul

To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to
range

From orb to orb, where Newton leads the
way;

And view with piercing eyes the grand
machine,

Worlds above worlds; subservient to his
voice,

Who veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system
move,

And changeful seasons in their turns ad-
vance,

Unmov'd, unchang'd himself. Yet this at
least

Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene; nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest
want

That dares not ask. And if to crown my
joys,

Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my
cheeks,

Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods,
and streams,

Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds
shall wake

The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

THE VICISSITUDE OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

SHORT is alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts awhile,

And strut upon the stage; the scene is
changed,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched vicissitude! for after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at
once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious soul abhorr'd and
fear'd.

HOBBS.

DESCRIPTION OF FLYING AT THE STAG WITH EAGLES,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ASIATIC PRINCES.

ONCE more, great Prince! permit an humble
bard

Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low
ground

Towering aloft, sublime, to soar and sing:
Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the
fields,

The choice delight of heroes and of kings.

In earlier times monarchs of Eastern
race,

In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells she perch'd on
high;

Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd
globe,

Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
Tamed to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man re-
nown'd,

Abbas the Great (whom all his fawning
slaves

Deem'd king of kings, vain fools! they sure
forgot!

Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits
Blood stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians
fell on heaps,

A dreadful carnage! see his numerous
hosts

Spread wide the plains, and in their front
upborne

Each on her perch, that bends beneath her
weight,

Two sister-eagles, stately ponderous birds!
The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring covert's dark re-
treats.

The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's
quest.

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
 But what are trappings, and external show?
 To real worth alone I make my court;
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are
 my sport.
 Once I beheld thee, far less trim and gay,
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey,
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse,
 Derided, shunn'd, the lumber of my house!
 Thy robe, how changed from what it was
 before!
 Thy velvet robe, which pleased my sires of
 yore!
 'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round;
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the
 ground.
 Yet grateful then, my constancy I proved;
 I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I loved;
 I loved thee more; nor, like a courtier,
 spurn'd
 My benefactor—when the tide was turn'd.
 With conscious shame, yet frankly I con-
 fess,
 That in my youthful days—I loved thee
 less.
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I
 stray'd;

And every wayward appetite obey'd.
 But sage experience taught me how to
 prize
 Myself; and how, this world: she bade me
 rise
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race
 Of factious emmets; pointed where to
 place
 My bliss, and lodged me in thy soft em-
 brace.
 Here, on thy yielding down, I sit secure;
 And, patiently what Heaven has sent, en-
 dure;
 From all the futile cares of business free;
 Not fond of life, but yet content to be:
 Here mark the fleeting hours: regret the
 past;
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.
 So safe on shore, the pension'd sailor
 lies,
 And all the malice of the storm defies;
 With ease of body bless'd, and peace of
 mind,
 Pities the restless crew he left behind;
 Whilst in his cell, he meditates alone,
 On his great voyage, to the world un-
 known.

GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN was the son of respectable Parents, who were Dissenters, and brought him up within the limits of the sect. He was born in London, in 1696. There is very little known of his history. He was a man of strict integrity and of an amiable disposition. His principal poem is the "Spleen", which he wrote as a relief, being subject to low-spirits. His poems are some of the most original in our language. He died in 1737; aged forty-one years.

FROM THE SPLEEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchemy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;

And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly:
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.
 Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow;
 And drive, while th' other holds the plough;

A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece;
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land:
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
 Behind a green, like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
 Where odorous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds:
 And woods, impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid:
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach:
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind:
 Here Dryads, scorning Phoebus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams through meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart;
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,

Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
 Have never yet my reason foil'd.
 His springy soul dilates like air,
 When free from weight of ambient care,
 And, hush'd in meditation deep,
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep:
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
 Proves a Columbus of her own,
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
 And through the wilds of endless space,
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,
 Chases light forms and shadowy things,
 And, in the vague excursion caught,
 Brings home some rare exotic thought.
 The melancholy man such dreams,
 As brightest evidence, esteems;
 Fain would he see some distant scene
 Suggested by his restless Spleen,
 And Fancy's telescope applies
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
 I close examine by the light;
 For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
 Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
 And execute plain common sense
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
 And club its ills with those of fate,
 I many a notion take to task,
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
 Since optic reason shows me plain,
 I dreaded spectres of the brain;
 And legendary fears are gone,
 Though in tenacious childhood sown.
 Thus in opinions I commence
 Freeholder in the proper sense,
 And neither suit nor service do,
 Nor homage to pretenders show,
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll,
 Lords of the manor of the soul;
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
 To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!—
 Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
 Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way.
 With tender eyes and colours faint,
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.
 Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit?
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
 Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
 On quicksands swall'ring shipwreck'd
 thought;

But conscious of his distance, gives
 Mute praise, and humble negatives.
 In one, no object of our sight,
 Immutable, and infinite,
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
 To him my past and present state
 I owe, and must my future fate,
 A stranger into life I'm come,
 Dying may be our going home,
 Transported here by angry Fate,
 The convicts of a prior state.
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
 On matters I can never know;
 Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
 He'll grant a settlement at last;
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave
 An endless series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try what 'tis to hate:
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid:

And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way:
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE REVD. MR. LAURENCE EACHARD'S, AND
 BISHOP GILBERT BARNET'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me
 Political anatomy,
 A case of skeletons well done,
 And malefactors every one.
 His sharp and strong incision pen,
 Historically cuts up men,
 And does with lucid skill impart
 Their inward ails of head and heart.
 Laurence proceeds another way,
 And well-dress'd figures does display:
 His characters are all in flesh,
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
 And from his sweetning art derive
 A better scent than when alive;
 He wax-work made to please the sons,
 Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.

THE SPARROW AND THE DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY saw what now I sing,
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
 This finger graced a diamond ring,
 On that a sparrow play'd.
 The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
 She strok'd its head and wings;
 And while it nestled on her breast,
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
 He loosen'd from the rest,
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
 The easier to digest.

She seized his bill with wild affright,
 Her diamond to descry:
 'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
 Moaning, her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
 The curtains none undraw;
 The footmen went without their shoes,
 The street was laid with straw.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
To bring away the stone;
Dicky, like people when given o'er,
Picks up when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He pecked behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast,
Two different passions strove:
When avarice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring
Could take thy life away!

Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien,
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
A Venus kill her bird.

SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE, an English Poet, was born in London, in 1698. The singular story related, respecting his birth, is supposed to be fictitious; but, as it is adorned by the pen of his intimate friend Dr. Johnson, it has acquired great interest. He is supposed to be the son of the Countess of Macclesfield. Johnson's account, taken from Savage himself, is "that no sooner did he see the light, than a most unnatural hatred took complete possession of his mother, who placed him with an old woman in the lowest state of indigence, with directions that he should be brought up in utter ignorance of his birth, and in the meanest condition. He was an apprentice to a shoemaker, when this woman dying suddenly, some of Lady Mason's letters, which he found among her papers, discovered to him the secret of his birth"; but, it is considered more probable, that they suggested to him the plan of assuming to be the child of Lady Macclesfield, whom his mother had nursed, and to whom these letters really related. There is another story, in which it is related, that, having accidentally killed a man in a drunken brawl (in 1727), he was sentenced to death, and his natural mother endeavoured to intercept the royal mercy; by this chance he obtained the knowledge of his parentage. He was, however, pardoned and Queen Caroline allowed him a small pension. In 1723 he produced the tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury" the profits of which produced him 200 pounds. Lord Tyrconnel became his patron, received him into his house, and allowed 200 pounds a-year; but the bard and the peer quarrelled, and he was again turned adrift upon the world. On her Majesty's death his pension was discontinued, and he suffered great misery and privation; partly, brought on by his own misconduct. His poems of "The Wanderer", and "The Bastard" have considerable merit. He died in the debtor's prison, at Newgate, in 1743; demonstrating, as his biographer, Johnson, observes, a lamentable proof that "negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible".

SELECT PASSAGES FROM THE WANDERER.

BENEATH appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half
stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown
cascade.
Has nature this rough, naked piece de-
sign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?

She has. Approach'd appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I
hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hastening
near!
A death-like chilliness thwarts my panting
breast:
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length con-
fess'd!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguish
bent?

Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.

Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!

All fear forget.—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread:
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perspective scene.

In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires;

Through the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;

Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread;
Crown'd with a happy canister of bread.

A maple cup is next dispatch'd to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring;
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And savoury cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off, a rich repast!

* * *

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.

There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,

And glows impassion'd for his country's good!

All the bright spirits of the just combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering wind.

He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine.

Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,

To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!

I see him now o'er nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!

Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!

My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Through fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!

From dark deception clear drawn truth display,

As from black chaos rose resplendent day!

Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd redress.

Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his slinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpitied in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd fame he brings,

Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,

(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite!

If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!

But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!

How mean is fortune, though his mind elate!

Aeneas-like he passes through the crowd,
Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud;

Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name

His after-honour, and our after-shame
The doom'd desert, to avarice stands confess'd,

Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:

Bold insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward censure, skill'd in darker ways,

Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, their grievous fall!

Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endued,

Usher'd by pride, and by reproach pursued.
Forc'd pity meets him with a cold respect,

Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Yet, suffering worth! thy fortitude will shine;

Thy foes are virtue's, and her friends are thine!

Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown;

Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown:

Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,

And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

THE GENTLEMAN.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which at ease, each winning grace express;

A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd,
 shines,
 Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
 Where we to chance for friendship never
 trust,
 Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
 To social manners, and the heart humane;
 A nature ever great, and never vain;
 A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
 The sense, that unassuming candour shows;
 Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
 Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
 Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
 Thence taste; thence truth, which will from
 taste ensue;
 Unwilling censure, though a judgment
 clear;
 A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
 An humble, though an elevated mind;
 A pride, its pleasure but to serve man-
 kind:

If these esteem and admiration raise;
 Give true delight, and gain unflattering
 praise,
 In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man
 we see;
 These graces all are thine and thou art he.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou soul of joy and pain!
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
 Why didst thou aggravate the wretch's
 woe?
 Why add continuous smart to every blow?
 Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not;
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows
 fall,
 Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st them all.

BLAIR.

ROBERT BLAIR, whose poem of the "Grave" has obtained him a place among our standard poets, was born at Edinburgh, in 1699, and educated at that University. His poem of the "Grave" is simple and chaste; yet, highly poetical, and ranks as the best piece of blank verse, save that of Milton. He was an accomplished scholar as well as poet. The "Grave" was a posthumous publication. He expired on the 4th of February, 1746.

THE GRAVE.

THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the
 shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
 Their aims as various as the roads they
 take
 In journeying through life: the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
 The appointed place of rendez-vous, where
 all
 These travellers meet. Thy succours I im-
 plore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death.—The Grave,
 dread thing!
 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature ap-
 pall'd
 Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how
 dark
 Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes;
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night,
 dark night,

Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun
 Was roll'd together, or had tried its
 beams
 Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly
 taper,
 By glimmering through thy low-brow'd
 misty vaults,
 Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy
 slime,
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more
 irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to
 dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and
 worms,
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary
 shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame re-
 ports)
 Embodied thick, perform their mystic
 rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or for-
 got,
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which
 were;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls!
 Methinks,
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary;
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's
 foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the
 gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shred
 of scutcheons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the
 sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low
 vaults,
 The mansions of the death. Rous'd from
 their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious
 sound!
 I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run
 chill.

Quite round the pile a row of rev'rend
 elms,
 Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift
 half down,
 Their branchless trunks; others to thin
 a-top,
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the
 same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have
 happen'd here:
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow
 tombs;
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd
 about;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, un-
 touch'd.
 Such tales their cheer, at wake or gos-
 sipping,
 When it draws near to witching-time of
 night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've
 seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine cheq'ring thro'
 the trees,
 The school-boy, with his satchel in his
 hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
 grown)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he
 hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels:

Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind
 him
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his
 stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave: and, strange
 to tell!
 He vanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've some-
 times spied.
 Sad sight! slow-moving o'er the prostrate
 dead:
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either
 eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
 She drops: while busy meddling memory
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she
 thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond
 thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless
 turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that
 way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in
 sunder
 Whom love has knit and sympathy made
 our!
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from
 me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of th' gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend
 and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless
 on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid
 along,
 In grateful errors through the underwood
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-
 tongued thrust
 Mended his song of love; the sooty black-
 bird
 Mellowed his pipe, and softened every
 note;
 The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every
 flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's
 day

Seemed too, too much in haste: still the
full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return,—how painful the remem-
brance!

Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of
youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of
mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of
madness.

Where are the jesters now? The man of
health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick lipped musing Me-
lancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers
them.

Where are the mighty thunder-bolts of
war?

The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained
youth,
Who the tiara, at his pleasure, tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was
hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And crammed into a space we blush to
name!

Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy
hue!

Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled
head?

And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his
swathes!

Or victim, tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute must thou bear the strife of little
tongues.

And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, even to a very scruple;
Oh! cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to
honour,

Surely, there's not a dungeon slave that's
buried

In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,
But lies as soft and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plumed hearse comes
nodding on
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the
dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not
sad.

How rich the trappings, now they're all
unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun! Triumphant
entries

Of conquerors, and coronation pomps
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of
people

Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the
casements

And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close
wedg'd,

Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this
waste?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcase,
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the
nostril

Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal concealed, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely
done:

What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou
appear'st!

Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,

Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops
short:

Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue
ours!

The best concerted schemes men lay for
fame,

Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd

bard,
Those bold ensurers of eternal fame,

Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,

And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long

outlived,
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;

Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with

years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,

Gives way.—O lamentable sight! at once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; his cankering
hand,
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass con-
sumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head and reddens at the
tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the
earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas
of blood,
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying vil-
lains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires
waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave
up
To want the rest: now, like a storm that 's
spent,
Lie hush'd and meanly sneak behind thy
covert.

Vain thought! to hide them from the general
scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd
ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er
noticed,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm
as short,
Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,
And griped them like some lordly beast of
prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing
hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his
lord)

Now tame and humble, like a child that's
whipped,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm
his kinsman ;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under
ground
Precedency's a jest: vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were
something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd
flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we
are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear
deceit!

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's
heart,

And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms ex-
pung'd;

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd.

What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy
lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee
homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek.

The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?

For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them
in repair?

For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well.

And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious
tears

Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of
flowers;

Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou surly and less gentle
boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village
ring!

A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the
stripling

That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan
indeed!

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong
man,

By stronger man belabour'd, gasps for
breath

Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart

Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too
scant

To give his lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-
spread shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him.

Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it
hard,

Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!

Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full
ghastly!

Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly
venom

Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bow-
els,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you
that groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O
mighty boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine! What means
the bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the
coward,

And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his
arm,

Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale and midnight vigils
spent,

The star-surveying sage, close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube,

And travelling thro' the boundless length
of space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,

In ecstasy of thought. But, ah! proud
man!

Great heights are hazardous to the weak
head;

Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome
place,

Where nor device nor knowledge ever
came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled
now,

Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's
gagg'd,

And cannot tell his ail to passers-by,
Great man of language! whence this mighty
change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the
head?

Though strong persuasion hung upon thy
lip,

And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue.

Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists
and silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The strength of action, and the force of
words,

The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd
voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!

Ras'd from the book of fame; or, more
provoking,

Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scrib-
bler.

Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,

With heavy halting pace that drawl along:

Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan
cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!

Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resigned to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,

Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of
health?

Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,

Escap'd thy rifling hand; from stubborn
shrubs

Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues
out,

And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor
insect,

Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? Why this cost?

Tell us, thou doughty keeper for the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,

With the long list of vouchers from thy
cures?

Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found
out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!

From back and belly too, their proper
cheer!

Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,

By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.

But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor
indeed:

Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake

The fool throws up his interest in both
worlds,

First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that
to come.

How shocking must thy summons be,
O Death!

To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure
here,

Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul

Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,

But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she
looks

On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,

O, might she stay to wash away her stains
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!

Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,

Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his pur-
pose,

Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when

Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!

That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what 's doing on the other side!

Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!

For part they must: body and soul must part;

Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.

This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge:

That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;

If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the

Untrembling mouth the heavens, then might the

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,

Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the

That 's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,

By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or

Death's thousand doors stand open. Who

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full

Or blame him if he goes? Surely! he does

That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter,

And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,

Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.

Self-murder! name it not; our island's

That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest

Self-preservation, fall by her own act?

Forbid it, heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er

With blood of its own lord. Dreadful

attempt!

Just reeking from self-slaughter in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!

As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of

Must be reserv'd for such: these herd

The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less

Our time is fix'd, and all our days are

How long, how short, we know not: this

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give per-

Like sentries that must keep their destin'd

And wait th' appointed hour, till they 're

Those only are the brave who keep their

And keep it to the last. To run away

From this world's ills, that at the very

Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend

By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark!—'tis

No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the

O! that some courteous ghost would blab

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.

I've heard that souls departed have some-

Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly

To knock and give th' alarm. But what

This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness

That does its work by halves. Why might

Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking

Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lambs in sepulchres, your shine

Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no

A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the

And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes

round,

And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er
 stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and
 acquaintance
 By far his juniors! Scarce a skull's cast up
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in
 hand,
 The sot has walked with death twice twenty
 years;
 And yet ne'er younker of the green laughs
 louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards
 meet
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he
 minds not
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for
 thousands.
 On this side, and on that, men see their
 friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch
 out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long
 livers
 In the world's hale and undegenerate days
 Could scarce have leisure for; fools that
 we are
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time; as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours. O more than
 sottish!
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
 Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
 The very first swollen surge shall sweep
 us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream,
 Yet treads more soft, than e'er did midnight
 thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's
 pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this
 world?
 What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of
 animals,
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's
 bones!
 The very turf on which we tread once
 liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all
 meet!

The shivering Iceland, and sun-burnt
 Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the
 Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favorite yet
 prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's
 scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 The celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of
 courts:
 Now vain their treaty skill! Death scorns
 to treat.
 Here th' o'erloaded slave flings down his
 burden
 From his gall'd shoulders! and when the
 cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power
 about him,
 His meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought
 escapes,
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary
 rest.
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo and the bubbling stream,
 Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
 Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends
 and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
 Ere while that stood aloof as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.
 Here is the large limb'd peasant; here the
 child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's
 porch;
 Here is the Mother with her Sons and
 Daughters;
 The barren wife; the long demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the
 cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green
 virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley
 here!
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
 And jovial youth, and lightsome vacant
 heart,
 Whose every day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-
 tong'd shrew,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.

Here are the wise, the generous, and the
brave,
The just, the good, the worthless, the pro-
fane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-
bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the
mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot,
The wrecks of nations and the spoils
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first
state!

When yet but warm from thy Great Maker's
hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well-
pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was
well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of
tune,

That play their several parts. Nor head,
nor heart,

Offered to ache: nor was there cause they
should:

For all was pure therein: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom: summer-seas
Show not more smooth, when kissed by
southern winds

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offered the various produce of the year,
And everything most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days! But ah! how
short!

Blessed as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.

Oh! slippery state of things! What sudden
turns!

What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy;
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most
abject;

How scant the space between those vast
extremes!

Thus fared it with our sire; not long he
enjoyed

His paradise! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must
be gone,

Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire
offence

Of erring man? Like one that is condemned,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,

Offered in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,

And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he
take

One last and farewell round. At once he
lost

His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maimed, no wonder man has
sinned;

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is
success.)

Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did its visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between;
Whilst the black daemon, with hell-'scaped
train,

Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be
gone;

Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not
mend;

An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.

Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster,
Sin?

Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their
bounds.

The fierce volcano, from its burning en-
trails

That belches molten stone and globes of
fire,

Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and
stench,

Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues
round,

And there it stops. The big-swoln in-
undation,

Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning
more;

But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid
waste,

Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow

Entire mankind, and for their sakes de-
facing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands,
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded
branches,

And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find

A proper name to call thee by, expressive

On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious
change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death
disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to
him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last
end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his
exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the
ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his
green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his
setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he
reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get
away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide ex-
panded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the last-coming harvest! Then! O
then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or dis-
appears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he
longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dis-
miss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad
soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Even the lag
flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws
on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed
dust
Inviolat: and faithfully shall these

Make up the full account; not the least
atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have his body ready-furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye
profane:
Ask not how this can be. Sure the same
power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it
down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were: Almighty
God
Has done much more: nor is his arm im-
pair'd
Through length of days; and what he can
he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it
done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slum-
bering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious
soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a
man
That's new come home, who having long
been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy
meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them
more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless
night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are
gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary
bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely
brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of
day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears
away.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest
power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will pre-
venting will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but
love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and
days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of
Heaven,
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy
faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live;
Disdaining fear. What is the world to
them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense
all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can
wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they
look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and
love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven!
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new
charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden
tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of
bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

These are the matchless joys of virtuous
love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons
thus
As ceaseless round a jarring world they
roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting
Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance
swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep:
Together freed their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal
reign.

THE SEASONS.—SPRING.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest
part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of
art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption
bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the
whole!
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme
of things;
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling,
turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our
minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand
ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and
convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-
wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face
of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of
life.

THE SEASONS.—SUMMER.

PUBLIC ZEAL.

O THOU! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the
land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social
Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through
smiles;
Undaunted Truth and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Tem-
perance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front superior shines
The first paternal virtue, public zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great
design.

THE SEASONS.—SUMMER.

PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

WITH thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my
song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as
that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted
soul,
New to the dawnig of celestial day.
Hencethrough her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd
by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-
wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature
round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,

The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and
Earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd
man?

A savage roaming through the woods and
wilds,
In quest of pray; and with the unfashion'd
fur

Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various
skill

To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintery pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by
thee,

Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus labourious
crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world
along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full com-
plex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the
word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward
view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she
turns

Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first
begins

The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix't. But here the
cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom
form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

THE SEASONS.—SUMMER.

ON INDUSTRY.

THESE are thy blessings, Industry! rough
power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and
pain:
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering
wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak
north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest
fly
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing
frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season sordid pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supported and supporting, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time: till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to
raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the
stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment
warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome vines fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his
soul,
Sets science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN.

A TALE.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to re-
pose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning
rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and
pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow,
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming
flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy
star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's
self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the
wild.

So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she
went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of
swains

Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning
quick

With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty con-
ceal'd.

That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread
laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can
scorn,

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to
dwell,

Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks,
methinks,

Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its
rise;

Now to the dust gone down; his houses,
lands,

And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent
pride,

Far from those scenes which knew their
better days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never
find.

Romantic wish! would this the daughter
were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he
found

She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his
heart,

And through his nerves in shivering transport
ran?

Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd,
and bold;

And, as he view'd her, ardent o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.

Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O, Heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than
Spring!

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah!
where,

In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing
rain,

Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns,
and showers,

Diffuse their warmest largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!

Ill it befits thee. Oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
hand,

But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are
thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking
eye

Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her Mother brought,

While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she
pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she
heard,

Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright
gleam,
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:

And, swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling Sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN.

A PANEGRIC ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

OH, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

What though the dome be wanting, whose
proud gate
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking
crowd

Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glitter-
ing robe

Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him
not?

What though, from utmost land and sea
purvey'd,

For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his
bowl

Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in
beds,

Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?

What though he knows not those fantastic
joys,

That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;

Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd

To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,

In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the
spring,

When Heaven descends in showers; or
bends the bough

When summer reddens, and when autumn
beams;

Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd and fattens with the richest sap:

These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of
streams,

The hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,

Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides a prospect, grove, or
song,

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains
clear.

Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain in-
nocence;

Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;

Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of
gain,

And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy
wave.

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;

Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling
cry.

Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want or harden'd avarice,

Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,

By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment

Mad in the tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these

Insure the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,

An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,

Delusive pomp, and dark cabals delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying
smile,

And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free

That restless men involve, hears, and but
hears,

At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace; the fall of

kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,

Move not the man, who, from the world
escap'd,

In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to

month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;

Admiring sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;

Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of
more.

He, when young Spring protrudes the burst-
ing gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the health-
ful gale

Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And not an opening blossom breathes in
vain.

In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,

Or Hæmus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and oft,
An eye shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams

Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
E'en Winter, while to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,

O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,

And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;

For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!

Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!

Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;

O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,

The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!

But if to that unequal, if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN.

WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme!

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!

Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy:
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;

Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;

Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time

Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

THE SEASONS.—WINTER.

NATURE.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand

Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis
calm?

THE SEASONS.—WINTER.

A PRAYER.

FATHER of light and life! thou good
Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THE SEASONS.—WINTER.

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW;

FROM WHENCE ARISE REFLECTIONS ON THE
MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

As THUS the snows arise; and foul, and
fierce,

All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more
astray;

Impatient flouncing through the drifted
heaps,

Stung with the thoughts of home; the
thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour
forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his
soul!

What black despair, what horror fills his
heart!

When for the dusky spot, which fancy
feign'd

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes
fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,

Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land,
unknown,

What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom
boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he
sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,

Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature
shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying
man,

His wife, his children, and his friends un-
seen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment
warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he be-
hold,

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve

The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,

Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence sur-
round;

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy
mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance
along,

How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain:

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and
man:

How many pine in want, and dungeon
glooms;

Shut from the common air, and common
use

Of their own limbs. How many drink the
cup

Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery: sore pierc'd by wintry winds,

How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, re-
morse;

Whence tumbled headlong from the height
of life,

They furnish matter for the tragic Muse:
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to
dwell

With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation
join'd,

How many, rack'd with honest passions,
 droop
 In deep retir'd distress: how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest
 friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought
 fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless
 ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate:
 Vice in his high career would stand ap-
 pall'd
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to
 think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

THE SEASONS.—WINTER.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest
 glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd
 year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide ex-
 tends,
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few
 years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
 strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are
 fled
 Those dreams of greatness? Those unsolid
 hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling
 days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those
 veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy
 life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second
 birth
 Of Heaven and Earth! awakening nature
 hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and
 death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous!
 now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the
 cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected: why the good man's
 share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born
 Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd
 Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only
 saw,
 A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly
 pass,
 And one unbounded Spring uncircle all.

THE SEASONS.—WINTER.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,
 these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing
 spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
 balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest
 smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer-
 months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy
 sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling
 year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder
 speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering
 gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that
 lives.
 In Winter awful thou! with clouds and
 storms

Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern
blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious
gaze,

Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty
hand,

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming,
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the
Spring:

Flings from the sun direct the flaming
day;

Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest
forth;

And, as on earth this grateful change re-
volves,

With transport touches all the springs of
life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise

One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
breathes:

Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving
pine

Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to
Heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom
you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
rills,

And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings
fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose
pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;

Breathe your still song into the reaper's
heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth
asleep

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.

The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate
world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn
hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd
reigns;

And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the rest-
less day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night
his praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation
smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of
all,

Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities
vast,

Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking
clear,

At solemn pauses, through the swelling
bass;

And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's
lay,

The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-
ray

Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no
more,

And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest
verge

Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
climes,

Rivers unknown to song; where first the
sun

Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam,
Flames on th' Atlantic Isles; 'tis not to me;

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there, with new powers,

Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE SEASONS.

LIBERTY.

Oh, blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring,
alone,

All human grandeur, happiness, and fame;
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
The poor man's lot with milk and honey

flows;
And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.

Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece;

And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb,
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, dis-
close

The various-tinctur'd children of the Sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious
fruits

A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards
burst

With floods of joy; with mild balsamic
juice

The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow:
And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their
maze.

Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,—
Unequall'd bliss!—and to unequall'd rage!
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden
South,

Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd
world,

Where flames the falling day, in wealth and
praise,

Shall with Britannia vie; while, goddess,
she

Derives her praise from thee, her matchless
charms.

Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own,
And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering
fields

Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads; her gardens smile eternal
spring.

She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by
toil,

Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:

She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive,
pours

Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy
robe,

That wraps the nations: she to lusty droves,
The richest pasture spreads; and, hers, deep
wave

Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.

These her delights: and by no baneful
herb,

No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
In spires immense progressive o'er the
land,

Disturb'd. Enlivening these, and cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling
crowds:

Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale,

Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell:
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd high, while kindred floods be-
low

Wind through the mead; and those of
modern hand,
More pompous, add, that splendid shine
afar.

Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief,
O Thames!

On whose each tide, glad with returning
sails,

Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious
swell,

And waves, resounding, imitate the main?

Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
That point around the world? and why her
seas?

All ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.

She too the mineral feeds: th'obedient lead,
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,

Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
And what the Tyrian merchant sought of
old,

Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter
fame.

She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,

Hers the warm Cambrian: hers the lofty
 Scot,
 To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
 Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame,
 That leads him raptur'd where ambition
 calls:
 And English merit hers; where meet, combin'd,
 Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious
 thought,
 An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 And firm tenacious valour can bestow.
 Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce,
 she!
 Great nurse of men! By thee, O goddess,
 taught,
 Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
 A strain the Muses never touch'd before.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heaven's next
 best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul!
 The life of life! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd
 roof,
 Fair dream'd repose, and to the cottage
 charms.
 Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source!
 Whose streams from every quarter confluent, form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's
 wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That Nature craves. Its happy master
 there,
 The only freeman, walks his pleasing round:
 Sweet featur'd Peace attending; fearless
 Truth;
 Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice; Contentment, surest
 friend;
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book
 deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever new.
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true-judging moderate desires,
 Economy and taste, combin'd, direct
 His clear affairs, and from debauching
 fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues,
 reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within;

That independence, active, or retir'd,
 Which makes the soundest bliss of man below:
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily wretched train,
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble,
 slaves.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
 And all the various bounty of the year;
 Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe
 the spring,
 Whose curved mountains bleat, and forests
 sing;
 For whom the cooling shade in summer
 twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous
 wines;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn
 pours
 A golden tide into his swelling stores:
 Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal
 gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce
 sails;
 When yielding crowd attend, and pleasure
 serves;
 While youth, and health, and vigour string
 his nerves.
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the
 mind;
 Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening
 eyes,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
 Where social love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

THE MORNING LARK.

FEATHER'D lyric, warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky,
 Op'ning with thy matin lay
 (Nature's hymn) the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day-spring from on high,
Seen by Faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray
Promise of eternal day.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapped in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels blessed thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deed recesses dwell;

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the love of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

MALLET.

DAVID MALLET, whose real name was Malloch, was born about 1700, at Crief, in Perthshire. He was travelling tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, and having ultimately settled in London he changed his name to Mallet. He gained a dishonorable pension from government, for assisting to write down the unfortunate Byng, and died in 1765.

INVOCATION ADDRESSED TO FANCY.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative pow'r,
Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, in-
vok'd,
To waft me on thy many tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on
high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfined: hence from the
haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—
To yon' expanse of plains where Truth
delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now part-
ing Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flow'r embroider'd on the
ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids
the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest
stores,
Fresh roses op'ning to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded
bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing
morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding thro' the
gloom;
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in
mid-sky,
She rules the fable hour, and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and th' incumbent
hay,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumb'ring lies: at once they
fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

THE EXCURSION.

MORNING.

AND now, pale glimm'ring on the verge of
heav'n,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight
seen,
A whit'ning lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the
ball:
Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, bright'ning o'er the
world:
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose array'd,
Sun tinctur'd: changeful hues: at her ap-
proach,
The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
Slow reddens into flame; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue
away
In curling spires, and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky; th' uncoloured
stream
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
Glad Nature feels her thro' her boundless
realms
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her
sweets,
Fragrance and song: from each unfolding
flow'r
Transpire the balm of life that zephyr
wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn,
Wild beasts of chase, by secret instinct
mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into
night,
In brake or cavern slumber out the day.
Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof the good man
comes,
To taste her freshness, and improve her
rise
In holy musing: rapture in his eye
And kneeling wonder speak his silent
soul
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up; the village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toils;
The lab'rer here with ev'ry instrument
Of future plenty arm'd, and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The trav'ller too, pursues his early road
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er heav'n's pure arch. At once the clouds
assume

Their gayest liv'ries; these with silv'ry
beams,
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid
gold

And speak their sov'reign's state. He
comes; behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and
life!

The king of Glory! round his head divine
Diffusive show'rs of radiance circling flow
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, and sea, and sky,
In one bright robe with heav'nly tinctures
gay.

THE EXCURSION.

DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDER STORM.

WHERE yonder clouds in dusky depth ex-
tend

Broad on the south, fermenting in their
womb,

Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil; and, lo! at
once,

Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy
flash,

Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid
day.

Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light
around,

On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallow'd now in ten-fold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing
roar

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd
along,

Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, re-
sound:

Horror sits shudd'ring in the felon breast,
And feels the dreadful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
And all is storm within. The murd'rer,
pale

With conscious guilt, tho' hid in deepest
shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his fears,
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him thro' the
gloom.

Hark! thro' th' aerial vault the storm, in-
flam'd,
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and
fierce,

Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on
burst;
Torn from its base, as if the gen'ral frame
Were tumbling into chaos.—There it fell,
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion
flash'd;

Destruction marks its path. Yon' riven oak
Is hid in smould'ring fires, surpris'd beneath
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon' cottage flames to
heav'n,

And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes,
Shudd'ring and speechless round—O
Pow'r divine!

Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of
Fate,

Thy hand, tho' terrible, shall man decide
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
At once the clouds fly scatt'ring, and the
sun

Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er
the world.

Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping
field,

Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray, till ev'ry flow'r
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger, till con-
firm'd,

In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heav'n: on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the vallies low.
So pass the songful hours. And now the
sun,

Declin'd, hangs verging on the western
main,

Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath this eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murm'ring to the
shore:

A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the
sky,

Inflames the distant azure; part below
In level lines shoot thro' the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing
shade,

That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon' ev'ning
clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique tow'rs
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists; till late, the sun
From human eye behind earth's shading
orb
Total withdrawn, th' aerial landscape fades.

THE EXCURSION.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO
A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heav'n's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute,
Behold me, where I shiv'ring stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse;
Yet how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die;
And Death the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul! look out—now comes
thy turn;
With thee behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That spreads slow-shading o'er the van-
quish'd light.
Look out with joy; the ruler of the day
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimm'ring ray;
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;
In dismal pomp, now hov'ring on their
way,
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose,
arise,
And roar their haughty triumph thro' the
skies,
While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with
floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the
plain.

Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd
state,
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of
fate!
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are
they now?
Faded her face and wrapt in clouds her
brow!
No more th' ungrateful verdure of the
plain,
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the
swain;
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my
fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my
hate;
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stripp'd of their honours, naked now ap-
pear;
This is—my Soul! the winter of their
year:
The little noisy songsters of the wing,
All shiv'ring on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail, rev'rend Silence! with thy awful brow,
Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now;
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern hopeless laid
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying
see
All nature in an agony with me.
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd
tow'rs,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and
rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd
eyes—
(Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise;
And now, the various dreadfulness com-
bin'd,
Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.
See! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading
thro' the air,
And the lone hollow gloom for me pre-
pare!
Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the
ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide
around.—
But hark!—a sudden howl invades my
ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are
near;
Shadows from each dark cavern now com-
bine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with
mine.
Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless
wing;

Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
 Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
 Let never wanton season laugh at me.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure
 grace,
 Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place;
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy
 bloom,
 Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
 O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm
 shore,
 Where sin, and pain, and passion are no
 more!
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r
 decree,
 Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee:
 Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'TWAS at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime:
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
 Comes from her midnight-grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath!
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin-heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red:
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
 This winding-sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
 A long and late adieu!
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red:
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,
 Where Margaret's body lay;
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more!

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn,
This charmer of the plains,
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then, with a father's frown, at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waste
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied heaven with fruitless vows
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past!" he cried,—“but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!”

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dew appears.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say—
“My Edwin, live for me!”

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vail—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
“He's gone!” she cried, “and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

“I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side”——
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

DYER.

JOHN DYER was the son of a solicitor at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, where he was born in 1700. He was educated for the law, but, on the demise of his Father, he indulged his taste for painting, and put himself under the tuition of Richardson, but, after wandering for some time about South Wales, he seems to have felt assured he should not attain eminence in that profession. In 1727 he first appeared as a Poet by publishing his "Grongar Hill". After travelling in Italy his health became very delicate, and his friends advised him to take orders, which he did, and obtained respectable church preferment. He was an honest, kind and worthy person. He died in 1758.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple ev'ning lie
On the mountain's lovely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale,
Charms the forest with her tale,
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phoebus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky.
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head
While stray'd my eyes over Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene

Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad,
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
There the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem,
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass;
As you! summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same course way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sleep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flow'rs Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,

Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side,
And often by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

ENOUGH of Grongar and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabl'd haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud Antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody
bounds,

O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and
waste

Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse!
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo! the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of
pomp,

The throne of nations fall'n! obscur'd in
dust;

Ev'n yet majestic: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on bury'd
tombs!

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste, minuter art,
Glyconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense leviathan,
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island's length
appears

Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey mouldering temples swell, and wide
o'er cast

The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-man-
tled brows

The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, tho' the cleft domes
Tremble to ev'ry wind. The pilgrim oft,
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison, hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the
moon;

While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile

Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates: they with dropping
locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their
streams.

Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes re-
sort,

Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatine,
Thro' spiry cypress graves and tow'ring
pine,

Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On num'rous arches rear'd; and frequent
stopp'd,

The sunk ground startles me with dreadful
chasm,

Breathing forth darkness from the vast pro-
found

Of aisles and halls within the mountain's
womb.

Nor these the nether works, all these be-
neath

And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,

As the Sybilline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus, such the sewers huge,

Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added
rains,

Hark how the mighty billows lash their
vaults,

And thunder; how they heave their rocks
in vain!

Tho' now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful
world,

And yet a thousand since, th' indignant
floods

Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash
and swell

In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.
Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts

That weave their glittering waves with
tuneful lapse

Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein

Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along
And vases boss'd and huge inscriptive
stones,

And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,

Cheering the darkness; and deep empty
tombs,

And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old
decay

Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring
shades,

Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding
towers;

A solemn wilderness! With error sweet

I wind the lingering step, where'er the
path

Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis,

Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,

Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous
gods

Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's
hand

Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n
now

Blindly they worship at their breathless
mouths

In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in darkning error
fall'n)

At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.

THE PANTHEON.

AND next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous
aim,

Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our
world

Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample, orb projected stands

The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill! Here, curious Architect,

If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,

On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful
mark

How far in hidden art the noble plan
Extends, and where the lovely forms com-
mence

Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what
weight

Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth
first

Boasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks

Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd

Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

ON LUXURY.

VAIN end of human strength, of human
skill,

Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and
pomp,

And ease, and luxury! O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,

What dreary change, what ruin is not
 thine?
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
 Dreadful attraction! while behind thee
 gapes
 Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting
 Cham,
 And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous
 Greece,
 And the great queen of earth, imperial
 Rome!

THE FLEECE.

THE MOISTURE OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE VIN-
 DICATED, AND THE PARTICULAR BEAUTIES
 DESCRIBED:

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
 Or fond desire! Those slow-descending
 showers,
 Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing
 vales
 In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
 Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
 Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls
 Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.
 Hail, noble Albion! where no golden
 mines,
 No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle
 bowers,
 The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
 Enervate: round whose stern cerulean
 brows
 White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly
 rain,
 Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
 Rich queen of Mists and Vapours! these thy
 sons
 With their cool arms compress, and twist
 their nerves
 For deeds of excellence and high renown.
 Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Church-
 ills, Blakes,
 Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons
 rose.
 See the sun gleams; the living pastures
 rise,
 After the nurture of the fallen shower;
 How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault!
 How verdurous the lawns! how clear the
 brooks!
 Such noble war-like steeds, such herds of
 kine,
 So sleek, so vast! such spacious flocks of
 sheep,
 Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
 What other paradise adorn but thine,
 Britannia? happy if thy sons would know

Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
 Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
 And ports magnific add, and stately ships
 Innumerable. But whither strays my Muse?
 Pleas'd like traveller upon the strand
 Arriv'd of bright Augusta, wild he roves,
 From deck to deck, thro' groves immense
 of masts;
 'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of
 either Ind;
 Thro' wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and
 domes,
 In sweet surprise, unable yet to fix
 His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
 Each object singly, with discoveries new
 His native country studious to enrich.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay,
 busy Town,
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?
 No matter, no matter—content in the
 shades—
 (Contented!—why everything charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye
 Cascades!
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.
 Till Outrage arises, or Misery needs,
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred Religion, or Liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed, or the danger.
 Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how
 vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?
 Then glide on my moments, the few that I
 have,
 Sweet-shaded, and quiet, and ev'n,
 While gently the body descends to the
 grave,
 And the spirit arises to heav'n.

TO MR. SAVAGE, SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my Friend! beneath misfortune's
 weight,
 Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.
 Shame on the dull! who think the soul
 looks less,

Because the body wants a glitt'ring dress.
 It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
 The mind's embroidery, that the wise ad-
 mire.
 That which looks rich to the gross vulgar
 eyes
 Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.
 Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while
 they gaze,
 The coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze.
 As few the vices of the wealthy see,
 So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.

Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldst
 thou shine?
 Thy verse how sweet! thy fancy how divine!
 Critics and bards would, by their worth, be
 aw'd,
 And all would think it merit to applaud.
 But thou hast nought to please the vulgar
 eye,
 No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
 Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature
 find,

Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind,
 And if, tho' few, they any faults can see,
 How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
 But since we all, the wisest of us, err
 Sure it's the greatest fault to be severe.
 A few, however, yet expect to find
 Among the misty millions of mankind,
 Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
 And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force ap-
 plause;
 Who with felt pleasure see fair virtue rise,
 And lift her upwards to the beckoning
 prize;
 Or mark her labouring in the modest
 breast,
 And honour her the more, the more de-
 prest.
 Thee, Savage! these (the justly great) ad-
 mire;
 Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with
 fancy's fire;
 Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
 An able critic, but a willing friend.

DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY was born, of humble parents, at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703. He was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, which trade he left, and became footman to the Honorable Mrs. Lowther. While in this situation, he published a volume of poems, entitled "The Muse in Livery"; and a dramatic satire, called "The Toyshop" which was acted in 1735, and recommended him to the patronage and friendship of Pope. This satirical farce was so successful that it enabled Dodsley to commence business as a bookseller in Pall Mall. He still continued his literary pursuits, and produced "Cleone", a tragedy, and four light dramas, many poems; "The Economy of Human Life", etc. He collected some valuable fugitive poems and scarce specimens of the early drama. After a prosperous career, he retired from business, and died in 1764.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
 The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:
 In whom at once, the great and good com-
 mend
 The fine companion, and the useful friend:—
 'Twas thus the muse her eager flight began,
 Ardent to sing the poet and the man:
 But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,
 And you at least would think it flattery;
 Hating the thought I check my forward
 strain,
 I change my stile, and thus began.

As when some student first with curious
 eye,

Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to
 pry;
 His doubtful reason seeming faults sur-
 prise,
 He asks if *this* be just? if *that* be wise?
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in
 distrees,
 And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts
 oppress:
 Till thinking on, unclouded by degress,
 His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees;
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's
 ragged plight,
 And vice's triumph, all are just and right:
 Beauty is found, and order, and design,
 And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all
 divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous
plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on
You.

This false, that ill-exprest, this thought not
good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
But reading, more attentive, soon I found,
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.
Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body nature is, and God the soul."
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his powers adapted just to that.
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
How all to good, to happiness conduce.
Saw my own weakness, thy superior power,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

*This simile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming some design or plan,
To aid my use, and guide her wand'ring
lay,*

*When sudden to my mind came honest GAY.
For form or method I no more contend,
But strive to copy that ingenious friend:
Like him to catch my thoughts just as they
rose—*

*And thus I caught them, laughing at thy
foes.*

Where are ye now,—ye critics, shall I
say?

Or owls, who sicken at this god of day?
What! mighty scriblers, will you let him go
Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?
Step forth, some great distinguish'd daring
dunce,

Write but one page, you silence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you must suc-
ceed;

He cannot answer—for he will not read.

*Here paus'd the muse—alas! the jade is
bit,
She fain would copy GAY, but wants his
wit.*

*She paus'd, indeed—broke off as he had
done.
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went
on.*

Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and
saints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint com-
plaints.

First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,
Can censure and direct th' *Eternal Mind*,
Ingenious wits, who modestly pretend
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reason's
spight,

To hear him prove, "*Whatever is, is right?*"
Alas! how easy to confute the song!
If all is right, how came your heads so
wrong?

And come, ye solemn fools, a numerous
band,
Who read, and read, but never understand,
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove
it too?

Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to
You.

*Here lifting up my head, surpriz'd I see,
Close at my elbow, flattering VANITY.
From her soft whispers soon I found it
came,*

*That I suppos'd myself not one of them.
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!
I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.*

*For VANITY abash'd, up to my ear
Steps honest TRUTH, and these sharp words
I hear:*

*"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy
lays;*

*"Alike to POPE such censure and such
praise.*

*"Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his
name,*

*"Who owes to virtue, and himself, his
fame."*

MODERN REASONING.

WHENCE comes it, L—, that ev'ry fool,
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth main-
tains,

And all the blind deluded world disdains;
Himself the only person blest with sight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis strange from folly this conceit should
rise,
That want of sense should make us think
we're wise:

Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
Who nothing knows, will all things com-
prehend;
And who can least confute, will most con-
tend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul,
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims
— controul;
With learning blest, with solid reason
fraught,
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every
thought:

Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;
Hears every reason, every passion hides,
Debates with calmness, and with care de-
cides;

More pleas'd to learn, than eager to con-
fute,
Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit.
But these are very rare.

RELIGION.

O how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To these it shines divinely bright,
No clouds obscure its native light!
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance
find.

THOUGHT.

WHEN the dawn of thought peeps out in
man,
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his
brain;
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and encreases with his
years;
And as the rays of thought gain strength in
youth,
Dark mists of error melt and brighten into
truth.

ON RICHES.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE ***.

To succour all whom grief or cares oppress,
To raise neglected merit from distress,
The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is Riches' grand prerogative. }
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
And thousands feel, and bless their power
in you.

But stay, my muse, nor rashly urge thy
theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verse in praise. Consider—very few
Can justly say one single line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to re-
cord,
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
An honest line prefer to a polite,
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.

But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,

Than the rough features of a H—R;
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;
But finisht well, there's nothing charms so
much.
A shining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the
heart.

Mæcenæ first the noble list shall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the first
place.

O dear to every muse! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! supporter of desert!
Is there a man, tho' poor, despis'd, oppress'd,
Yet whose superior genius shines confest;
Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,
Or the politer muse's sacred fire,
Learning and arts t' encourage and ex-
tend?

In thee he finds a patron and a friend.

Wealth thus bestow'd, returns in lasting
fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.

Next him from whom true virtue meets
reward,

Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, tho' blest with plenty, ease, and
health,

His every want supply'd from boundless
wealth,

Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows
To see, or hear, or think on others woes.
Is there a wretch with pricking want op-
press'd?

His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast,
Does any languish under dire disease?

Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And some expiring family undone?

Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:

O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief!
To feel, to sympathize, and give relief.

Sure, gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus
given,

Lies out at interest in the bank of heaven.

But where's th' advantage then, will Cor-
vus say,

If wealth is only lent to give away?

Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the power to
give!

Thou canst not feel it: True, 'tis too divine
For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.

Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;

His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods
are stor'd,

Inviting plenty smiles upon his board;

Easy and free, his friends his fortune
share,

Ev'n travelling strangers find a welcome
there;

Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,
He in return possesses all their hearts.

Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will
say,

That Comes idly throws his wealth away?

Is then the noble privilege to give,
The sole advantage we from wealth re-
ceive?

Whilst others wants or merits we supply,
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?

Doubtless you have. A thousand different
ways

Wealth may be self-enjoy'd, and all with
praise.

Whom truth and reason guides, or genius
fires,

Never need fear indulging his desires.
But shou'd pretending coxcombs, from this
rule,

Plead equal privilege to play the fool;
The muse forbids. She only gives to sense

The dangerous province to contrive ex-
pence.

Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes de-
light,

His house, his gardens charm the ravish'd
sight:

With beauty use, with grandeur neatness
joins,

And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis costly: True, but who can blame th' ex-
pence,

Where splendor borrows all her rays from
sense?

Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal
floods,

Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant
woods

Delight his eye; the warbling birds to
hear,

With rapture fills his soul, and charms his
ear.

In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,
Plan'd by himself, he spends the peaceful
hours:

Here serious thought pursues her thread
serene,

No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious silence aids th' attentive mind,

The God of nature in his works to find.

If this t' enjoy affords him most delight,
Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?

Publius in curious paintings wealth con-
sumes,

The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;
Various designs, from each enliven'd wall,

Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms
in all.

Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind
convey

A smiling country, or a stormy sea;
Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,

And ships in danger fright us from the
main.

There the past actions of illustrious men,
In strong description charm the world agen:

Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are
wrought,

All its just passions animate the draught.
But see new charms break in a flood of day,

See Loves and Graces on the canvas play;
Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,

And light shade retains the power to charm.
Who censures Publius, or condemns his
cost,

Must wish the nobler art of painting lost.

Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting
shews,

Critus admires her sister art, the muse,
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau

Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.
From these instructed, and from these in-
spir'd,

Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,

And from his sentence draw their hopes and
fears.

Hail, judge impartial! noble critic, hail!
In this thy day, good writing must prevail:

Our bards from you will hence be what they
shou'd,

Please and improve us, make us wise and
good.

Thus bless'd with wealth, his genius each
pursues,

In building, planting, painting, or the muse.
O envy'd power!—But you'll object and
say,

How few employ it in this envy'd way?
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do
good?

No: But they give him power, if once he
wou'd:

'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still,

Is it for gold the lawless villain spoils?
'Tis for the same the honest lab'rer toils.

Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:

Many, no doubt, thro' power of wealth op-
press,

But some, whom heaven reward, delight to
bless!

Then blame not gold, that men are proud
or vain,

Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affection rule a generous heart,

Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE ADVICE.

Dost thou, my friend, desire to rise
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,
With constant steps do thou pursue.
For as the coward-soul admires
That courage which the brave inspires;
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes such a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infest,
How is an honest man caress'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue safe rely.

A LADY'S SALUTATION TO HER
GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene; welcome, thou lov'd
retreat,
From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrapp'd in calm thought improve each
fleeting hour.
My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine
eyes,
To nature's God contemplative shall rise.
What are ye now, ye glittering, vain de-
lights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our
nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd
joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and
noise?
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how
mean,
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene?
Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending
arms
Enclose the fond admirer of our charms;
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful
guest,
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry
sweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling songs
repeat.
And O descend to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue
drest;
Content unenvious, ease with freedom
join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to
dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show
farewell.

And see, O see, the heav'n-born train ap-
pear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

SONG.

MAN 's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who wou'd trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wond'rous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

SONG.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

SONGS.

FROM THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

I.

OBSERVE the fragrant blushing rose,
Tho' in the humble vale it spring,
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
As in the garden of a king:
So calm content as oft is found complete
In the low cot, as in the lofty seat.

II.

Tho' darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight;
And from such scenes defend me,
As blush to see the light.
No villain's smile deceives me,
No gilded fop offends,
No weeping object grieves me,
Kind darkness me befriends.

Henceforth no useleſs wailings,
 I find no reaſon why;
 Mankind to their own failings
 Are all as blind as I.
 Who painted vice deſires,
 Is blind, whate'er he thinks;
 Who virtue not admires,
 Is either blind, or winks.

III.
 THE boy thus of a bird poſſeſt,
 At firſt how great his joys!
 He ſtrokes it ſoft, and in his breaſt,
 The little fav'rite lies:
 But ſoon as grown to riper age,
 The paſſion quits his mind,
 He hangs it up in ſome cold cage,
 Neglected and confin'd.

HAMILTON.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, a Scotch Poet, was born at Bangour, in Ayrſhire, in 1704, whence he is uſually known as Hamilton of Bangour. He joined the Pretender in 1745, and narrowly eſcaped being made priſoner after the Battle of Culloden. His poems are rich in fancy, feeling, elegance, and melodious verſification, and are fully entitled to hold the place which they have gained in the collected works of the British votaries of the lyre. He died in 1754.

FROM CONTEMPLATION, OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

O VOICE divine, whoſe heavenly ſtrain,
 No mortal meaſure may attain,
 O powerful to appeaſe the ſmart,
 That feſters in a wounded heart,
 Whoſe myſtic numbers can aſſuage
 The boſom of tumult'ous rage,
 Can ſtrike the dagger from deſpair,
 And ſhut the watchful eye of care.
 Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
 Hope comes, that cheers or ſoftens all;
 Expell'd by thee, and diſpoſſeſt,
 Envy forſakes the human breaſt.
 Full oft with thee the bard retires,
 And loſt to earth, to heav'n aſpires;
 How nobly loſt! with thee to rove
 Through the long deep'ning ſolemn grove,
 Or underneath the moonlight pale,
 To ſilence truſt ſome plaintive tale,
 Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
 While kings and all the proud reſe;
 Or where ſome holy aged oak,
 A ſtranger to the woodman's ſtroke,
 From the high rocks' aerial crown
 In twiſting arches bending down,
 Bathes in the ſmooth pellucid ſtream,
 Full oft he waits the myſtic dream,
 Of mankind's joys right underſtood,
 And of the all-prevailing good.
 Go forth invok'd, O voice divine!
 And iſſue from thy ſacred ſhrine.

Ascending heaven's height,
 Contemplation, take thy flight:
 Behold the ſun, through heav'n's wide ſpace,
 Strong as a giant, run his race:
 Behold the moon exert her light,
 As bluſhing bride on her love-night:
 Behold the ſiſter ſtarry train,
 Her bridemaids, mount the azure plain.
 See where the ſnows their treaſures keep;
 The chambers where the loud winds ſleep;
 Where the collected rains abide
 'Till heaven ſet all its windows wide,
 Precipitate from high to pour
 And drown in violence of ſhow'r:
 Or gently ſtrain'd they waſh the earth,
 And give the tender fruits a birth.
 See where thunder ſprings his mine;
 Where the paths of lightning ſhine.
 Or tir'd thoſe heights ſtill to purſue,
 From heav'n deſcending with the dew,
 That ſoft impregns the youthful mead,
 Where thouſand flowers exalt the head,
 Mark how nature's hand beſtows
 Abundant grace on all that grows,
 Tinged, with pencil ſlow unſeen,
 The graſs that clothes the valley green;
 Or ſpreads the tulip's parted ſtreaks,
 Or ſanguine dyes the roſe's cheeks,
 Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
 And forms her boſom's beauteous riſe.
 Ah! haunting ſpirit, art thou there!
 Forbidden in theſe walks t' appear.
 I thought O Love! thou wouldſt diſdain
 To mix with wiſdom's black ſlaid train;
 But when my curious ſearching look

A nice survey of nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untried
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendship's sacred force apply,
That source of tenderness and joy;
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:
Friendship shall all these ill appease,
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains, two sister minds:
Not such as servile int'rests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
'Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulness have tried;
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may stray
Through study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, heav'n, if heav'n means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.

* * *
Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpless and weary must thou yield
To love supreme in ev'ry field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend, hoary-mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away:
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sybil, lead,
Through the dominions of the dead;
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious Want no more
Shiv'ring begs at Grandeur's door;

Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And see a tomb, its gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants! that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?
And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know,
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.
O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.
Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love, dost thou tempt again? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bow'r, and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair;
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of human kind?
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
Hop'd I for these thou wouldst remove?
How near akin is grief to love?
Then no more I strive to slum
Love's chains: O heav'n! thy will be done.
The best physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The tyrant's love commands unblest:
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form belov'd shall ever fly.
The tyranny of love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

A SOLILOQUY.

MYSTERIOUS innate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's best exprest,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiplied distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death:

Can aught that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore?
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store?

Or does the muse?—'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease;—
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God, thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart 'midst suffering sing,
And 'midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious Heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

BROWNE.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE was a native of Burton upon Trent, and was born in 1706. He studied at Westminster, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn. He was a lawyer and a poet. He wrote an excellent Latin poem, „on the Immortality of the Soul”, which has been more than once translated and on which his reputation chiefly depends; but his best English Works are, a poem addressed to Highmore, the painter, „On design and beauty”, and „The Pipe of Tobacco”, in which he admirably imitates six poets of that period, viz. Cibber, Philips, Thomson, Young, Swift, and Pope. He died in 1776.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

IMITATION I.

COLLEY CIBBER.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVO.

OLD Battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her
head.

Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of
peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the wine and orange
boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming
coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and Freedom
crown'd;
E'en restless faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
British sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who when agen the night return
When agen the taper burns,
When agen the cricket 's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:

Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.

JAMES THOMSON.

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring
thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt his yellow
care,
And at each puff imagination burns:
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip, that chants thy
praise
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny
mines
Of ductile clay, with *plastic virtue* form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent pow'rs per-
fum'd,
Itself one tortoise all, *where shines imbibed*
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd
illuminate,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Marked with Gibsonian lore; forth issue
clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds
around,
And many-mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, *inhale* the breezy balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus went with thee to*
join,
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh be thou still *my great inspirer*, thou
My Muse; oh, fan me with thy zephyrs
boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IMITATION IV.

DR. YOUNG.

CRITICS avaunt! Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam,
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching
sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse in-
spire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit
fire.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Though Rapture sings and Beauty shines.

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

WINTER.

No more the morn with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flowers of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars;
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high;
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
Nor music charm, though Stella sings,
Nor love, nor wine the spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise,
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Not only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd;
Still wider spread thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

EPITAPH.

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F.R.S.

THE ELECTRICIAN.

Long hast thou borne the burden of the
day,
Thy task is ended, venerable Grey!

No more shall art thy dexterous hand re-
quire,
To break the sleep of elemental fire:
To rouse the power that actuates nature's
frame,
The momentaneous shock, th' electric flame,
The flame, which first, weak pupil of thy
lore,
I saw, condemn'd alas, to see no more.

Now, hoary sage, pursue thy happy flight
With swifter motion, haste to purer light,
Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with
Boyle,
To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,
Where intuition breathes through time and
space,
And mocks experiment's successive race;
Sees tardy Science toil at Nature's laws,
And wonders how th' effect obscures the
cause.

Yet not to deep research or happy guess
Is view'd the life of hope, the death of
peace;
Unblest the man whom philosophic rage
Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the
sage:
Not art but goodness pour'd the sacred ray
That cheer'd the parting hours of humble
Grey.

PARAPHRASE

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI, VERSES VI—XI,
"GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD".

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise.
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming
plain,

She crops the harvest, and she stores the
grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useless
hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy
powers?

While artful shades thy downy couch en-
close,

And soft solicitation courts repose.
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight;
Till want now following, fraudulent and
slow,

Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd
foe.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to
roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful
home,
Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean
yields;

He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry
fields;

Then dances jocund o'er the watery way,
While the breeze whispers, and the streamers
play:

Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
And future millions lift his rising soul,
In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby
shine.

Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the
skies,

Loud roar the billows, high the waves
arise;

Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the
shore,

And vows to trust the faithless deep no
more.

So the young author, panting after fame,
And the long honours of a lasting name,
Instructs his happiness to human kind,
More false, more cruel, than the seas, or wind.

"Toil on, dull crowd", in ecstasies he cries,
"For wealth, or title, perishable prize;
While I those transitory blessings scorn,
Secure of praise from ages yet unborn."

This thought once form'd, all counsel comes
too late,

He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;
Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
And feels the unfading wreath surround his
head.

Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be
wise,

Those dreams were Settle's once, and
Ogilby's!

The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses
rise,

To some retreat the baffled writer flies;
Where no sour critics snarl, no sneers molest,

Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging
jest;

There begs of heaven, a less distinguish'd
lot,

Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ODE.

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torment alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his light'nings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What raised our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES, IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and

hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of
fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous
pride,

To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.

How rarely reason guides the stubborn
choice,

Rules the bold hand, or prompts the sup-
pliant voice.

How nations sink, by darling schemes op-
press'd,

When vengeance listens to the fool's re-
quest.

Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive
dart,

Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful
breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the
bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of
mankind;

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian
draws,

For gold the hireling judge distorts the
laws;

Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor
safety buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings com-
mand,

And dubious titles shake the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the
sword,

How much more safe the vassal than the
lord:

Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of
power,

And leaves the wealthy traitor in the
Tower,

Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers
sound,

Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil
away.

Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding
joy,

Increase his riches and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,

The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring
shade,

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain
relief,

One shows the plunder, and one hides the
thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted
gales;

Few know the toiling statesman's fear or
care,

Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive
mirth,

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest;

Thou who couldst laugh where want en-
chain'd caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a
piece;

Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner
dy'd;

And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock
debate,

Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy
state;

Where change of favorites made no change
of laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a
cause;

How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish
tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing
gibe?

Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic
eye,

To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth main-
tain,

Whose joys are causeless; or whose griefs
are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's
mind,

Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice de-
clare,
Search every state, and canvass every
prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd prefer-
ment's gate,

A thirst for wealth, and burning to be
great;

Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks
their end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking states-
man's door

Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler
lies,

To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted
face,

That hung the bright palladium of the
place;

And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions
sold,

To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line,
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;

The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favorites'
zeal?

Through freedom's sons no more remon-
strance rings,

Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot
throats,

And ask no question but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers
consign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty
shine;

Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour
flows,

His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes
tower;

Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances
pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights subverted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train
of state

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign
to hate;

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's
eye,

His suppliants scorn him, and his followers
fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies op-
press'd,

He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of
kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble
peace repine,

Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end
be thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride con-
tent,

The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?

For why did Wolsey, near the steep of
fate,

On weak foundations raise th' enormous
weight?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's
knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd
Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to
shine,

And power too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his
name,

The young enthusiast quits his ease for
fame;

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the
gown:

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours
spread,

And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious
youth,

And Virtue guard thee to the throne of
Truth!

Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous
heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest
ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose de-
light,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for
thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine
eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be
wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when learning her last prize
bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or
aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Land.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines
content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets
the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and
sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous
tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia
whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the
world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the
Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce
can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsire's
wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right
convey
To rust on medals or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's
pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles
decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide do-
main,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the
field;
Behold surrounding kings their power com-
bine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her
charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd", he cries, "till
nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards
fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course
delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken
bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error
mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew
pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their scenes of pompous woes
afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain
prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no
more.
Fresh praise is try'd, till madness fires his
mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claim'd, new powers are
still bestow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he

gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the
dreaded coast,

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean
power,

With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his
sway;

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mourn-
ful charms,

The Queen, the beauty, sets the world in
arms;

From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of
praise.

The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the
war;

The baffled prince in honour's flattering
bloom

Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant
prays;

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to
know

That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons
pour,

The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower,
With listless eyes the dotard views the
store,

He views and wonders that they please no
more.

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless
wines,

And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing
strain,

Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious
ear,

Though dancing mountains witnessed Or-
pheus near:

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd
guest;

While growing hopes scarce awe the gather-
ing sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last of-
fense,

The daughter's petulance, the son's ex-
pence,

Improve his heady rage with treacherous
skill,

And mould his passions till they make his
will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire
blockade;

But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled
hands,

His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,

Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant the virtues of a temperate
prime

Bless with an age exempt from scorn or
crime;

An age that melts with unperciev'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;

Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience
cheers;

The general favorite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its
end?

Yet e'en on this her load misfortune
flings,

To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,

A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,

Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,

Still drops some joy from withering life
away;

New forms arise, and different views en-
gage,

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,

And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these
await,

Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search
descend,

By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,

Fears of the brave, and follies of the
wise?

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of
dotage flow,

And swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her
race,

Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty
 spring;
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a
 king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with
 art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms
 shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth
 your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate com-
 bines,
 The rival batters, and the lovers mines.
 With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance
 falls;
 Fir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery
 reign,
 And pride and prudence take her seat in
 vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass de-
 fend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private
 friend,
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
 To interest prudence; and to flattery
 pride.
 Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, dis-
 tress'd,
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.
 Where then shall hope and fear their ob-
 jects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant
 mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his
 fate?
 Must no dislike alarm no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion
 vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heaven the measure and the
 choice.
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence
 fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful
 mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For love, which scarce collective man can
 fill;
 For patience, sovereign, or transmuted ill;

For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of heaven
 ordain,

These goods he grants, who grants the
 power to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the
 mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye.
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
 Nor letter'd Arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of ev'ry day
 The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death brake at once the vital chain,
 And forced his soul the nearest way.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE OPENING
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous
foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare
rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he
drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd
new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded
reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth im-
press'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the
school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce
could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting
tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to
fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's
flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they
writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to
mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting
praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were
strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign
was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense be-
tray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as
refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;

From bard to bard the frigid caution
crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to
tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to
quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of
Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her
sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times ex-
plore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in
store:
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet
dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of
chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may
dance.
Hard is his lot that here by Fortune
plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the
day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our
choice,
The stage but echoes back the public
voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons
give,
For we that live to please, must please to
live.
Then prompt no more the follies you
decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to
die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign com-
mence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of
show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the
stage.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born in 1709, at Castleton, in Roxburgshire. He was a physician and poet. His permanent reputation is founded on his poem "The Art of Preserving Health;" it is one over which no other English Composition of the same class can claim superiority. He died September 1779.

RAISED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE LATE RETURN
OF A MESSENGER.

IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

OF all the monsters of the humankind
What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.
You wonder how without one lib'ral joy
The steady miser can his years employ,
Without one friend; howe'er his fortunes
 thrive,
Despis'd and hated how he bears to live.
With honest warmth of heart, with some
 degree
Of pity that such wretched things should be,
You scorn the sordid knave.—

Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow!
Unhappy too who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay,
Who scornful of the flatt'rer's fawning art
Dreads e'en to pour his gratitude of heart,
And with a distant lover's silent pain
Must the best movements of his soul restrain!
But men sagacious to explore mankind,
Trace e'en the coyest passions of the mind.
Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad distress demands it still:
This with the gen'rous lays distinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.

LEARN temp'rance, Friends! and hear
without disdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coran sage

Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:
What least of foreign principles partakes,
Is best; the lightest then what bears the
touch

Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most unsipid, the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountains from his horrid
sides

Pours down, such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts,
And summer's heat secure. The crystal
stream

Thro' rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields whole-
some, pure,

And mellow draughts, except when winter
thaws,

And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were e'er so resolute avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drousy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals,
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green,
Squalid with generation and the birth
Of little monsters) till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow;
But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream, tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,
Perhaps more active: wine unmix'd, and all
The gluy floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire,
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embody'd mass. You see what countless
years,

Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture and unchang'd
remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we
blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and misery; for the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide,
And with more active poison than the
floods

Of grosser crudity convey pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly Deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE TRANSIENTNESS OF ALL THINGS.

WHAT does not fade? The tow'r that long
had stood,

The crush of thunder, and the warring winds
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tott'ring empires rush by their own
weight.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die, and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws:
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
Being in various systems fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will:
New worlds are still emerging from the
deep,
The old descending in their turns to rise.

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

OBSERVE the circling year how unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! behold by slow degrees
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring,
The ripen'd spring a milder summer glows,
Departing summer sheds Pomona's store,
And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come these dangers come not
void

Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid
reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funeral Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black Fates deform the lovely
spring.

He well advis'd who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender
blade,
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's
rays;
For while th' effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by, and Autumn, sick to
death,

With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

LYTTELTON.

LORD GEORGE LYTTELTON was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., and was born at Hagley, January 17, 1709. He was educated at Eton, and Christ Church College, Oxford. He died in 1773.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE FIRST LADY LYTTELTON.

A MONODY.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim
a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to
dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embowering
shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves! ye gently-falling rills!
Ye high o'ershadowing hills!
Ye lawns! gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore:
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless
night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd
to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark
divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods
rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to
sing
The sweetest songsters of the spring,
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no
more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets! now resume your
song,
And thou, melodious Philomel!
Again thy plaintive story tell;

For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling
notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer Sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide,
Along the valley, can she now be found.
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample
bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear
relics lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your
boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's
God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful
fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant
lawns
By your delighted Mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender
care
To every virtue would have form'd your
youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways
of truth?
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched Father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd
with woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless
age to save?

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless
Fate

From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal
blow?

Could not your favoring power, Aonian
maids,

Could not alas! your power prolong her
date,

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains
hoar,

You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your
spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play,

Nor then on Mincio's¹ bank
Beset with osiers dank,

Nor where Clitumnus² rolls his gentle
stream,

Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep Anio³ pours his floods,

Nor yet where Meles⁴ or Ilissus⁵ stray.
Ill does it now beseem,

That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling
should be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys

Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece
and Rome,

And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praise

Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire

Bright sparkling could inspire,

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her
mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now
consign'd?

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
tomb:

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's
urn

Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic
lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar
grace!

How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul
distinctly spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts
agree

With candid Truth's simplicity,
And incorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:

How in the thoughtless days of wealth and
joy,

Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart,

To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself, when in distress,

The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, bene-
volent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:

A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

¹ The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

² The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

³ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

⁴ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

⁵ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Or Interest, or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober
hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty before it cast;
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere!
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on and sunk her to
the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle
gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets
rise,

On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian
queen.

But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,

Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its
leaves, and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre.

Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land

Was spread the fame of thy disastrous
love;

To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to
pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to
mine?

To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;

The joys of wedded love were never thine:
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,

Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid
head

Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a Father's
tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms

Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition
give?

Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd
praise,

Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless
thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;

Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief
In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favorite author we together read,

My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of
Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying course per-
form'd,

And back return'd again:
Another and another smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd

Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,

And every scheme of bliss our hearts had
form'd,

With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—

Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,

Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should
fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that
will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her
control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to
raise

Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall
miss;

There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide
you more.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

WRITTEN IN 1731.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda! hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from
men;
Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater's your sincerity to hear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends;
All who approach them their own ends
pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true:
Hence oft from reason heedless Beauty
strays,
And the most trusted guide the most
betrays;
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd power
amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize you're most
abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress and all the joys,

For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to
school,
And each instructed feature has its rule;
And yet how few have learnt when this is
given

Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can
move!

How few are lovely that are made for love!
Do you, my Fair! endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pre-
tence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense,
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble women to sustain;
Of those who claim it more than half have
none,

And half of those who have it are undone.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a
light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign;
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
To dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should
move;
Th' important business of your life is love:
To this great point direct your constant
aim,

This makes your happiness, and this your
fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse, but then be fondly
kind,
The selfish heart that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful
heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well plac'd
flame;

Not loving first but loving wrong is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain:
Short is the period of insulting power;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love:
For her inconstant man might cease to
range,

And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace
 destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let reason teach what passion fain would
 hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should
 be ty'd.
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
 If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be
 o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they
 stain,
 And that fond love which should afford
 relief
 Does but increase the anguish of their
 grief,
 While both could easier their own sorrows
 bear
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's
 care.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favor-
 ing heaven,
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,
 Think not the husband gain'd that all is
 done;
 The prize of happiness must still be won;
 And oft the careless find it to their cost
 The lover in the husband may be lost;
 The Graces might alone his heart allure;
 They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing
 dress
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
 From kind concern about his weal or woe
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
 The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his servant to appear:
 Endearing thus the common acts of life
 The mistress still shall charm him in the
 wife,
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come
 on
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
 E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd
 burn.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKEN-
 HAM, WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,
 IN AUGUST 1735.

Go, THAMES! and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms that
 crown
 Thy rural flowery side.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has placed
 The Muses' green retreat,
 With every smile of nature graced,
 With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard! thy heavenly song
 Enchants us here no more,
 Their darling glory lost too long
 Thy once loved shades deplore.

Yet still for beauteous Greville's sake,
 The Muses here remain;
 Greville! whose eyes have power to make
 A Pope of every swain.

EPISTLE

TO THE REV'D. DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

SAY, dearest friend! how roll thy hours
 away,
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
 Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to
 scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians scorn to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty,
 How the same hands that tyrants durst
 control,
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the
 pole,
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd,
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm
 admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could in-
 spire,
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows,
 Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?
 Does calm philosophy her aid impart
 To guide the passions and to mend the
 heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learned
 the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend,
 For which alone by Nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not like a cloister'd drone to read and doze,
 In undeserving undeserv'd repose;

But Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear,
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn
mind.

Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms
tear,

Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care,
Safe in the port, yet laboring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous
main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster thus supports his drooping
age,

Far from court-flattery, far from party rage;
He who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then and now her
mildest guide!

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth my friend! be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
Learn not to flatter nor insult the crown,
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love to fear:
The priest who plagues the world can never
mend;

No foe to man was e'er to God a friend,
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and
vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth and suit my
age,

In various knowledge to improve my
youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions and my views extend,
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedant's
show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught by custom's force and bigot
fear,
To serve with pride and boast the yoke
they bear,
Whose nobles born to cringe and to com-
mand,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous
band,
From each low stool of power content
receive

Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe
give;

Whose people (vain in want, in bondage
blest,

Though plunder'd gay, industrious though
oppress'd)

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to
sport

In the short sunshine of a favoring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in
wit,

Who from the ancients like the ancients
writ,

Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame;
Here Moliere, first of comic wits excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,

By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with
ease:

Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille
inspire

Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force
and fire;

Now sweet Racine with milder influence
move

The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway,
Proud palaces that drain'd the subjects' store
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and
poor,

Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter
state,

And painted triumphs style Ambition great¹.
With more delight those pleasing shades
I view

Where Conde from an envious court with-
drew²,

Where sick of glory, faction, power, and
pride,

(Sure judge how empty all who all had
try'd!)

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury³,
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour
In the wild riot of unbounded power,

Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend
detain'd,

Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind

From present joys to dearer left behind.
O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat!

At thought of thee my bounding pulses
beat;

¹ The victories of Louis XIV, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

² Chantilly.

³ St. Cloud.

At thought of thee my heart impatient
burns,
And all my country on my soul returns;
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous
grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious
swain?
When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
When in the shade of laws that long have
stood
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their
blood,
Of fearless independance wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race
disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging
voice

Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories
see,
And tells me these like England once were
free!

EPISTLE

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has
wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove,
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd ages last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is
writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit:
For now no more these climes their in-
fluence boast,
Fall'n's their glory und their virtue lost;
From tyrants and from priests the Muses
fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Now Baiæ, now nor Umbria's plains they
love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades where cheer'd with summer
rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate.

Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their
yoke,
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is
fled,
But there the source of science flows no
more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world
before.
Illustrious names that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command mankind,
Chiefs by whose virtue mighty Rome was
rais'd,
And poets whom those chiefs sublimely
prais'd!

Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit and your urns adore,
Oft kiss with lips devout some mould'ring
stone

With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown,
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers
I strew'd,

While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom
glow'd,

Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise.

"Stranger", he said, "whose pious hand has
paid

"These grateful rights to my attentive
shade,

"When thou shalt breathe thy happy native
air,

"To Pope this message from his master
bear:

"Great Bard! whose numbers I myself
inspire,

"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
"If high exalted on the throne of wit,

"Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
"No more let meaner satire dim the rays

"That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
"In all the flowery paths of Pindars stray,

"But shun that thorny that unpleasing way,
"Nor when each soft engaging muse is
thine,

"Address the least attractive of the nine.
"Of thee more worthy were the task to
raise

"A lasting column to thy country's praise,
"To sing the land which yet alone can boast

"That liberty corrupted Rome has lost,
"Where Science in the arms of peace is
laid,

"And plants her palm beside the olive's
shade.

"Such was the theme for which my lyre
I strung,

"Such was the people whose exploits I sung,

"Brave, yet refin'd; for arms and arts re-
 nown'd;
 "With different bays by Mars and Venus
 crown'd;
 "Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 "But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
 "If these commands submissive thou re-
 ceive,
 "Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall
 live,
 "Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
 "And howl with furies in tormenting fire,
 "Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 "And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

PART OF AN EPITAPH ON
 LADY LYTTTELTON.

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
 Though meek, magnanimous; tho' witty,
 wise;
 Polite as all her life in courts had been,
 Yet good as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 Her form each beauty of her mind exprest;
 Her mind was virtue by the Graces drest.

HAMMOND.

JAMES HAMMOND, an elegiac poet, was born in 1710. He was educated at Westminster School and appointed equerry in waiting to Frederic, Prince of Wales. He was brought into parliament in 1741 for Truro, in Cornwall. His health and intellect was seriously affected by an unrequited attachment to a young Lady, who rejected his addresses, and it is not improbable that this circumstance contributed to his premature death. His elegies are principally in imitation of Tibullus, but possess much tenderness and elegance. He died in June 1742 at the seat of Lord Cobham, at Stowe.

ELEGY.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA,
 AND THAT, CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER, THEY
 ARE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

LET others boast their heaps of shining
 gold,
 And view their fields, with waving plenty
 crown'd,
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror
 hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never
 sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
 But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
 And plant my orchard with its master's
 hand,
 Nor blush to spread the day, the hook to
 wield,
 Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
 Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
 And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
 And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
 Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
 Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,
 By shady rivers indolently stray,
 And with my Delia, walking side by side,
 Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
 To stop, and gaze at Delia as I go!
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's
 dream,
 In silent happiness I rest unknown;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem,
 I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possest,
 Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
 And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
 Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
 The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise and plead Britannia's glorious
cause
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention
draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's
wrongs
My humble voice shall please one partial
maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural
friend;
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron call the best.

Her be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender innocence am blest,
The favorite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's
brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur
weep,

By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to
sleep?

On Delia I'll gaze, when other's loves are
o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold
hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought
withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments
kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing
hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee
still.

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful
bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh! leave me, Delia, ere thou see me
dead
These weeping friends will do thy mournful
part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender
tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves
relate.

MOORE.

EDWARD MOORE, a poet and dramatic writer, was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, March 22, 1712. He was the third son of a dissenting minister and was placed with an eminent wholesale linen-draper in London. Having acquired some knowledge of the trade, he went to Ireland, as a factor, and resided there for some years. He at length quitted business and devoted himself to literary pursuits. His poems are admitted to possess considerable elegance, particularly his "Fables for the fair sex." He also attempted dramatic composition; but failed in comedy, although his Trajedy of the "Gamester" is still represented. He died in 1757.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY
OF BIRDS.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

THE moral lay to beauty due
I write, Fair Excellence! to you,
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.

Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart,
And show the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from Wisdom's
way.

I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood:
Your monument if actions raise
Shall I deface by idle praise?

I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promisc'ous as they pass;
Should folly there her likeness view
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue in ev'ry clime and age
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While satire, that offends the ear
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.
Premising this your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their prayers address'd:
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sat
Decider of the grand debate.

The Pie, to trust and power preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard:
Says he, "Prolixity of phrase
"You know I hate. This libel says
"Some birds there are who prone to noise
"Are hir'd to silence Wisdom's voice,
"And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
"Rise by their emptiness to power.
"That this is aim'd direct at me
"No doubt you'll readily agree;
"Yet well this sage assembly knows
"By parts to government I rose;
"My prudent counsels prop the state;
"Magpies are never known to prate."

The Kite rose up; his honest heart
In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.
"That there were birds of prey he knew,
"So far the libeller said true,
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
"Who knew no interest but their own,
"Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
"Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd;
"This might be true, but if apply'd
"To him, in troth the sland'rer ly'd:
"Since ign'rance then might be misled
"Such things he thought were best un-
said."

The Crow was vex'd: as yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case:

"That Magpies prate it may be true,
"A Kite may be voracious too,
"Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
"He libels not who strikes at these:
"The slander's here—'But there are birds,
"Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words,
"Blund'rers who level in the dark,
"And always shoot beside the mark!
"He names not me, but these are hints
"Which manifest at whom he squints;
"I were indeed that blund'ring fowl
"To question if he meant an Owl."
"Ye wretches hence!" the Eagle cries,
"Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
"The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
"Secur'd by innocence from harm,
"While Guilt and his associate Fear
"Are startled at the passing air."

FABLES FOR THE FAIR.

ON FLATTERY.

THE man who seeks to win the fair
(So custom says) must truth forbear,
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky,
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness which she cannot bear.
A rudeness! yes: I speak my thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
How, wretched Cloe! then am I
Who love you and yet cannot lie,
And still to make you less my friend
I strive your errors to amend!

Would you the bloom of youth should
last?

'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve or levity,
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art,
Humility enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time which all things else removes
Still heightens virtue and improves.
You'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose,
The lily and the blushing rose,

From public view her charms will screen
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, "Sure there never was in nature
"So elegant, so fine a creature!
"All other insects that I see,
"The frugal ant, industrious bee,
"Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
"With all that low mechanic crew
"Who servilely their lives employ
"In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
"Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
"For grandeur only I was born,
"Or sure am sprung from race divine,
"And plac'd on earth to live and shine:
"Those lights that sparkle so on high
"Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,
"And kings on earth their gems admire
"Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke: attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forebore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

"Deluded fool! with pride elate,
"Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
"Less dazzling, long thou might'st have
lain
"Unheeded on the velvet plain:
"Pride soon or late degraded mourns,
"And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL,
AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor fair,
The crystal shines with fainter rays

Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
And fops will say the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes;
But I, who deal in truth, deny,
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'nt I the fragrant breeze inhale
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast
If you are lonelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due
By praising them I flatter you,
And praising most I still declare
You fairest where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sat,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat in turn drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew
And straight the flatt'ning morsel threw;
Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

"They only claim a right to eat
"Who earn by services their meat:
"Me, zeal and industry inflame
"To scour the fields and spring the game,
"Or, plunging in the wint'ry wave,
"For man the wounded bird to save.
"With watchful diligence I keep
"From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep,
"At home his midnight hours secure,
"And drive the robber from the door:
"For this his breast with kindness glows,
"For this his hand the food bestows;
"And shall thy indolence impart
"A warmer friendship to his heart;
"That thus he robs me of my due
"To pamper such vile things as you?"

"I own", with meekness puss reply'd,
"Superior merit on your side,
"Nor does my breast with envy swell
"To find it recompens'd so well;
"Yet I, in what my nature can,
"Contribute to the good of man,
"Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
"Who drives the vermin from the house?
"Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
"From lurking rats secures the grain?
"From hence if he rewards bestow
"Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
"Why pine my happiness to see,
"Since there's enough for you and me?"

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;

They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,

For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;

Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,

And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,

But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;

And as they look'd they found their horror grew,

And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)

A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!

Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,

On which the tribe their gambols do display;

And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,

Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,

And eyes her airy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:

Her apron, dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield

Tway birchen sprays with anxious fear entwined,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;

And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,

And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,

The childish faces of old Æol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,

How then would fare, or Earth, or Sky, or Main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?

And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,

And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,

Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;

A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;

'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;

'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;

'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;

And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,

Through pious awe did term it passing rare,

For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title and debauch her ear;

Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;

Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove

Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:

For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,

Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,

Such favour did her past deportment claim;

And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
 Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
 Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
 And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found,
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.

Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete:
 If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;

And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
 The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortuous death was true Devotion's meed,
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn.
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
 Ah, dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
 By the sharp tooth of cankering Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd;
 The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd:
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love aech other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair;
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St. George's high achievements does declare,
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
 Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
 As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,

Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light!

And down they drop, appears his dainty
skin,

Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook ob-
scure,

His little sister doth his peril see:

All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,

And wrings her so that all for pity she
could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks com-
mand,

And hardly she forbears, through awful
fear,

To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous
hand,

To stay harsh Justice in its mid career;

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!

(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful
blow!)

She sees no kind domestic visage near,

And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;

And gives a loose at last to unavailing
woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may
trace?

Or what device his loud laments explain?

The form uncouth of his disguised face?

The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?

The plenteous shower that does his cheek
distain?

When he, in abject wise, implores the
dame,

Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;

Or when from high she levels well her
aim,

And, through the thatch, his cries each fall-
ing stroke proclaim.

The other tribe aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle

care;

By turns, astonfy'd, every twig survey,

And, from their fellows' hateful wounds,
beware,

Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
share;

Till fear has taught them a performance
meet,

And to the well-known chest the dame re-
pair,

Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth
them greet,

And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes,
doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry
glee,

And in beseemly order sitten there;

All but the wight of bum y-galled, he

Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and
chair,

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his
hair;)

And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
breast,

Convulsions intermitting! does declare

His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust be-
hest;

And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to
be carress'd.

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple

flower,

Which low to earth its drooping head de-
clines,

All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower;

O the hard bosoms of despotic Power!

All, all, but she, the author of his shame,

All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;

Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r
shall claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending worth
and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,

Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,

But to the wind all merriment resigns,

And deems it shame if he to peace in-
clines;

And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he de-
signs;

And still the more to pleasure him she's
bent,

The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour
past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!

But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment

see

Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler
fires;

Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,

All coward arts, is Valour's generous heat;

The firm fixt breast which fit and right re-
quires,

Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly
great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery
false deceit.

ELEGY.

HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY, AND TAKES OCCASION TO EXPATiate IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius which secures my rest
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless Friends! depart;
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame!

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn!
Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery, sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of lovesick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on—plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.
But thou, my friend; while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art control
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
"Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft, whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away,
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
To wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
Near font or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY.

HE COMPARES THE TURBULENCE OF LOVE WITH THE TRANQUILLITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO MELISSA, HIS FRIEND.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I pass awhile to Friendship's equal skies;
Thou, generous Maid! reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.
'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care;
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah! dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love!
Lose is a pleasing but a various clime.

So smiles immortal Maro's favorite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd;
When straight Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh! blissful regions! O! unrivall'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh! fatal realms! and, oh! accurs'd domains!
When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous
main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons
play,
When some rude winds their wonted rule
regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
E'en hope subside, amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the
wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY.

HE DESCRIBES HIS VISION TO AN
ACQUAINTANCE.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd, like a faithless
friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray:
E'en the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the
day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing
sound;
The Village cur'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine
ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breath'd his native
air,
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all
was fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet
crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the
ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
"Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst
thou stray?"

"Does wealth or power thy weary step con-
strain?"

"Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know I trod the trophy'd paths of
power,

"Felt every joy that fair ambition brings,

"And left the lonely roof of yonder bower
"To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hinds the towering ardour
share,

"Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone;

"I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy
care,

"And bade his wholesome dictates guard
the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;

"I saw proud empires my decision wait:

"My will was duty, and my word was law,

"My smile was transport, and my frown
was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor power I seek, nor
gain;

Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils en-
dure;

A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a
cure.

He, the dear youth! to whose abodes I
roam,

Nor can mine honours nor my fields ex-
tend;

Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills de-
fend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintry
wind;

The Spring to shade me robes her fairest
tree!

And if a friend my grass-grown threshold
find,

Oh! how my lonely cot resounds with glee.

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,

I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;

And tho' no friend to fame's obstreperous
blast,

Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign ad-
dress;

Too mean to think that honours are my
due;

Yet should some patron yield my stores to
bless,

I sure should deem my boundless thanks were
few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire,
Shott'st blazing forth, disdaining dull de-
grees,

Should I to wealth, to fame, to power,
aspire,

Must I not pass more rugged paths than
these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load?
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or Falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?
Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that ere I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?
Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed, where social joys invite!
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY

TO FORTUNE, SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVE FOR
REPINEING AT HER DISPENSATIONS.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian marble rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear:

"Forbear, vain Youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
"Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
"The peach's vernal but regal'd his eye,
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream, that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distill!
How must Velino shake his reedy crest!
How every cygnet mock the boastful rill!
Fortune, I yield; and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye Storms! destroy my rising pile:
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
That his rude voice, his gratin greed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia, bear?
Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
 "Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu!"
 So talk the wise, who judge of shape and
 air,
 But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of
 clowns?
 'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they
 see:
 'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
 And my last gasp shall curses breathe on
 thee.

ELEGY.

HE COMPLAINS HOW SOON THE PLEASING
 NOVELTY OF LIFE IS OVER.

AH me! my Friend! it will not, will not
 last!

That fairy scene, that cheats our youthful
 eyes;
 The charm dissolves, th' aerial music's past;
 The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich per-
 fumes,
 Where the gay tapers, where the spacious
 dome?
 Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson
 plumes,

And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom
 vain!

What has the world to bribe our steps
 astray!

Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
 The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses
 roll'd,

Scarce shown the whole that Fortune can
 supply,

Since not the miser so caress'd his gold
 As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some spright-
 ly part,

To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
 'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh! my foolish
 heart!

Substantial joy was fix'd in power and
 place.

And you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
 The breathing picture and the living stone:

"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heaven and
 Fate deny,

"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my
 own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely
 spoil,
 The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's
 pride,
 I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight
 oil—

But soon the paths of health and fame
 divide!

Oft, too, I pray'd; 'twas Nature form'd the
 prayer

To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
 To see my trees express their planter's
 care,

And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er;
 A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
 A fond aspiring candidate no more,
 I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O Youth! enchanting stage, profusely
 bless'd!

Bless e'en obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
 Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
 Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then close the breast as opening roses fair;
 More free, more vivid, than the linnet's
 wing;

Honest as light, transparent e'en as air,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the Spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort that dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of
 care!

Parent of raptures, dear Deceit! adieu;
 And you, her daughters, pining with de-
 spair,

Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
 Again to trace the wintry tracks of
 snow!

Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self same hawthorns bud, and cowslips
 blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
 We start false joys, and urge the devious
 race,

A tender prey; that cheers our youthful
 morn,

Then sinks untimely and defrauds the
 chase.

ELEGY.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid
 wave;
 Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
 The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
 The sordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my
 groves,
 Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd
 fold;
 He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r;
 My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold,
 My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
 Abjure these scenes from venal passions
 free;
 Know in this grove I vow'd perpetual
 hate,
 War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
 I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name:
 Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with
 flowers,
 Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

"Damon (she cry'd), if pleas'd with honest
 praise,

"Thou court success by virtue or by song,
 "Fly the false dictates of the venal race,
 "Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

"Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
 "Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries
 more;
 "Brand thou their lives, and brand their
 lifeless day."

The winning phantom urg'd me, and I
 swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd:
 "Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Powers!
 "Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I
 said;
 And threw my javelin towards their hostile
 towers.

Think not regretful I survey the deed,
 Or added years no more the zeal allow;
 Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless
 foe,
 Such generous hate the Punic Champion
 bore;

Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
 And Cannæ's walls and Trebia's crimson
 shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's
 fame:

Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
 Whilst humble lyres his civic worth pro-
 claim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
 Patient the victor's lucid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding
 scale,
 Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
 He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
 He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

"Think not (he cry'd), ye view the smiles
 of ease,

"Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's
 pain;

"I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to
 peace,

"Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.

"But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 "Seems it less timely than the grief ye
 show?

"O Sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
 "The sordid source of your indecent woe.

"Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless
 eyes

"When your fleet perish'd on the Punic
 wave:

"Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy
 sigh,

"When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a
 slave?

"Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd, honour'd
 shade!

"Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
 "Had freedom shar'd the vow to Fortune
 paid,

"She, ne'er like Fortune, had forsook thy
 shore."

He ceas'd.—Abash'd the conscious audience
 hear,

Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold,
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a
 tear,

And falling, moistens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY.

TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS; COMPLAINING
HOW MUCH HIS BENEVOLENCE SUFFERS ON
ACCOUNT OF HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art
employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can
shower,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy
That pleas'd my fair—but Fate deny'd my
power.

Bless'd were my lot to feed the social
fires!

To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And for my transport on his smile depend!

Bless'd, too, is he, whose evening ramble
strays

Where droop the sons of Indigence and
Care!

His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest
prayer!

And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious
light!

To spare the modest blush; the gift unseen!
Like showers that fall behind the vale of
night,

Yet deeply tinge the smiling veil with
green.

But happiest they who drooping realms
relieve!

Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds
grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive
shade,

To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine,
To hear it grateful own the generous aid:
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be
mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
While prose or song the languid hours
amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jessamine
bowers,

And urge with trivial cares the loitering
year;

Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my
flowers,

Then, unlamented, press an earlier bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may
share,

Some hireling hand a fading wreath be-
stow;

The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as
fair,

As when their master smil'd to see them
glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan
choir;

The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;

O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon.

While the rude hearse conveys me slow
away,

And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the fates decree;

Pleas'd from the list of my inglorious days,
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss
and me.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around:

Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear!
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and
groves,

Wath strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves

From the thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons
breed;

But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove,
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine,
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time,
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight
With which my favor'd crook she bound,
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd,
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide,

Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But, sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more
bright

Than other banks, than other streams,
Or by the soft'ning pencil shown,
Assumed they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleas'd in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode;
E'en let me bid my lyre adieu;
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly waste did I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

ODE TO INDOLENCE.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd grove,
Careless fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows,
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy votary shall be found,
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race! ye factious train!
That haunt ambition's guilty shrine,
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant Queen! be kind:
If e'er I shared thy balmy power,
If e'er I swayed my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
Each unavailing sigh remove,
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,
SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER
MANNER OF EXPRESSION.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray!
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill
With native plants enamell'd o'er!
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose:
And, oh! my Laura, ere you try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excel:
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd;
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, an admired English poet, was born in London, in 1716. He was the son of a money scrivener, and educated at Eton, and Peter House, Cambridge. He entered himself at the Inner Temple with the intention of studying for the bar. Mr. Horace Walpole, the son of the celebrated statesman, who had become intimate with Gray, during the time he was at Eton, invited him to accompany him in a tour through Europe; which invitation he accepted, and thus resigned his purpose of following the law. He, however, separated from Walpole at Reggio and returned to England in 1741. He then passed several years in literary retirement, forming many schemes, but, not possessing sufficient energy to mature them. It was not until 1747 that he published his "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College". He was a man of extensive erudition and highly cultivated taste. His "Elegy written in a country churchyard" received universal applause and proves the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark "that it comes home to men's business and bosoms". Dr. Aikin says "that no performance of the elegiac kind can compare with it either in splendor or in dignity". Gray died July 30, 1771.

ODE,
ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.
YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,

Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah! tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice
And grinning infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE,

ON THE PROGRESS OF POESY. PINDARIC.

I, 1.
AWAKE, Æolian lyre! awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings;
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress
take;
The laughing flowers, that round them
blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden
reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to
the roar.

I, 2.
Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing
airs,

Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft con-
trol.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd thy fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy com-
mand:

Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of
his eye.

I, 3.
THEE, the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to the warbled lay:

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures!

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach
declare,

Where'er she turns the Graces homage
pay:

With arms sublime, that float upon the
air,

In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom,
move

The bloom of young desire and purple light
of Love.

II, 1.
MAN's feeble race what ills await!

Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms
of Fate!

The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly
Muse?

Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding
cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering
shafts of war.

II, 2.
In climes beyond the Solar Road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built moun-
tains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull
abode:

And oft', beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky
loves.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind and freedom's holy
flame.

II, 3.
Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or Meander's amber waves

In lingering lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,

Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound,

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-en-
circled coast.

III, 1.
FAR from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling
laid,

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

"This pencil take (she said), whose colours
clear

Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal
boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling Fears,

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
Tears."

III, 2.
Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,

The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place
and time:

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous
car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-
resounding pace.

III, 3.

HARK! his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn;

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh, lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft' before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant
way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above
the great.

ODE.

THE BARD. PINDARIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I, 1.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
'Confusion on thy banners wait;
'Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state.
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant! shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's
tears!
Such were the sounds that e'er the crested
pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long
array.
Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless
trance:
'To arms!' cried Mortimer and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

1, 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of Woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood:
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled
air.)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's
fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert
cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms
they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewel-
lyn's lay.

I, 3.

'COLD is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains! ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
topp'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale;
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companion of my tuneful art,
'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my
heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep:
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit; they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land;
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
thy line.'

II, 1.

'WEAVE the warp, and weave the woof,
'The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
'Give ample room and verge enough
'The characters of hell to trace.
'Mark the year, and mark the night,
'When Severn shall re-echo with affright
'The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof
that ring,
'Shrieks of an agonizing king!
'She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
'That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled
mate,
'From thee be born, who o'er thy country
hangs

"The scourge of Heaven. What terrors
round him wait!

"Amazement in his van, with Flight com-
bin'd,

"And sorrow's faded form, and Solitude be-
hind.

II, 2.

"MIGHTY Victor, mighty lord,

"Low on his funeral couch he lies!

"No pitying heart, no eye afford,

"A tear to grace his obsequies.

"Is the sable warrior fled?

"Thy son is gone; he rests among the
dead.

"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam
were born,

"Gone to salute the rising morn.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,

"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the
helm:

"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway,

"That hush'd in grim repose, expects his
evening-prey.

II, 3.

"FILL high the sparkling bowl,

"The rich repast prepare;

"Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
feast.

"Close by the regal chair

"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

"A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

"Heard ye the din of battle bray,

"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

"Long years of havoc urge their destin'd
course,

"And thro' the kindred squadrons mow
their way.

"Ye Tow'rs of Julius! London's lasting
shame,

"With many a foul and midnight murder
fed,

"Revere his consort's faith, his Father's fame

"And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

"Above, below, the Rose of snow,

"Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread;

"The bristled Boar in infant gore

"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed
loom,

"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
his doom."

III, 1.

"EDWARD, lo! to sudden fate

"(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun.)

"Half of thy heart we consecrate;

"(The web is wove; the work is done.)

"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to
mourn.

"In yon' bright track, that fires the western
skies,

"They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

"But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
height,

"Descending slow their glittering skirts un-
roll!

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

"Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

"No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:

"All hail, ye genuine Kings; Britannia's
issue, hail!

III, 2.

"GIRT with many a baron bold

"Sublime their starry fronts they rear,

"And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

"In bearded majesty appear;

"In the midst a form divine!

"Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,

"Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,

"Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

"What strings symphonious tremble in the
air!

"What strains of vocal transport round her
play!

"Hear from the grave, great Taliessin! hear!

"They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

"Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she
sings,

"Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-
colour'd wings.

III, 3.

"THE verse adorn again

"Fierce War, and faithful Love,

"And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.

"In buskin'd measures move

"Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,

"With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast.

"A voice, as of the cherub-choir,

"Gales from blooming Eden bear,

"And distant warblings lessen on my ear,

"That lost in long futurity expire.

"Fond impious man! think'st thou yon' san-
guine cloud,

"Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the
orb of day?

"To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

"And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

"Enough for me: with joy I see

"The different doom our Fates assign:

"Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;

"To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the moun-
tain's height,

Deep in the roaring tide, he plunged to
endless night.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in the adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore,
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at
 others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again
 believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thoughts profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing
 tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)
 With thundering voice, and threatening
 mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly
 Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself
 a man.

RETURNING HEALTH.

SEE the Wretch that long has toss'd
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe and walk again:
 The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary
 way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to
 me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the Moon com-
 plain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
 shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moulder-
 ing heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly
 bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
 burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening-care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
 broke;

How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and
fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er un-
roll;

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless
breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to com-
mand,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confin'd;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife,

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
ture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' un-
letter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look be-
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd
dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
late;

If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate;—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,

His listless length at noon-tide would he
stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would
rove;
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd
hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw
him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read)
the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged
thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame un-
known;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he
wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ON EDUCATION.

AS SICKLY plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous
birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant
veins;
And, as in climes where Winter holds his
reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in
vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to
rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish
skies:

So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended, by those kindly
cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the
opening heart,
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal,
hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the
land:
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling
fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
The spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the
day,
His sable sons with nearer course sur-
rounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has
given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from
pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy
draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause:
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe,
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile, and sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate con-
fin'd,
To different climes seem different souls
assign'd?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwill-
ing deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood pre-
vail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of
war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy
sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods, were
rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic
coast,
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields,

With grim delight the brood of winter view
 A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
 Scent the new fragrance of the breathing
 rose,
 And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
 While European freedom still withstands
 The encroaching tide that drowns her less-
 ening lands,
 And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
 Her native plains and empires once her
 own?
 Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame,
 O'erpower the fire that animates our frame,
 As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
 Need we the influence of the northern star,
 To string our nerves, and steel our hearts
 to war?
 And where the face of nature laughs
 around,
 Must sickening virtue fly the tainted
 ground?
 Unmanly thought! what seasons can con-
 trol
 What fancied gone can circumscribe the
 soul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence
 she springs,
 By reason's light on resolution's wings,
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless
 goes
 O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's
 snows?
 She bids each slumbering energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take;

Suspends the inferior laws that rule our
 clay;
 The stubborn elements confess her sway;
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.
 Not but the human fabric from the birth,
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentle genius of the plain:
 For where unwearied sinews must be found,
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty
 ground,
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder, if, to patient valour trained,
 They guard with spirit what by strength
 they gained?
 And while their rocky ramparts round they
 see,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will
 grow,)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder in the sultry climes that
 spread
 Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer
 bed,
 From his broad bosom life and verdure
 flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his watery
 wings,
 If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
 The dusky people drive before the gale;
 Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS, one of the greatest masters of the British Lyre, was born at Chichester in 1720, where his Father was a hatter. He was educated at Winchester College; and then entered as a commoner at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1741 he procured his election into Magdalen College as a demy, and it was during the time he was there, that he published four Persian (or as they have since been called Oriental) Eclogues, which have not been equalled by any pastorals in the English Language. The success of this piece was very moderate; however, in 1746 he produced the beautiful "Ode on the Passions"; but the public was so insensible to his talent, that their sale did not pay for the printing. Being of a liberal spirit and having very limited means, disappointment drove him to dissipation, and he endeavored to alleviate his mental grief by drowning reflection in the bottle. This course of life produced a nervous disease, and it was considered necessary, at one time, to confine him in a lunatic asylum. Collins derives his chief fame from his Odes; and no higher eulogium can be passed on them than that contained in an essay prefixed to his works in an ornamented edition, published by Cadell and Davies. "He will be acknowledged (says the author) to possess imagination, sweetness, bold and figurative language. His numbers dwell in the ear and easily

fix themselves on the memory. His vein of sentiment is by turns tender and lofty, always tinged with a degree of melancholy, but not possessing any claim to originality. His originality consists in his manner, in the highly figurative garb in which he clothes abstract ideas, in the felicity of his expressions, and his skill in embodying ideal creations. He had much of the mysticism of poetry, and sometimes became obscure by aiming at impressions stronger than he had clear and well-defined ideas to support. Had his life been prolonged, and with life had he enjoyed that ease which is necessary for the undisturbed exercise of the faculties, he would probably have risen far above most of his contemporaries." He died at Chichester, in 1756.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And, back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,

And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy! to nought were fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
drest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd
the best.

They would have thought, who heard the
strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native
maids,

Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
round;

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy
wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man, assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name!
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity! let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute:

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard, involving Fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell;
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin! thou again delight
To hear a British shell.

ODE TO FEAR.

STROPHE.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who see'st appalled th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For lo! what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;

And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside,
While Vengeance in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that rav'ning brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial
choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant
tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement
hung.

Yet he, the bard who first invok'd thy
name,

Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel;
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the pa-
triot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to
rove,

With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to
trace,

Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful
grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous
queen

Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband
heard,

When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more
appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by thy throbbing
heart,

Thy withering power inspir'd each mourn-
ful line:

Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are
thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph! at
last?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?

Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,

Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests
brought!

Dark power! with shudd'ring meek sub-
mitted thought

Be mine, to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Their Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou! who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his blood-
less sword;

Thou who amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to
ground:

See, Mercy! see! with pure and loaded
hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius
stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with
many a wound.

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,

And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,
Thy form from out thy sweet abode
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage
away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own.
O Maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne!

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bless'd return!

O Peace! thy injur'd robes up-bind;
O rise and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The British Lion, Goddess sweet!
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy Western Isle,
By warlike Honour led;
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly
strong:

Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nursed the powers
of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing
pall:

But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph! to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs
dear,

By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed, sweetly sad, Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green
retreat,

On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd
hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and let her laureate
band;

But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd
land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power;
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers
mean;

For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile
scene.

Though taste, though genius bless,
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the
whole;

What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou canst raise the meeting
soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To FAIR Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SMOLLETT.

DR. TOBIAS SMOLLETT was born in 1721, at Dalquhurn, in the county of Dumbarton. He was brought up as a surgeon and served as surgeon's mate in the expedition against Carthage; but, after residing a short time in Jamaica, he returned to England and became an author. He was a man possessed of a diversity of talent, claiming a rank as a physician, historian, politician, novelist, miscellaneous writer and poet. His poems "Tears of Scotland" and "Ode to Independence" demonstrate his talent as a poet. He died, near Leghorn, in 1771.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk, they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise;
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their Father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend:
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the
 sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every
varying clime.

What time the iron hearted Gaul
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

THE Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious
blast.

He stopped. He gazed; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her
 charms;
He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd:
And straight compressed her in his vigorous
 arms.

STROPHE.

THE curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old time exulted as he flew;
And independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was
born—

The mountain dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge con-
sign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favorite boy;
The hermit wisdom stor'd his opening mind:
As rolling years matured his age.
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast
assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

ACCOMPLISH'D thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspir-
ing soul,
On desert isles it was he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave
Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd
her grave,
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms,
He steeled the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
One from the skirts of Neptune's wide do-
main.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of
man.

STROPHE.

ARABIA's scorching sand he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamant shrine;
And many a Tartar hard-forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's
wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
Th' all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
E'en now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the drop of Corsica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise;
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart
denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

THOSE sculptur'd halls my feet shall never
tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born
mind.
While insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's
brow;
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and
vain,
Presents her cup of stale professions froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortunes car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress,

So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd
 That bears the treasure which he cannot
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure
 And jingling bells fantastic folly ring;
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baneful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

NATURE I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or
 cell.

Where the poised lark his evening ditty
 And health, and peace, and contemplation
 There study shall with solitude recline;
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow
 And toil, and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
 And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
 And industry supply the humble store;
 And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing
 White mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the
 And independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

AKENSIDE.

DR. MARK AKENSIDE was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is often styled "The bard of Tyne." He was born in 1721, and was the son of a respectable butcher, who sent him to study divinity at Edinburgh. He was intended for a dissenting minister, but, preferring the study of medicine to that of theology he soon changed his pursuits and went to Leyden, where in 1744 he took his doctor's degree. In the same year he published the "Pleasures of the Imagination", a poem which raised the author at once into poetical fame. Dr. Aikin, in his letters on English Poetry, writes, "A more splendid poem, more replete with rich and lofty imagery, will not easily be found within the range of English composition. The design of it is, to investigate the source of those delights which the mind derives from a contemplation of the objects presented to the senses by nature, and also those from imitations of them, which are produced by the arts of poetry, painting and sculpture." He expired June 23, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

THE ORIGIN OF EVERY QUALITY
PLEASING TO THE IMAGINATION.

From Heav'n my strains begin; from Heav'n
 The flame of genius to the human breast,
 And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of
 The moon suspended her serener lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods; or streams adorn'd
 Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
 Then liv'd th' Almighty One; then, deep-
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal, of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The mountains, woods, and streams, the
 And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the
 Of days on them his love divine he fix'd,
 His admiration: till in time complete,
 What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth and wild resounding
 Hence light and shade alternate, warmth
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
 And all the fair variety of things.
 But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd; for since the
 Of social life to different labours urge

The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars.
The golden zones of heav'n: to some she
gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken
chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the
hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs, or what the beams of
morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer
flame:
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to
read
The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part
They trace the bright impressions of his
hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's
form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see por-
tray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme: they also feel her
charms
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation? why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing
eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send him
forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice, to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds,
To chase each partial purpose from his
breast,
And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and
pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the
voice
Of Truth and Virtue up the steep ascent
Of Nature calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? also where-
fore burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day sublimer
things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts
the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms, impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might,
Proud of the strong contention of her toils,
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained
view,
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring
eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black
with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born
soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth,
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air, pursues the flying storm,
Rides on the volly'd lightning thro' the
heav'ns,
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern
blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high
she soars
The blue profound, and hov'ring round
the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time: thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars
Whose blended light as with a milky zone
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits
hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm
abode,
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand
years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal: for, from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery
lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but, from
these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her
view,
Till every bound at length should disappear
And infinite perfection close the scene.

* * *

THE various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes,
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of
Spring
When rural songs and odours wake the
Morn
To every eye; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of sickness long
diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! How doubly fair
When first with fresh-born vigour he in-
hales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed
sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of
life,
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

MORAL BEAUTY.

MIND, mind alone (bear witness, Earth and
Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in
hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the
range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void im-
mense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious
scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus
rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called
aloud

On Tully's name, and shook his crimson
steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair,
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest form, is half so fair,
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others'
woes!

Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive
crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands
effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismayed, the dark
profound,
Where nature works in secret; view the
beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the
forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band: and bid them go!
Break through Time's barrier, and o'ertake
the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are
all

The forms which brute, unconscious matter
wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touched and awakened, with intenser act.
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-
pleased
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to
frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

TASTE.

WHAT then is taste, but these internal powers,
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
 In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
 He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of heaven,
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
 O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutored airs,
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely! How commanding! But though Heaven
 In every breast hath sown those early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects: one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
 When furious whirlwinds and the howling air,
 And Ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer

The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resounds soft warbling all the live-long day:
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves:
 And hill and dale with all their echoes
 Mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How THICK the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 Alas! in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene;
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins,
 While Winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon' deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting Horror shakes the room.
 Is there in Nature no kind power
 To soothe affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant Fair!
 Shine thro' the hovering cloud of care;
 O sweet of language, mild of mien!
 O Virtue's friend, and Pleasure's queen!
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest,
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.
 As once (it was in Astræa's reign)
 The vernal powers renewed their train,
 It happened that immortal Love
 Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye,
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant god of day
 Waft in his car the rosy May;
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flow'rs;
 Before his wheels Aurora past,
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last:
 But fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below,
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice,
 Then mighty Love her charms confest,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And known from that auspicious morn,
 Thee, pleasing Cheerfulness! was born.
 Thou, Cheerfulness! by Heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,

Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings,
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine.
 Thou, Goddess! thy attemp'ring hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft and swells the strong,
 And joining Nature's general song,
 Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life!
 Kind banisher of home-bred strife!
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by;
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs;
 Th' officious daughters pleased attend,
 The brother adds the name of friend;
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound,
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceived declines.

Is there a youth whose anxious heart
 Labours with love's unpity'd smart?
 Tho' now he stray by rills and bow'rs,
 And weeping waste the lonely hours;
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs,
 Yet thou, auspicious Pow'r! with ease
 Canst yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move,
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train!
 For thee I court the Muse again;
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
 Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung,
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight;
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd,
 Thy lips Sicilian reeds inspir'd;
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom,
 Whence yet from Tiber's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows th' enlivening gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to Fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell:
 Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,

Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend;
 He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole,
 Then struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He asks a clue for Nature's ways,
 But evil haunts him through the maze;
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
 And Malice blot the throne of God.
 O thou! whose pleasing power I sing,
 Thy lenient influence hither bring,
 Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And Music swell each op'ning gale;
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that Presiding Cause
 Who founds on Discord Beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be blest.

O thou! whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And soothe to peace intruding care;
 But most exert thy pleasing pow'r
 On friendship's consecrated hour;
 And while my Sophron points the road
 To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,
 Or, warm in freedom's ancient cause,
 Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But if by Fortune's stubborn sway
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the Muses healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams,
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE AGAINST SUSPICION.

Oh fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien,
 And meditating plagues unseen
 The sorceress hither bends;
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued;
 Behold—her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I see the pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread
And all your heart, and all your head,
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways,
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can Faith or Candour move,
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now smiling o'er her dark distress
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like Injury and Fraud.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times;
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear.
Guilt follows guilt; and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey;
Come where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves, conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Throned in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains:
Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

ODE ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompter steps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find,
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial private end
Such reverence to the public bears,
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
More than on virtue praise depends,
To which of course its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the same,
Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame
The suffrage of the good and wise.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU who the verdant plain dost traverse
here,
While Thames among his willows from thy
view
Retires, O Stranger! stay thee, and the
scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in
arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant
king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and
secure
The Charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory, and
paid
Those thanks which God appointed the
reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honoured name,
Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors, and make them
swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves
were born.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

HARK! how through many a winding note,
 She now prolongs her lays;
 How sweetly down the void they float!
 The breeze their magic path attends,
 The stars shine out, the forest bends,
 The wakeful heifers gaze.

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance may bring
 To this sequester'd spot,
 If then the plaintive syren sing,
 O! softly tread beneath her bower,
 And think of heaven's disposing power,
 Of man's uncertain lot.

Oh! think o'er all this mortal stage,
 What mournful scenes arise;
 What ruin waits on kingly rage;
 How often virtue dwells with woe;
 How many griefs from knowledge flow;
 How swiftly pleasure flies.

Oh! sacred bird, let me at eve,
 Thus wandering all alone,
 Thy tender counsel oft receive,
 Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
 And pity nature's common cares,
 Till I forget my own.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT
TO SHAKESPEARE.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
 O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet: ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
 O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore
 wounds
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious
 hand,
 Which left thee void of hope: O ye who
 roam
 In exile, ye who through the embattled field
 Seek bright renown; or who for nobler
 palms
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
 Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
 The features? Hath not oft his faithful
 tongue
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,
 The secrets of your bosom? Here then,
 round
 His monument with reverence while ye
 stand,
 Say to each other: "This was Shakespeare's
 form;
 Who walked in every path of human life,
 Felt every passion; and to all mankind
 Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
 Which his own genius only could acquire."

DARWIN.

ERASMUS DARWIN, a poet and physician, was born at Elton, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, in 1721. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and practised in Lichfield, as a physician until 1781. He was a very talented man, but of remarkably eccentric opinions, as may be soon discovered in his works. His principal poems are "The Botanic Garden" and "Zoonomia, or Laws of Organic Life." His descriptions are excellent and his versification very elegant; but the construction of his poetry is very monotonous and soon becomes tiresome to the ear. He died at Derby in 1802.

ON THE DEATH OF PROF. RICHMAN.

DR. RICHMAN, Professor of natural philosophy at Petersburg, about the year 1763, elevated an insulated metallic rod to collect the aerial electricity, as Dr. Franklin had previously done at Philadelphia; and as he was observing the repulsion of the balls of his electrometer approached too near the conductor, and receiving the lightning in his head with a loud explosion, was struck dead amidst his family.

Nymphs! on that day ye shed from lucid
 eyes,
 Celestial tears, and breathed ethereal sighs!

When Richman rear'd, by fearless haste
 betray'd,
 The wiry rod in Nieva's fatal shade;—
 Clouds o'er the Sage, with fringed skirts
 succeed,
 Flash follows flash, the warning corks re-
 cede;
 Near and more near he ey'd with fond
 amaze
 The silver streams, and watch'd the sapphire
 blaze;

Then bursts the steel, the dart electric
 sped,
 And the bold sage lay number'd with the
 dead!—
 Nymphs! on that day ye shed from lucid
 eyes
 Celestial tears, and breathed ethereal sighs!

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

Thus when Elijah mark'd from Carmel's
 brow
 In bright expanse the briny flood below;
 Roll'd his red eyes amid the scorching
 air,
 Smote his firm breast, and breathed his
 ardent prayer;
 High in the midst a massy altar stood,
 And slaughter'd offerings press'd the piles
 of wood;
 While Israel's chiefs the sacred hill sur-
 round,
 And famish'd armies crowd the dusty ground;
 While proud Idolatry was leagued with
 dearth,
 And wither'd famine swept the desert
 earth.—
 "Oh, Mighty Lord! thy woe-worn servant
 hear,
 "Who calls thy name in agony of prayer;
 "Thy fanes dishonour'd, and thy prophets
 slain,
 "Lo! I alone survive of all thy train!—
 "O send from heaven thy sacred fire,—and
 pour
 "O'er the parch'd land the salutary shower,—
 "So shall thy Priest thy erring flock recall,—
 "And speak in thunder, 'Thou art Lord of
 all.'"
 He cried, and kneeling on the mountain-
 sands,
 Stretch'd high in air his supplicating hands.
 —Descending flames the dusky shrine
 illumine;
 Fire the wet wood, the sacred bull con-
 sume;
 Wing'd from the sea the gathering mists
 arise,
 And floating waters darken all the skies;
 The King with shifted reins his chariot
 bends,
 And wide o'er earth the airy flood descends;
 With mingling cries dispersing hosts ap-
 plaud,
 And shouting nations own the *Living God*.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE SALT MINES OF CRACOW.

There is a town in the immense salt mines of Cracow, in Poland, with a market place, a river, a church, and a famous statue (here supposed to be of Lot's wife), by the moist or dry appearance of which the subterranean inhabitants are said to know when the weather is fair above ground. The galleries in these mines are so numerous and so intricate that workmen have frequently lost their way, their lights having been burnt out, and have perished before they could be found. And though the arches of these different stories of galleries are boldly executed, yet they are not dangerous; as they are held together or supported by large masses of timber of a foot square; and these vast timbers remain perfectly sound for many centuries, while all other pillars, whether of brick, cement, or salt soon dissolve or moulder away.

Vide Essays, etc., by M. MACQUART.

Thus, cavern'd round in Cracow's mighty
 mines,
 With crystal walls a gorgeous city shines;
 Scoop'd in the briny rock, long streets
 extend
 Their hoary course, and glittering domes
 ascend;
 Down the bright steep, emerging into day,
 Impetuous fountains burst their headlong
 way,
 O'er-milk white vales in ivory channels
 spread,
 And wondering seek their subterraneous
 bed.
 Form'd in pellucid salt with chisel nice,
 The pale lamp glimmering through the
 sculptured ice,
 With wild reverted eyes fair Lotta stands,
 And spreads to Heaven, in vain, her glassy
 hands;
 Cold dews condense upon her pearly breast,
 And the big tear rolls lucid down her vest.
 Far gleaming o'er the town transparent
 fanes
 Rear their white towers, and wave their
 golden vanes;
 Long lines of lustres pour their trembling
 rays,
 And the bright vault returns the mingled
 blaze.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

ST. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

—Thus when an Angel-form, in light
 array'd,
 Like Howard pierced the prison's noisome
 shade;
 Where chain'd to earth, with eyes to heaven
 upturn'd,
 The kneeling Saint in holy anguish mourn'd;
 Ray'd from his lucid vest, and halo'd brow
 O'er the dark roof celestial lustres glow,
 "Peter, arise!" with cheering voice He calls,
 And sounds seraphic echo round the walls;

Locks, bolts, and chains, his potent touch
obey,
And pleased he leads the dazzled Sage to
day.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE NYMPHS OF THE RIVER DERWENT

LAMENT THE DEATH OF MRS. FRENCH;
A LADY WHO TO MANY OTHER ELEGANT ACCOMPLISH-
MENTS ADDED A PROFICIENCY IN BOTANY AND NATURAL
HISTORY.

NYMPHS! whose fair eyes with vivid lustres
glow
For human weal, and melt at human woe;
Late as you floated on your silver-shells,
Sorrowing and slow by Derwent's willowy
dells;
Where by tall groves his foamy flood he
steers
Through ponderous arches o'er impetuous
wears,
By Derby's shadowy towers reflective sweeps,
And gothic grandeur chills his dusky deeps;
Yon pearl'd with Pity's drops his velvet
sides,
Sigh'd in his gales, and murmur'd in his tides,
Waved o'er his fringed brink a deeper
gloom,
And bow'd his alders o'er Milcena's tomb.
Oft with sweet voice she led her infant-
train,
Printing with graceful step his spangled
plain,
Explored his twinkling swarms, that swim
or fly,
And mark'd his florets with botanic eye.—
"Sweet bud of Spring! how frail thy transient
bloom,
"Fine film", she cried, "of Nature's fairest
loom!
"Soon Beauty fades upon its damask
throne!"—
—Unconscious of the worm, that mined her
own!—
—Pale are those lips, where soft caresses
hung,
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the tender
tongue,
Cold rests that feeling heart on Derwent's
shore,
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll no
more!
—Here her sad consort, stealing through
the gloom
Of murmuring cloisters, gazes on her tomb;
Hangs in mute anguish o'er the scutcheon'd
hearse,
Or graves with trembling style the votive
verse.

"Sexton! oh, lay beneath this sacred
shrine,
When Time's cold hand shall close my
aching eyes,
Oh! gently lay this wearied earth of mine,
Where wrap'd in night my loved Milcena
lies.

"So shall with purer joy my spirit move,
When the last trumpet thrills the caves of
Death,

Catch the first whispers of my waking love,
And drink with holy kiss her kindling breath.

"The spotless Fair, with blush ethereal
warm,

Shall hail with sweeter smile returning day,
Rise from her marble bed a brighter form,
And win on buoyant step her airy way.

"Shall bend approved, where beckoning
hosts invite,

On clouds of silver her adoring knee,
Approach with Seraphim the throne of
light,

—And Beauty plead with angel-tongue for
Me!"

SONG TO MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe Joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring.

ELIZA.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she
view'd.

Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker
tread

Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;

And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
 While round her brows bright beams of
 Honour dart,
 And Love's warm eddies circle round her
 heart.
 —Near and more near intrepid Beauty
 press'd,
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing
 crest,
 Heard the exulting shout, "they run! they
 run!"
 "Great God!" she cried, "He's safe! the
 battle's won!
 —A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
 (Some Fury wing'd it, and some Demon
 guides!)
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that
 deck,
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her
 neck;
 The red stream, issuing from her azure
 veins,
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—
 "Ah, me!" she cried, and, sinking on the
 ground,
 Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the
 wound;
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital Urn!
 "Wait, gushing Life, oh, wait my Love's
 return!—
 "Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams
 from far!
 "The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!—
 "O, spare ye War-hounds, spare their tender
 age!—
 "On me, on me", she cried "exhaust your
 rage!"—
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes
 caress'd,
 And sighing hid them in her blood-stain'd
 vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior
 flies,
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
 Quick through the mumuring gloom his
 footsteps tread,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!—
 —Soon hears his listening son the welcome
 sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he
 bounds:—

"Speak low", he cries, and gives his little
 hand,
 "Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;
 "Poor weeping Babe with bloody fingers
 press'd,
 "And tried with pouting lips her milkless
 breast;
 "Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 "Why do you weep?—Mama, will soon
 awake."
 —"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless
 mourner cried,
 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,
 and sigh'd;
 Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd
 he lay,
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
 And then unsprung with wild convulsive
 start,
 And all the Father kindled in his heart;
 "Oh, Heavens!" he cried, "my first rash
 vow forgive!
 "These bind to earth, for these I pray to
 live!"—
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson
 vest,
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching
 breast.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE ECHO.

SWEET Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
 Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
 While Tweed with sun-reflecting streams
 Chequers thy rocks with dancing beams?—
 Here may no clamours harsh intrude;
 No brawling hound or clarion rude;
 Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
 And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl!
 Be thine to pour these vales along,
 Some artless shepherd's evening song;
 While night's sweet bird, from yon high
 spray
 Responsive, listens to his lay.
 And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
 Should sing her sorrows to thy shade;
 O, sooth her breast, ye rocks around!
 With softest sympathy of sound.

WARTON.

JOSEPH WARTON, a Doctor of Divinity, was born in 1722, at Dunsfield in Surrey. He was the eldest son of the Revd. Thomas Warton, poetry-professor at Oxford, and Vicar of Basingstoke. He received his early education from his Father and was afterwards admitted on the foundation of Winchester College, and from thence he went to Oriel College, Oxford. After taking his degree, he became curate to his Father, and held, at various periods, the livings of Winslade, Tamworth, Thorley, Easton and Wickham, and prebends of St. Pauls, and Winchester. He was head-master of Winchester School, from 1766 to 1793. His poems show a refined taste, but have no claim to originality. He died in his seventy-eighth year, in 1800, at his rectory of Wickham, in Hampshire.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O GODDESS! on whose steps attend
Pleasure, and laughter-loving health,
White mantled Peace with olive-wand,
Young Joy, and diamond-scepter'd Wealth,
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science bright-ey'd as the morn,
In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care,
Who madest her wise, and strong, and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee, the pining prisoner mourns,
Deprived of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By Christian lords to labour sent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspired by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly
spoke,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the dreadful
stroke!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dared stab the tyrant, though he loved the
friend.
How burnt the Spartan with warm patriot
flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish
mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to
shine.

When heaven to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—be free—
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reserve this great decree?

Submit him to some idol-king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd
Around whose throne stands trembling
doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still roll about,
And murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate
And black Revenge gigantic goes;
Hark, how the dying infants shriek!
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
Though birds in shades of Cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch!—remember peerless
Rome,
Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the
ground;
Remember, Freedom's guardian, Grecia's
doom,
Whom weeping the despotic Turk has
bound:
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads
and downs,
(Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)
Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death dispensing tyrant's
lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled
land.

ODE TO CONTENT.

WELCOME Content! from roofs of fretted
gold,
From Persian sofas, and the gems of Ind,
From courts, and camps, and crowds,
Fled to my cottage mean.

Meek Virgin, wilt thou deign with me to sit
In pensive pleasure by my glimmering fire?
And with calm smile despise
The loud world's distant din?

As from the piny mountain's topmost cliff
Some wandering hermit sage hears un-
concern'd,

Far in the vale below,
The thundering torrent burst!

Teach me, good Heaven, the gilded chains
of vice

To break, to study independent ease,
Pride, pomp, and power to shun,
Those fatal Syrens fair,

That, rob'd like Eastern Queens, sit on high
thrones,

And, beckoning every thirsty traveller,
Their baleful cups present

With pleasing poisons fraught.

O let me dwell in life's low valley blest
With the dear Nymph I love, true, heart-

felt joy,
With chosen friends to turn
The polished Attic page.

Nor seldom, if nor fortune damp my wings,
Nor dire disease, to soar to Pindus' hill

My hours, my soul devote,
To Poesy and Love!

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.

O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand

An all-commanding magic wand
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.

O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,

'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd.

Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,

Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:

Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear

Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,

Where Joy and white rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening
meet,

And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily crowned heads,
Where laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ.
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,

That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,

With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,

While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,

I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widow's shrieks I hear;
Give me another horse, I cry,

Lo! the base gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?

'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed,
 Tramples the dying and the dead;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
 O guide me from this horrid scene,
 To high arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervours of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O remove!
 For thou canst place me near my love,
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence!
 When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To summer tells her tender tale,
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold;
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come,
 From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
 O queen of numbers, once again,
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who filled with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 Who with some new unequall'd song,
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, and pity move,
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
 O deign t' attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottoes talk;
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
 Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause
 Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
 O let each Muse's fame increase,
 O bid Britannia rival Greece!

VERSES

WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd
 waves,
 But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
 In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants
 hide
 With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic
 side;
 No cups nectareous shall their toil repay,
 The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's
 prey:
 Vain glows this Sun, in cloudless glory
 drest,
 That strikes fresh vigour through the pining
 breast;
 Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
 My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
 What millions perish'd near thy mournful
 flood¹,
 When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—
 "Blood!"
 Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
 That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones
 of yore.
 Be warn'd ye nations round; and trembling
 see,
 Dire superstition quench humanity!
 By all the chiefs in freedom's battles lost,
 By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;
 By old Galgacus' scythed, iron car,
 That, swiftly whirling through the walks of
 war,
 Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the
 foreign throngs;
 By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
 By fierce Bonduca's shield and foaming
 steeds;
 By the bold Peers that met on Thames's
 meads;
 By the fifth Henry's helm and lightning
 spear;
 O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
 Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
 Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd
 plain!

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE dart of Idzabel prevails! 'twas dipt
 In double poison—I shall soon arrive
 At the blest island, where no tigers spring
 On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
 Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly
 glide,
 Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light
 canoe

¹ Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the southern provinces of France.

Down to the sea; where my forefathers
 feast
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son,
 I feel the venom busy in my breast;
 Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd
 with the teeth
 Of that bold Christian who first dar'd de-
 flow'r
 The virgins of the Sun; and, dire to tell!
 Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
 I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this
 traitor,
 And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
 And tore his carcase from the earth, and
 left it

A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
 With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
 Thy much-lov'd Mother from the desert
 woods,
 Where as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
 Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have
 worshipp'd
 With those that eat their god. And when
 disease
 Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly
 stab her
 With thine own hands, nor suffer her to
 linger,
 Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
 I go! great Copac beckons me! Farewell!

SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, in 1722, and was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was of an exceedingly lively disposition and a very acceptable companion to the wits and writers of the day. His vicissitudes and sufferings were very great, and poverty added to intemperance caused an aberration of intellect, so that he was obliged to be placed under restraint. His "Song to David", written in a mad-house, and partly with charcoal, on the walls of his cell, proves the strength of his mental powers, even in their derangement. He was a man of genius and his poems merit the place they hold among the collected productions of the British poets. He died within the rules of the King's Bench prison, in 1770.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

OLD *Care* with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That av'rice could not sigh for more:
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded granaries groan.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain;
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise
 Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd;
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
 Her name was *Generosity*.
 'Twas hers the largess to bestow
 On rich and poor, and friend, and foe,
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide;
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew;

There sickness laid her aching head,
 And there distress could find a bed.
 Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd she blessings round the land;
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale penury seiz'd the dame,
 And fortune fled, and ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before;
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo! to comfort her came *Care*,
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial hands with mine,
 All will be well—You shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
 Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the generous part.
 The bridal came; great was the feast
 And good the pudding, and the priest,
 The bride in some months brought him
 forth,
 A little maid of matchless worth,

Her face was mix'd with care and glee,
 They christen'd her *Oeconomy*;
 And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,
 The mistress of the golden mien
 Now generosity confin'd
 Is perfect easy in her mind;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from care.

ODE

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in ether shroud;—
 Thou servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free, and swift as thought, couldst
 rove

To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
 Thou, who magnanimous couldst bear
 The sovereign thunderer's arms in air,
 And shake thy native pole!

Oh, cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire
 Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
 Where discipline and dulness dwell,
 Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
 Where ev'ry selfish soul 's at rest,
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
 But lurks and sneaks at home!

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy
 wing,

So grov'ling! once so great!
 The grief-inspir'd Muse shall sing
 In tend'rest lays thy fate.

What time by thee scholastic pride
 Takes his precise pedantic stride,
 Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
 The stream of love ne'er from his heart,
 Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
 But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
 Hold the reflecting glass,—

That not untutor'd at thy wrong

The passenger may pass!
 Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
 Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
 Who study downward on the ground;
 Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
 While more than mathematic gloom
 Envelopes all around.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,
ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF
ILLNESS.

WHEN Israel's ¹ ruler on the royal bed
 In anguish and in perturbation lay,
 The down relieved not his anointed head,
 And rest gave place to horror and dismay.
 Fast flow'd the tears, high heaved each
 gasping sigh,
 When God's own Prophet thunder'd—Mon-
 arch thou must die.

And must I go, the illustrious mourner
 cry'd,

I who have serv'd thee still in faith and
 truth,

Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime
 has dy'd,

From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
 Like David, who have still revered thy word,
 The sovereign of myself and servant of the
 Lord.

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's
 moan,

Repeal'd his sentence, and his health
 restor'd;

The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
 Shot from that heaven to which his sighs
 had soar'd;

The sun retreated at his Maker's nod,
 And miracles confirm the genuine work of
 God.

But, O immortals! what had I to plead

When death stood o'er me with his
 threat'ning lance,

When reason left me in the time of need,
 And sense was left in terror or in trance,
 My sinking soul was with my blood in-
 flamed,

And the celestial image sunk, defac'd, and
 maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise,

To search the records of preceding years;
 Home, like the raven to the ark she flies,
 Croaking bad tidings to my trembling
 ears.

O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
 And threw my follies back into the friendly
 shade!

But who are they that bid affliction cease!—
 Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly
 sounds!

Behold the dove that brings the branch of
 peace,

Behold the balm that heals the gaping
 wounds—

Vengeance divine 's by penitence supprest—
She struggles with the angel, conquers, and
is blest.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!

In man's humility 's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he 's Christ's
own care—

O all sufficient Lamb! in death's dread
hour

Thy merits who shall slight, or who can
doubt thy power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,

The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,

And exiled reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large
once more,

To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder and
adore.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,

Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;

My little prattlers lifting up their hands,

Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;

I come, ye spotless sweets! I come again,

Nor have your tears been shed, nor have
ye knelt in vain.

All glory to the Eternal, to the Immense,

All glory to the Omniscient and Good,

Whose power 's uncircumscribed, whose
love 's intense;

But yet whose justice ne'er could be
withstood,

Except through him—through him, who
stands alone,

Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind
to atone!

He raised the lame, the lepers he made whole,

He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,

He drove out Satan from the tortured soul,

And to the blind, gave or restored the
day,—

Nay more,—far more unequall'd pangs
sustain'd,

Till his last fallen flock his taintless blood
regain'd.

My feeble feet refused my body's weight,

Nor would my eyes admit the glorious
light,

My nerves convulsed, shook, fearful of their
fate,

My mind lay open to the powers of night.

He, pitying, did a second birth bestow

A birth of joy—not like the first of tears
and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar
move;

Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the en-
raptured lyre;

Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic
fire;

Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his
mandates break,

But to his endless glory work, conceive,
and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,

Thou canst new joys e'en to the blest
impart:

The listening angels lay their harps aside

To hear the music of the contrite heart;

And heaven itself wears a more radiant
face,

When charity presents thee to the throne
of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;

Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;

Give me 'mongst gems the brilliant to
behold;

O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose;

Above all birds the sovereign eagle soars;

And monarch of the field the lordly lion
roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,

Who takes his pastime in the mighty
main?

What, like the sun, shines through the
realms of air,

And gilds, and glorifies the ethereal
plain....

Yet what are these to man, who bears the
sway;

For all was made for him—to serve, and
to obey.

Thus in high heaven Charity is great,

Faith, Hope, Devotion, hold a lower place;

On her the cherubs, and the seraphs wait,

Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;

See! on the right close by the Almighty's
throne,

In him she shines confest, who came to
make her known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,

That for the past the future may atone;

That I may act what thou hast given to
know,

That I may live for thee, and thee alone,

And justify those sweetest words from
heaven,

"That he shall love thee most to whom thou'st
most forgiven."

MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, a divine and poet, was born in 1725, at Trinity Hall, in Yorkshire, and educated at St. John's College, and afterwards at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He commenced his poetical career while at the University, by the poem of "Isis", to which Thomas Warton replied by the "Triumph of Isis." Mason had no mediocre talent for Painting, and Music, and performed well on the harpsichord. He was exceedingly benevolent and a very worthy character, but assumed a haughtiness of demeanor and a degree of stateliness not natural to him. He died in April 1797 at the age of seventy-two, in consequence of the mortification of a wound in his leg.

ISIS.

A MONOLOGUE.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly
bright
The pointed crystals shot their trembling
light,
From dripping moss where sparkling dew
drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the
wreathed shell,
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive
maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving
breast
In careless folds loose fell her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses
flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd
vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavished all its
grace;
Here, full with life was heav'n-taught Science
seen,
Known by the laurel wreath and musing
mien:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here sedate
and bland
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive
wand;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and
vistas green
At well mark'd distance close the sacred
scene.
On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she
spoke:
"Yes, I could once with pleased attention
trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead,

Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While every science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry youth, with Fame's strong
impulse fir'd,
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bend his
brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.
"E'en now fond Fancy leads the ideal
train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample
plain,
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hamden, Somers
shine.
See Hough superior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.
Each soul whom Truth could fire, or Virtue
move,
Each breast strong panting with its country's
love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd
spring.
"Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his
eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty.
'My Son, he cry'd, observe this mien with awe,
'In solemn lines the strong resemblance
draw;
'The piercing notes shall strike each British
ear,
'Each British eye shall drop the patriot
tear;
'And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
'Each youth shall spurn at Slavery's abject
reign,
'Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
'And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's
cause.'"

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting
bow'd,
The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman
song.

"But ah! how Stillness slept upon the
ground,
How mute Attention check'd each rising
sound;

Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy
spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When Locke walk'd musing forth; ev'n now
I view

Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance
break.

'Twas here the Sage his manly zeal exprest,
Here stript vain Falsehood off her gaudy
vest;

Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his
mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to Reason's purged eye,
That "*Nature's First Best Gift Was
Liberty.*"

"Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime
I stood
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood),
Then vain as Niobe exulting cry'd,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Though Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neigh-
b'ring glade,

Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Though every academic green imprest
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud
a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

"Alas! how chang'd! where now that
Attic boast
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast.
See! Hydra Faction spread its impious
reign,

Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain.
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to
fright

The blushing Cynthia from her throne of
night,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet
crown'd!

Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes
resound!

The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their
haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds by stealth a partial private
gleam.

In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head;
Despis'd, insulted by the barbarous train,
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout,
the plain,

Sworn foes like them to all the Muse
approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

"Are these the sons my fost'ring breast
must rear?

Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my
care,

Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults through a peaceful
land,

And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue
groans,

That "Isis taught sedition to her sons?"
Forbid it heav'n! and let my rising waves

Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant
slaves,

In England's cause their patriot floods
employ,

As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.

Is this deny'd? Then point some secret way
Where far from hence these guiltless streams

may stray,
Some unknown channel lend, where nature
spreads

Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic

strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless

plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide

Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my rapt attention hung

Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue,
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,

And pleas'd prefer oblivion to disgrace."

ODE.

TO MEMORY.

I.

MOTHER of Wisdom! thou, whose sway

The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
Who bid'st their ranks, now vanish, now

appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;

Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.

All, all is thine. For thee, the ear and eye
Rove through the realms of grace and

harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,

That wake, and thrill through every nerve.
Else vainly soft, loved Philomel! would

flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:

Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
 With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
 Vainly the cygnet spread her downy plume,
 The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
 But swift to thee, alive, and warm,
 Devolves each tributary charm;
 See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
 Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;
 While every flower in Fancy's clime,
 Each gem of old heroic Time,
 Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
 Around thy shrine their blended beams dif-
 fuse.

II.

HAIL, Memory! hail. Behold, I lead
 To that high shrine the sacred Maid:
 Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
 The first, the fairest of Aonia's quire.
 She comes, and lo, thy realms expand:
 She takes her delegated stand
 Full in the midst, and o'er thy numerous train
 Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
 There throned supreme in native state
 If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
 She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
 The cool gale breathes, the silent showers
 descend.
 Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
 Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
 She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
 And ready summers wake at her command.
 See, visionary suns arise,
 Through silver clouds, and azure skies;
 See sportive zephyrs fan the crisped
 streams;
 Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the
 sparkling beams:
 While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
 That stands beside the crystal wave,
 Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
 Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

III.

RISE, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
 How, at thy gloomy close of day;
 How, when "depress'd by age, beset with
 wrongs:"
 When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
 When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
 Exiled the sov'reign lamp of light;
 Say, what could then one cheering hope
 diffuse?
 Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
 Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
 Hence all thy classic wand'rings could ex-
 plore,
 When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
 Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied;
 Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
 The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that
 fly;
 The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;

Were still thy own: thy ample mind
 Each charm received, retained, combined.
 And thence "the nightly visitant", that
 came
 To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
 Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
 That whilom shot from Nature's face,
 When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
 Spread with his own right hand perfection's
 gorgeous vest.

ODE

ON LEAVING ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
 1746.

GRANTA farewell! thy time-ennobled shade
 No more must glimmer o'er my musing
 head,
 Where waking dreams, of Fancy born,
 Around me floated eve and morn.
 I go—Yet, mindful of the charms I leave,
 Mem'ry shall oft their pleasing portrait
 give;
 Shall teach th' ideal stream to flow
 Like gentle Camus, soft and slow;
 Recall each antique spire, each cloister's
 gloom,
 And bid this vernal noon of life re-bloom.
 Ev'n if old age, in northern clime,
 Shower on my head the snows of time,
 There still shall gratitude her tribute pay
 To him who first approv'd my infant lay;
 And fair to Recollection's eyes
 Shall Powell's various virtues rise.
 See the bright train around their fav'rite
 throng:
 See Judgment lead meek Diffidence along,
 Impartial Reason following slow,
 Disdain at Error's shrine to bow,
 And Science, free from hypothetic pride,
 Proceed where sage Experience deigns to
 guide.
 Such were the guests from Jove that
 came,
 Genius of Greece! to fix thy fame:
 These wak'd the bold Socratic thought, and
 drest
 Its simple beauties in the splendid vest
 Of Plato's diction: These were seen
 Full oft on academic green;
 Full oft where clear Ilissus warbling
 stream'd;
 Bright o'er each master of the mind they
 beam'd,
 Inspiring that perceptive art
 Which, while it charm'd, refin'd the
 heart,
 And with spontaneous ease, not pedant
 toil,
 Bade Fancy's roses bloom in Reason's
 soil.

The fane of Science then was hung
 With wreathes that on Parnassus sprung;
 And in that fane to his encircling youth
 The sage dispens'd th' ambrosial food of
 Truth,
 And mingled in the social bowl
 Friendship, the nectar of the soul.
 Meanwhile accordant to the Dorian lyre,
 The moral Muses join'd the vocal choir,
 And Freedom dancing to the sound
 Mov'd in chaste Order's graceful round.
 Thus Athens, were thy freeborn offspring
 train'd
 To act each patriot part by laws ordain'd;
 Thus void of magisterial awe,
 Each youth in his instructor saw
 Those manners mild, unknown in modern
 school,
 Which form'd him by example more than
 rule;
 And felt that, varying but in name,
 The Friend and Master were the same.

ODE

ON EXPECTING TO RETURN TO CAMBRIDGE
 1747.

I, 1.

WHILE Commerce, riding on thy reflux
 tide,
 Impetuous Humber! wafts her stores
 From Belgian or Norwegian shores
 And spread her countless sails from side to
 side;
 While, from yon crowded strand,
 The genuine sons the pinnace light un-
 moor,
 Break the white surge with many a spark-
 ling oar,
 To pilot the rich freight o'er each insidious
 sand.

I, 2.

AT distance here my alien footsteps stray,
 O'er this bleak plain unblest with shade,
 Imploring Fancy's willing aid
 To bear me from thy banks of sordid clay:
 Her barque the fairy lends,
 With rainbow pennants deck'd, and cordage
 fine
 As the wan silkworm spins her golden
 twine,
 And, ere I seize the helm, the magic voyage
 ends.

I, 3.

Lo, where peaceful Camus glides
 Through his ozier-fringed vale,
 Sacred Leisure there resides
 Musing in his cloister pale,
 Wrapt in a deep solemnity of shade,

Again I view fair Learning's spiry seats,
 Again her ancient elms o'erhang my head,
 Again her votary Contemplation meets,
 Again I listen to Æolian lays,
 Or on those bright heroic portraits gaze,
 That, to my raptur'd eye, the classic page
 displays.

II, 1.

HERE, though from childhood to the Muses
 known,
 The Lyric Queen her charms reveal'd;
 Here, by superior influence held
 My soul enchain'd, and made me all her
 own
 Re-echo every plain!
 While, from the chords she tun'd, the silver
 voice
 Of heav'n-born harmony proclaims the
 choice
 My youthful heart has made to all Aonia's
 train.

II, 2.

HERE too each social charm that most en-
 dears:

Sincerity with open eye,
 And frolic Wit, and Humour sly,
 Sat sweetly mix'd among my young com-
 peers.

When, o'er the sober bowl,
 That but dispell'd the mind's severer gloom,
 And gave the budding thought its perfect
 bloom,
 Truth took its circling course and flow'd
 from soul to soul.

II, 3.

HAIL ye friendly faithful few!
 All the streams that Science pours,
 Ever pleasing, ever new,
 From her ample urn be yours.
 When, when shall I amid your train appear,
 O when be number'd with your constant
 guests,
 When join your converse, when applauding
 hear
 The mental music of accordant breasts?
 Till then, fair Fancy! wake these favourite
 themes,
 Still kindly shed these visionary gleams,
 Till suns autumnal rise, and realize my
 dreams.

ODE

TO INDEPENDENCY.

I.

HERE on my native shore reclin'd,
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, Goddess. On my musing mind
 Descend, propitious Power!

And bid these ruffling gales of grief sub-
side:
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence
shine;
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whis-
per blows,
And lulls old Humber to his deep repose.

II.

COME to thy vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest;
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone, thy floating vest;
Unsullied Honour decks thine open brow,
And Candour brightens in thy modest
eye:
Thy blush is warm Content's ethereal glow:
Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish
hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the
land.

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
Thy fav'rite swain¹ oft stole along,
And artless wove his Dorian lay,
Far from the busy throng.
Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the ten-
der string,
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions
move:
Soon these responsive shores forgot to
ring,
With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted
Love;
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Free-
dom's foes.

IV.

POINTED with Satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of Wit he darts around;
Ev'n mitred Dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.
In awful poverty his honest Muse
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth
alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

BEHOLD, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muses' vestal fires I bring:
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread:
Propitious wave thy wing,

¹ Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull, in the year 1620.

And fan them to that dazzling blaze of
song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of
Pride.
But, hark! methinks I hear her hallow'd
tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly
free,
As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy.

VI.

"FOND youth! to Marvell's patriot fame,
"Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
"Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
"Still strike thy blameless lyre:
"Led by the moral Muse, securely rove;
"And all the vernal sweets thy vacant
youth
"Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
"Oh hang their foliage round the fane of
Truth:
"To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
"And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's
smile.

VII.

"Tis he, my Son, alone shall cheer
"Thy sick'ning soul; at that sad hour,
"When o'er a much lov'd parent's bier,
"Thy duteous sorrows shower:
"At that sad hour, when all thy hopes
decline;
"When pining Care leads on her pallid
train,
"And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd
vine,
"Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the
plain:
"At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his
aid,
"And raise with Friendship's arm thy
drooping head.

VIII.

"THIS fragrant wreath, the Muse's meed,
"That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
"Where never Flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
"Or Interest's servile throng;
"Receive, thou favour'd Son, at my com-
mand,
"And keep, with sacred care, for D'Arcy's
brow:
"Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal
hand,
"I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
"Say, for thy sake I send the gift divine
"To him, who calls thee His, yet makes thee
Mine."

ODE

TO A FRIEND.

I.

Ah! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from Friendship's
tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
While thro' the west, where sinks the
crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her
banners gray?

II.

SAY, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
While yon poor ringdove mourns her
mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her
tongue;
She bids the waving aspen spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with so-
lemn sympathies.

III.

To THEE, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile;
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue).

Then shiv'ring ghosts from yawning char-
nels throng
And glance with silent sweep the slaggy
vaults along.

IV.

BUT such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: My sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Through this still valley let me stray,
Rapt in some strain of pensive Gray:
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of Song;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on Pride or Power,
Roves through the glimmering twilight
gloom,
And warbles round each rustic tomb:
He, too, perchance (for well I know,
His heart can melt with friendly woe)
He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs
are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my
hov'ring shade.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark,
the bell
Of Death beats slow! Heard ye the note
profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes, *** is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as
fair:
For she was fair beyond your brightest
bloom
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom
is fled);
Fair as the forms, that, wove in Fancy's
loom,
Float in light vision round the Poet's
head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick sur-
prise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born
grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory
cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the
place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the
last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is:
 On what she was no more the strain pro-
 long:
 Luxuriant Fancy pause: an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious song.
 Maria claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests
 her head;
 In still small whispers to Reflection's ear,
 She breathes the solemn of the dead.
 Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them
 loud;
 Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool re-
 ver'd;
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye
 proud!
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be
 heard.
 Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
 While high with health, your hearts exult-
 ing leap:
 Ev'n in the midst of Pleasure's mad
 career,
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
 For say, than ***'s propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births
 arose:
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish; or in death to lose!
 Early to lose; while born on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom:
 Nor fear, while basking by the beams of
 spring,
 The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to
 the tomb.
 Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly
 hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by
 steps so slow;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient
 stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the
 blow:
 To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to
 steal;
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so
 well.
 Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
 friend,
 And learn, with equal ease to sleep or
 die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye
 hear,
 Contracts with bigot from her sullen
 brow;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of
 fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles
 should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic
 fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of
 clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure
 field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting
 shield,
 The sting from Death, the vict'ry from
 the Grave.
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain,
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in
 dulness steep:
 Go soothe your souls in sickness, grief, or
 pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite
 creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of
 war,
 Who from the phalanx, bid the battle
 bleed;
 Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to
 die.
 Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the
 tale:
 Like you, they reason; not, like you,
 enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken
 sail.
 On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily
 steer
 Your little course to cold Oblivion's
 shore:
 They dare the storm, and, though th' in-
 clement year,
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the
 torrent's roar.
 Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.
 Long must the warrior moulder in his
 shroud,
 Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd
 accents rise,
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
 Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes?
 Ambition cease: the idle contest end:
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or
 lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their
 all,
 (If life be all); why desolation lour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted
 ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an
 hour?
 Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
 high;

Weave the light dance, with festive freedom
 gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye
 die.
 Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty
 mind,
 Who breath'd on Man a portion of his
 fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time con-
 fin'd,
 To Heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of Hope, his Mercy
 rear'd,
 By vain Philosophy be e'er destroyed:
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

SONNET.

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In the long course of seventy years and
 one,
 Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
 Hoar frost, and sweeping snow prolong
 their sway,
 The wild winds whistle, and the forests
 groan;
 But now spring's smile has veil'd stern
 winter's frown;
 And now the birds on ev'ry budding
 spray
 Chaunt orisons, as to the morn of May:
 With them all fear of season's change is
 flown;
 Like them I sing, yet not, like them be-
 guil'd,
 Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know:
 But, though such hope be from my breast
 exil'd,
 I feel warm Piety's superior glow,
 And as my winter, like the year's is
 mild,
 Give praise to Him, from whom all mercies
 flow.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL
OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds
 dear:
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately
 gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling
 care
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the
 wave,

And died. Does Youth, does Beauty, read
 the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts
 alarm?
 Speak, dead *Maria*! breathe a strain di-
 vine:
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have
 power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,
 Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly
 move;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path
 once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their
 God."

ODE.

I, 1.

HARK! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
 That shook the earth with thund'ring
 ring?
 'Twas Death.—In haste
 The warrior past;
 High tower'd his helmed head:
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
 I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm, the falchion wield;
 Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd
 the angry air.

I, 2.

On me (he cry'd) my Britons, wait,
 To lead you to the field of fate
 I come: Yon car,
 That cleaves the air,
 Descends to throne my state:
 I mount, your champion and your god.
 My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong:
 Hark! to my wheels of brass, that rattle
 loud!
 Hark! to my clarion shrill, that brays the
 woods among!

I, 3.

FEAR not now the fever's fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan:
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at my palace gate;
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I
 wave,
 These on the tyrant king and coward
 slave
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them
 to their grave.

II, 1.

BUT ye, my sons, at this high hour
 Shall share the fulness of my power:
 From all your bows,
 In levell'd rows,
 My own dread shafts shall shower.
 Go then to conquest, gladly go,
 Deal forth my dole of destiny,
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's
 pale spectres lie.

II, 2.

WHERE creeps the ninefold stream pro-
 found
 Her black inexorable round,
 And on the bank,
 To willows dank,
 The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,
 Ere they again in life's gay mansion dwell:
 Not such the meed that crowns the sons
 of liberty.

II, 3.

No, my Britons! battle-slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour:
 I, that all despotic reign,
 Claim but there a moment's power.
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstasies,
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom
 dies.

CARACTACUS.

HYMN

BEFORE MORNING SERVICE.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest
 Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
 blest;
 When, like his own, he bade our labour
 cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
 From "vain deceit, and false philosophy;"
 Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
 Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
 In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy pleas'd receive
 That only tribute, man has power to give;
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes con-
 fide,
 Whose pow'r defends us, and whose pre-
 cepts guide;
 In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
 Glory supreme be thine till time shall end!

HYMN

BEFORE EVENING SERVICE.

Soon will the evening star with silver ray
 Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
 Resume we then, ere sleep and silence
 reign,
 The rites that holiness and Heav'n ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts en-
 gage,
 That shines reveal'd on Inspiration's page:
 Nor those blest hours in vain amusements
 waste
 Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
 Will crown with meet success our weekly
 toil;
 And here, on each returning Sabbath join
 In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

CHORUS.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes con-
 fide,
 Whose pow'r defends us, and whose pre-
 cepts guide;
 In life our guardian, and in death our
 friend,
 Glory supreme be thine till time shall
 end!

MORNING HYMN.

THAT from refreshing sleep I rise
 With health and reason blest,
 Accept, great God, the sacrifice
 Of thanks that warms my breast.

And O! may thy assisting grace
 Conduct me through the day,
 Lest Passion tempt, or Vice debase,
 Or Vanity betray.

Correct each thought, each wish control
 Save those thy laws approve,
 And pour on my repentant soul
 Thy pardon, peace, and love.

EVENING HYMN.

To SLEEP, Death's image, I resign
This night my pillow'd head,
Lord! let thy providence divine
From danger guard my bed.

But should I sleep to wake no more,
Or, with to-morrow's sun,
Have life thy goodness to adore,
Father, thy will be done.

This only be my constant prayer,
That, when Life's pulse shall cease,
My Soul, redeem'd by thee, may share
Thy pardon, love, and peace.

PSALM.

BEHOLD me, Lord, forlorn, distress'd,
By Rage pursued, by Power oppress'd,
By friends forsaken, foes dismay'd,
Divine Redeemer, haste thy aid.

From thee, just Arbiter of all!
Send forth thy vengeance, and appal
The sons of insolence and wrong,
Of vengeful heart and taunting tongue.

From thee, mild Minister of Grace,
Send joy to thy selected race,
Who warm'd by rapture from above
Shall magnify the name they love.

To me, forlorn, distress'd, dismay'd,
Send swiftly thy celestial aid,
And bid my soul, from sorrows free,
Divine Redeemer, haste to thee.

WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, the young brother of Joseph Warton, was born in 1728, at Basingstoke, and received his education at Winchester-school and Trinity College, Oxford. At twenty years of age he wrote his "Triumph of Isis", a vindication of Oxford, against the attack of Mason. In 1785 he was appointed Camden Professor of History and Poet Laureate. The pieces of Thomas Warton being very diversified and concise, he can only rank among the minor poets. He died May 5, 1797.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn, I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;

And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreathes to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-emboss'd book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

On Acon's¹ spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon:
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,—
A vaunting infidel the foe!"

Blondel² led the tuneful band,
And swept the lyre with glowing hand.
Cyprus³, from her rocky mound,
And Crete³, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kissed the sacred earth
That gave a murdered Saviour birth!
Then with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd:

"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favoured hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's⁴ almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's⁵ shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm!
See Lebanon's⁶ aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary⁷, the mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravished honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God,
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quenched thy lamps that beamed so
bright;

For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn⁸ he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:

1 Acon, anciently called Ptolemais, now St. Jean d'Acre.

2 Blondel, the faithful minstrel of King Richard.

3 Cyprus, Crete, islands in the Levant.

4 Carmel, a chain of mountains in Palestine.

5 Engaddi, a mountain of Palestine.

6 Lebanon, a chain of mountains, north of Palestine.

7 Calvary, a part of the chain of Mount Moriah, near Jerusalem, where Christ was crucified.

8 Kaliburn, the celebrated sword of the British king Arthur, said to have come into the possession of King Richard, and to have been given by him, as a present of inestimable value, to Tancred, king of Sicily.

Thy battering-engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid the spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtarothe¹ and Termagaunt²!
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doomed to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's³ sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.

"Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on the battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold!"

ODE.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen
way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the
ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes
to steep.

1 Ashtarothe, a Syrian goddess.

2 Termagaunt. The ignorant old chroniclers believed that the Mohammedans were idolaters, and that they worshipped some deity named Termagaunt.

3 Macon. This alludes to an Oriental superstition respecting a poisonous tree.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumb-
ling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she
rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
"Could build the genuine rime?
"Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
"Had stor'd with all her ample views,
"Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes
sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful
sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its
own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom,
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vege-
tate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy re-
gions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring
his knell:

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad Duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd atten-
tion took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
"Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
"The wreath of glory twine:
"In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
"Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
"Unless *Truth's matron-hand the floating*
folds confine.

"Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
"Permits through life at large to rove
"The tribes of hell-born Woe;
"Yet the same power that wisely sends
"Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
"Religion's golden shield to break th' em-
battled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
"Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing
breast,
"And stay'd the rising storm:
"Had bade the sun of hope appear
"To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
"And give the wonted bloom to nature's
blasted form.

"Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
"To take, what first it deign'd to give,
"Thy tributary breath:
"In awful expectation plac'd
"Await thy doom, nor impious haste
"To pluck from God's right hand his in-
struments of death."

THE PHAETON, AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

At Blagrove's once upon a time,
There stood a *Phaeton* sublime:
Unsullied by the dusty road
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new:
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A *One-Horse Chair* had took its stand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless Chaise and One.
"How could my Master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?

From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson's puny wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life!
Or with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool:
Or, haply to some christening gay,
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when blest Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!
'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
Hir'd for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
And ah! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henly,
But still my vast importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How yon gay street we smoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."

To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage the *One-Horse Chair* reply'd.

"Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd:
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for *Glass* and
Nurse.—

On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From *One-Horse Chairs* men rise to coaches;
If calm Discretion's steadfast hand,
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:
E'en kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a *One-Horse Chair*.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A *Rattle* of a larger size?"

Blagrove, who during the dispute,
Stood in a corner, sung and mute,
Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse,
To hear his Carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclos'd this wondrous tale:
I straight dispatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close:

"Things may be useful, tho' obscure;
"The pace that's slow is often sure:
"When empty pageantries we prize,
"We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
"The *Golden Mean* can best bestow
"Safety for unsubstantial show."

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN THE YEAR 1746.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.

"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
"And this my eldest son of nine;
"My wife's ambition and my own
"Was that this child should wear a gown:
"I'll warrant that his good behaviour
"Will justify your future favour;
"And for his parts to tell the truth,
"My son's a very forward youth;
"Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
"And mouths out Homer's Greek like thun-
der."

"If you'd examine—and admit him,
"A scholarship would nicely fit him:
"That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
"Your vote and interest, Sir!"—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, tho' twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship compleated;
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains;
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
"We live indeed like petty kings:
"But who can bear to waste his whole age
"Amid the dulness of a college,
"Debarr'd the common joys of life,
"And that prime bliss—a loving wife!

The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who 'mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's hell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires;
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed
shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake;
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread
The violet's unprinted head.

But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell,)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:

From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mould:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost
rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating
rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue
serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled
vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs in-
distinct
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure,
self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou
dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the
spheres!
O lead me! queen sublime, to solemn
glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless
shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to
muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing
scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton
train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hand
they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer
charm;

Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads,
adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown
piles

Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the
pale moon

Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming
light;

While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds
his bow'r

Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and
damp,

Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the
leaves

Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread

Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd
of old

The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy
void

That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps

My soul in dread repose. But when the
world

Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame

Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk

Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly
shape

At distance seen, invites with beck'ning
hand

My lonesome steps, through the far-winding
vaults.

Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch

I start: lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of

men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;

All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,

That through the still globe's awful soli-
tude,

No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.

Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;

But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,

When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic
maze,

To the fell house of Busyrane he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,

When in abstracted thought he first con-
ceiv'd

All Heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's evening
smiles,

As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning
close,

Where through the room a blindly glimm'r-
ing gleam

The dying embers scatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad shouts, that through

th' illumin'd roof
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,

Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore

This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,

As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask

False Folly's smile that like the dazzling
spells

Of wily Comus cheat the unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink

That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage
fair

Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the
man.

Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk

beneath.
For know that elegance of soul refin'd,

Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull

pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence

Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,

More genuine transports found, as on some
tomb

Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale

shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,

Mus'd a veil'd votaress; then Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,

Proud of her conquering charms, and
beauty's blaze,

She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal
globe,

And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,

How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind!

Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my
song!

Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou

wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown

Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the sor-

ceress-strain,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,

With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron
 bless;
 Though murder wan beneath thy shrouding
 shade
 Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
 In hideous conference sits the list'ning
 band,
 And starts at each low wind, or wakeful
 sound:
 What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth
 oft,
 As all benighted in Arabian wastes
 He hears the wilderness around him howl
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar
 head
 The black-descending tempest ceaseless
 beats;
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
 Is thy return, than blooming morn's ap-
 proach,
 Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
 When from the portals of the saffron east
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
 Yet not ungrateful is the Morn's approach,
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in
 clouds,
 While through the damp air scowls the
 louring South,
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove
 and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd
 groves
 Hail not the sullen gloom: the waving elms
 That, hoar through time and rang'd in thick
 array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamours
 hoarse
 Of rocks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
 While to the shed the dripping poultry
 crowd,
 A mournful train: secure the village hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts
 the storm;
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the
 plough:
 Rings not the high wood with enliven'd
 shouts
 Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of
 things.

Through Pope's soft song though all the
 Graces breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport
 glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
 In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid
 heaths,

Weary, forlorn! than when the fated fair
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble
 bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming
 isle,
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of
 luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
 Whose magic went to soothe your soften'd
 souls?

O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
 To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight
 mead,

And pour your sorrows to the pitying
 Moon,

By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
 Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
 By darksome brook to muse, and there
 forget

The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
 And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
 The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced
 eye

Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
 Of thick-rang'd trees: till haply from the
 depth

The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling
 team,

Or heifers rustling through the brake,
 alarms

Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden
 dream.

These are delights that absence drear has
 made

Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
 Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her
 bow'r

Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistening green
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled
 sight:

These are delights unknown to minds pro-
 fane,

And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of
 pray'r,

Oft let me tread, while to th' according
 voice

The many-sounding organ peals on high,
 The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied
 hymn,

Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,
 And lapp'd in paradise. Or let me sit

Far in sequester'd isles of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,

Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic
vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark,
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy
sway,
Measuring time's flight with momentary
sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming
eyes

Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly
draught:

Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threads of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's
woe

My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy
court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers
hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows
dim

In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow
clock,

Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling
heart.

Thus seen by shepherds from Hymettus'
brow,

What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy
groves,

Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts: here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny
vales

In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens
tow'rs.

Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus
roll

His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding
marge

The thick-wove laurel shades; though ro-
seate Morn

Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled
scene;

Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome
plain.

Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk,
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls dis-
close

Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitied
thief,

Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted
train,

The dwellings once of elegance and art.

Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd
bounds

Spires the black pine, while through the
naked street,

Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs
the grass:

Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns,
torn

From their firm base, increase the mould-
'ring mass.

Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene

Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!

O come, with saintly look, and steadfast step,

From forth thy cave embower'd with mourn-
ful yew,

Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound

List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress
bind

Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.

But never let Euphrosyne beguile

With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,

Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.

Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe
bare

Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;

Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and
Loves,

And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r

With her on nectar-streaming fruitage
feast.

What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring
skies,

And at her presence mild th' embattled
clouds

Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach;
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation
taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy
grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the
thought,

Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the
dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Menai, stream of Druids
old.

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in 1729, according to one account, at Elphin, but other biographers say, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland. He was a celebrated poet, historian and essayist; and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, for the medical profession. He devoted little attention to his medical studies, and his conduct was the cause of much trouble to himself and his friends. When he quitted Leyden he had but one clean shirt and no money; still, he determined to indulge his curiosity by making the tour of Europe on foot, and actually travelled through Flanders, part of France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy,—almost living on the hospitality of the peasantry and recompensing them by playing on his German flute which he carried with him. On his return to England he undertook the situation of usher in a school; but this he did not retain long, but gained a precarious subsistence by his periodical publications. He was simple, honest, and humane, but, at the same time, irritable, passionate, peevish, and sullen. His literary character is thus described by Dr. Aikin: "His literary fame, on the whole, must be considered as rising the highest in the character of a poet, for it would be difficult, in the compass of English verse, to find pieces which are read with more gratification than his "Traveller" and his "Deserted Village". There are, besides, his elegant Ballad of "The Hermit", his stanzas on "Woman", and some short humorous and miscellaneous pieces, which are never without interest." He was attacked with the symptoms of low fever, and took an overdose of a powerful medicine, from which he sunk under the disease or the remedy on the fourth of April, 1774.

TO MY BROTHER.

ETERNAL blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints
attend:
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests
retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening
fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain re-
pair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty
crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

THE TRAVELLER.

ON HAPPINESS.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still

There, in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger
pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

THE TRAVELLER.

SWITZERLAND.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force the churlish soil for scanty bread,
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil:
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;

And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THE TRAVELLER.

FRANCE.

To KINDER skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew,
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-ful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Our weighs the solid worth of self applause.

THE TRAVELLER.

FELICITY.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind:
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant-kings, or tyrant-laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Zeck's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE TRAVELLER.

ON RETIREMENT.

O BLEST retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease!
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds; or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the
 skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
laid,
And Sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
may'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: at his con-
trol,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch
to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
Heaven;

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence, that skirts the
way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to
trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited
glee,
At all his jokes; for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:

Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault,
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher
too:

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
 presage;
And e'en the story ran, that he could guage.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill;
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue
 still;
While words of learned strength, and thund-
 'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder
 grew,
That one small head should carry all he
 knew.

But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;
Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppress,ing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

HOPE.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son", the Hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
 For yonder phantom only flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still;
 And tho' my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn;
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego:
 All earth-born cares are wrong,
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd, and smil'd:
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
 To soothe the stranger's woe:
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 "And whence, unhappy youth", he cried:
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex!" he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
 A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn", she cried,
 "Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where Heaven and you reside!

But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray,
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he:
 And all his wealth was mark'd as mine:
 He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber'd suitors came,
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove:
 Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
Nor wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
And well my life shall pay;

I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay!

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I!"

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear:
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign,
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine.

No, never from this hour to part;
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, a poet, was born in Dublin, in 1729. At the age of seventeen he wrote a farce, entitled, "Love in a Mist", upon which Garrick is said to have founded that of the "Lying Valet". He then became a strolling player, but never attained to a degree of eminence as an actor. His poetry possesses much sweetness and elegant simplicity, and demonstrates a strong lively fancy. He died in Newcastle, September 10, 1773, aged forty-four years.

A LANDSCAPE.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the Landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep
Fearless with their kidlings brouse;
Here a flock of snowy sheep,
There an herd of motley cows.

On the uplands ev'ry glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales the sober shade
Softens to an ev'ning gray.

Where the rill by slow degrees
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak
Near the farm house forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride,
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide.—

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun.

High upon the daisy'd hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!—

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
Bouncing from her loaded pad,
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim
As the full cart moves along:
Hearken!—'tis the harvest hymn.

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise
Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs dividing break;
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake.

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sun-beams sore opprest,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide.

On the isles, with osiers drest,
Many a fair plump'd halcyon breeds;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon, crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread
Barefoot in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon' rev'rend shades,
Whilom in that shatter'd cell
Many an hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath
Tott'ring with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay upon the rising green,
Many an Attic building smiles.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

In the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half bury'd there lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'ergrown by Time;
And many a cherub there descends in dust
From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs
on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves pro-
found,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms
dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur
stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade
spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring
wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trem-
bling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd un-
known,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Ev'ning check'd Day's sunny
pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood,
And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I
view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks
his way!
This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd
base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course
delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain, and Melody her song sublime;
In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold-unfeeling heart of
Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not moved to
spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd
pride;
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy
ty'd.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with
moss,
That terminates the view yon cloister'd
way!
In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mould'ring in de-
cay!

Where the mild sun, thro' saint-encypher'd
glass,
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky
aisle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the
Pile!

And Piety, with mystic meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'er-
 turn'd!

Thro' the gay grove, between those with'ring
trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, ap-
pears

A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pity'd not the pride of youthful
bloom;

Nor could maternal piety dissuade
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest
Where mould'ring in the niche his statue
 stands,
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his
 vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder
gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As trac'd among the fragments of his
tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended
wide?
That Honour and her knights composed his
train,
And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his
side?

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate
foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the cong'rour Time
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning
sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of Discord!
dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room
Where the sage matron and her maidens
sat,
Sweet-singing at the silver-working loom.

The trav'ler is bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to
 roar,
Where in his groves, with arching arbours
 grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties
hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd
them dry.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent
With Comus and the laughter-loving
crew,
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they
flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they
must;
Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight
roar;
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring
dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty
more.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract but for a day precarious breath?

Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
 Soothe with his Melody insatiate Death?

No.—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards
 around,

Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamoured beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 'Tis where you've seldom been,
 May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay;
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the labor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 And see,—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green;
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love.
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh:
 She claims a virgin queen;
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:

And the peeping sunbeam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring,
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale:
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
 Now the busy bee's employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distills,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

A SONG, SENT WITH A ROSE.

Yes, every flower that blows
 I pass'd unheeded by,
 Till this enchanting rose
 Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;
 It scented every breeze,
 That wanton'd o'er the stream,
 Or trembled through the trees,
 To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
 Its fragrance can't excel,
 From some celestial shade
 The damask charmer fell;
 And as her balmy sweets
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The queen of Beauty greets
 The gentle queen of Flowers.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop 's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade
Where, uncheck'd the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a fluttering zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature 's lull'd—serene—and still,
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound,)

Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune
Carols to the Ev'ning loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

How the hermit owlet peeps
From the bark or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake!

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnetts, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo, bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd Courts, oh Lord;
To feel devotion's soothing power
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud "amen",
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd
And still the anxious tear will fall,
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's
bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, struck thy lyre,
Of broken sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

VERSES BY THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE
HIS DEATH.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You 'll cry—"and has Cunningham time
"To give so much verse to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof, though severe,
Is just, from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Even take the dull lines I rehearse—
They are all a poor friend has to give.

The drama and I have shook hands,
We have parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleasure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
I am turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; through the day,
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit;—
At noon she'd her favours display,
At night let me pine at her feet:

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns!
Her whimsies supply me with sport—
And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When time shall the summons proclaim.

I have nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers I grant are confined;
But you are still one of the first.

NATURE.

O NATURE! holy meek and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twinner of bowers for lovers' meet;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
Oh! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame in thee.
Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot-blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave
 toiling;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are
 smiling:

Thy looks inspired, thy chasten'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's
 vain,
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

When hoary hinds, with rustic saws, Lay down to youth thy golden laws; And beauty is her wet cheek laying To her sweet child, and silent praying: With thee in hallow'd mood I'll go, Through scenes of gladness or of woe:	I feel thy presence and thy power, As feels the rain yon parched flower; It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom, Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume, A child of woe, sprung from the clod, Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.
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Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume,
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Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

DODD.

DR. WILLIAM DODD was born in 1729, at Bourne, in the western part of Lincolnshire, of which place his father was vicar. After receiving his education at Clare College, Cambridge, he became a popular preacher in London, and was appointed one of the king's chaplains. He was vain and extravagant, and kept an extensive establishment; but, finding himself unable to support it, he offered the Lady of the Lord Chancellor a bribe of three thousand pounds to endeavor to procure for him the living of St. George's Hanover Square. The Lady was so indignant at this insult, that she informed the Chancellor, and Dodd was struck off the royal list. The Earl of Chesterfield, to whom he had been tutor, afterwards presented him with a living, but, being pressed by his necessities, he forged a bond for 4200 pounds on his former pupil and patron, intending to take it up when it became due, but the forgery was soon discovered and although the most strenuous exertions were used to obtain his pardon, he was executed at Tyburn on the 27th of June, 1777.

THE IMPRISONMENT.

My friends are gone! Harsh on its sullen
hinge
Grates the dread door; the massy bolts re-
spond
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch.

The dire keys clang, with movement dull
and slow,
While their behest the ponderous locks per-
form:

And fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude,—to sorrow left.

But wherefore fastened? Oh still stronger
bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten
brass,
To solitude and sorrow would consign
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, though
free!

For, whither should he fly, or where produce

In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless head? whence every laurel
torn,

On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy;
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace?
Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the
 stings
Of pointed scorn? What the tumultuous
 voice

Of erring multitudes? Or what the shafts
Of keenest malice, levell'd from the bow
Of human inquisition?—if the God,
Who knows the heart, looks with com-
placence down
Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
Repentance bursting from the earth-bent
eye,
And faith's red cross held closely to the
breast?

Oh Author of my being! of my bliss
Beneficent dispenser! wond'rous power,
Whose eye, all-searching, thro' this dreary
gloom

Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,
Assist me! With thy ray of light divine.
Illumine my dark thoughts; upraise my
low;

And give me wisdom's guidance, while I
 Impartially to state the dread account,
 And call myself to trial! Trial far
 Than that more fearful—though how fearful
 that

Which trembling late I prov'd! Oh aid my
 hand

To hold the balance equal; and allow
 The few sad moments of remaining life
 To retrospection useful! make my end,
 As my first wish (thou know'st the heart)
 has been

To make my whole of being to my friends,
 My fellow-pilgrims through this world of
 woe,

Instructive!—Oh could I conduct but one,
 One only with me to our Canaan's rest,
 How could I meet my fate, nor think it hard!

Not think it hard?—Burst into tears, my
 soul;

Gush every pore of my distracted frame,
 Gush into drops of blood?—But one, save
 one,

Or guide to Canaan's rest?—when all thy
 views

In better days were dedicate alone
 To guide, persuade to that celestial rest,
 Souls which have listened with devotion's
 ear

To Sion's songs enchanting from thy lips,
 And tidings sweet of Jesu's pardoning
 love?

But one, save one?—Oh, what a rest is
 this!

Oh what a Sabbath in this dungeon's gloom,
 This prison-house, meet emblem of the
 realm

Reserv'd for the ungodly! Hark! methinks
 I hear the cheerful melody of praise

And penitential sweetness! 'Tis the sound,
 The well-known sound, to which my soul
 attun'd

For year succeeding year, hath hearken'd
 glad,

And still with fresh delight: while all my
 powers

In blest employ have press'd the saving
 truths

Of grace divine, and faith's all-conquering
 might,

On the sure Rock of Ages grounded firm.
 Those hours are gone! and here, from
 heaven shut out,

And heavenly works like these, on this lov'd
 day,

Rest of my God,—I only hear around
 The dismal clang of chains, the hoarse rough
 shout

Of dissonant imprecation, and the cry
 Of misery and vice, in fearful din

Impetuous mingled! while the scalding
 tears,

Involuntarily starting, furrow down
 My sickly cheeks; and whirling thought,
 confus'd
 For giddy moments, scarce allows to know
 Or where, or who, or what a wretch I am!

* * *

Yet—(His mercies who can count,
 Or truly speak his praise!)—Yet through
 this gloom

Of self-conviction, lowly he vouchsafes
 To dart a ray of comfort, like the sun's,

All-cheering through a summer's evening
 shower!

Arch'd in his gorgeous sky, I view the bow
 Of grace fix'd emblem! 'Tis that grace
 alone

Which gives my soul its firmness; builds my
 hope

Beyond the grave; and bids me spurn the
 earth!

First of all blessings, hail! Yet Thou from
 whom

Both first and last, both great and small
 proceed;

Exhaustless source of every good to man,
 Accept for all the tribute of my praise;

For all are thine!—Thine the ingenuous
 friends,

Who solace with compassion sweet my
 woe;

Mingle with mine their sympathetic tears;
 Incessant and disinterested toil

To work my weal; and delicately kind,
 Watch every keener sensibility

That lives about my soul. Oh, more than
 friends,

In tenderness my children!—Thine are too
 The very keepers of the rugged jail,

—Ill school to learn humanity's soft love!—
 Yet here humanity their duty pays,

Respectably affecting! Whilst they tend
 My little wants, officious in their zeal,

They turn away, and fain would hide the
 tear

That gushes all unbidden to their eye,
 And sanctifies their service.—On their
 heads

Thy Blessing, Lord of Bounty!—
 But, of all,

All thy choice comforts in this drear dis-
 tress,

God of our first young love! Thine is the
 Wife,

Who with assiduous care, from night to
 morn,

From morn to night, watches my every
 need;

And, as in brightest days of peace and
 joy,

Smiles on my anguish, while her own poor
 breast

Is full almost to bursting! Prostrate, Lord,

Before thy footstool—Thou, whose highest
style
On earth, in heaven, is Love!—Thou, who
hast breath'd
Thro' human hearts the tender charities,
The social fond affections which unite
In bonds of sweetest amity those hearts,
And guide to every good!—Thou, whose
kind eye
Complacent must behold the rich, ripe fruit,
Mature and mellow'd on the generous stock
Of thy own careful planting!—Low on
earth,
And mingled with my native dust, I cry;
With all the Husband's anxious fondness
cry;
With all the friend's solicitude and truth;
With all the teacher's fervour,—“God of
Love,
“Vouchsafe thy choicest comforts on her
head!
“Be thine my fate's decision: To thy will
“With angel-resignation, lo! we bend!”

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

THE RETROSPECT.

THOU who knowest all,
Know'st well, thrice gracious Master! that
my heart
Attun'd to thy dear love, how'er seduc'd
By worldly adulation from its vows,
And for a few contemptible, condemn'd
Unhappy moments faithless; well thou
know'st
That heart ne'er knew true peace but in thy
love:
That heart hath in thy love known thorough
peace:
Hath frequent panted for that love's full
growth;
And sought occasions to display its warmth
By deeds of kindness, mild humanity
And pitying mercy to its fellow-men!
And thou hast blest me! and I will rejoice
That thou hast blest me! thou hast giv'n
my soul
The Luxury of Luxuries, to wipe
The tear from many an eye; to stop the
groan
At many an aching heart. And thou wilt
wipe
The tears from mine, and thou the groan
repress:
And thou,—for oh, this beating heart is
thine,
Fram'd by thy hand to pity's quickest
touch,—
Thou wilt forgive the sinner; and bestow
Mercy, sweet mercy! which, inspir'd by
thee,

He never had the power, and ne'er the will,
To hold from others where he could bestow!
Shall he not then rest happily secure
Of mercy, thrice blest mercy from man-
kind?
Where rests it?—Resignation's meek-ey'd
power
Sustain me still; Composure still be mine:
Where rests it?—Oh mysterious Provi-
dence!
Silence the wild idea:—I have found
No mercy yet; no mild humanity:
With cruel unrelenting rigour torn,
And, lost in prison, wild to all below!
So from his daily toil, returning late
O'er Gison's rugged mountains, clad in
snow,
The peasant with astonish'd eyes beholds
A gaunt wolf, from the pine-grove howling
rush;
Chill horror stiffens him, alike to fly
Unable, to resist; the monster feeds
Blood-happy, growling, on his quivering
heart!

Meanwhile light blazes in his lonely cot
The crackling hearth; his careful wife pre-
pares
Her humble cates; and through the lattic'd
light
His little ones, expecting his return,
Peep, anxious! Ah, poor victim, he nor
hearth
Bright blazing, nor the housewife's humble
cates,
Nor much-lov'd children, henceforth more
shall see!

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.

BRITONS, while saching in the golden barge
Of giddy dissipation, on the stream,
Smooth silver stream of gorgeous luxury,
Boast gaily—and for ages may they boast,
And truly; for through ages we may trust
'Twill interpose between our crimes and
God,
And turn away his just avenging scourge—
‘The national Humanity!’ Hither then,
Ye sons of pity, and ye sons of thought!—
Whether by public zeal and patriot love,
Or by Compassion's gentle stirrings wrought,
Oh hither come, and find sufficient scope
For all the patriot's, all the Christian's
search!
Some great, some salutary plan to frame,
Turning confinement's curses into good;
And, like the God who but rebukes to save,
Extracting comfort from correction's stroke!
Why do we punish? Why do penal laws
Coercive, by tremendous sanctions bind

Offending mortals?—Justice on her throne
Rigid on this hand to example points;
More mild to reformation upon that:
—She balances, and finds no ends but
these.

Crowd then, along with yonder revel-
rout,
To exemplary punishment, and mark
The language of the multitude, obscene,
Wild, blasphemous, and cruel! Tent their
looks

Of madding, drunken, thoughtless, ruthless
gaze,
Of giddy curiosity and vain!
Their deeds still more emphatic, note; and
see

By the sad spectacle unimpress'd, they dare
Even in the eye of death, what to their
doom

Brought their expiring fellows! Learn we
hence

How to example's salutary end
Our justice sagely ministers! But one—
Should there be one—thrice hapless,—of a
mind

By guilt unhardened, and above the throng
Of desperate miscreants, through repeated
crimes

In stupor lull'd, and lost to every sense;—
Ah me, the sad reverse! should there be one
Of generous feelings; whom remorseless
fate,

Pallid necessity, or chill distress,
The family's urgent call, or just demand
Of honest creditor,—(solicitudes
To reckless, pamper'd worldlings all un-
known)

Should there be one, whose trembling,
frighted hand,

Causes like these in temporary guilt,
Abhorrent to his inmost soul, have plung'd,
And made obnoxious to the rigid law!
Sentenc'd to pay,—and, wearied with its
weight,

Well-pleas'd to pay with life that law's
demand;

Awful dispensers of strict justice, say,
Would ye have more than life? or, in an
age,

A country, where humanity reverts
At torture's bare idea, would you tear
Worse than on racking wheels a soul like
this,

And make him of the stupid crowd a gaze
For lingering hours?—drag him along to
death

An useless spectacle; and more than slay
Your living victim?—Death is your demand:
Death your law's sentence: then this life is
yours:

Take the just forfeit; you can claim no more!

* * *

With what deep force, experienc'd, can I
urge

The truths momentous! How their power
I feel

In this my solitude, in this lone hour,
This melancholy midnight hour of thought,
Encircled with the unhappy! firmly clos'd
Each barricadoed door, and left, just God,
Oh blessing—left to pensiveness and Thee!

To me how high a blessing! nor contains
Seclusion aught of punishment; to mix
With wretches here were punishment in-
deed!

How dread a punishment!—In life's best
days,

Of all most chosen, valued and belov'd,
Was soft retirement's season. From youth's
dawn

To solitude inur'd, "ne'er less alone
"Than when alone," with him so truly
fam'd

In wisdom's school, my heart could ever
beat

Glad unison. To meditation's charms,
Pleas'd votary, how have pass'd my sweet-
est hours

In her secrete and calm society!
Still Meditation, Solitude's fair child,
Man's dearest friend,—Oh happy be the
time

That introduc'd me to thy hallow'd train;
That thought me through thy genial lessons
sage

My best, my truest dignity to place
In thought, reflection deep, and studious
search,

Divinest recreations of the mind!
Oh, happy be the day which gave that
mind

Learning's first tincture—blest thy fostering
care,

Thou most belov'd of parents, worthiest
sire!

Which, taste-inspiring, made the letter'd
page

My favourite companion: most esteem'd
And most improving! Almost from the day
Of earliest childhood to the present hour,
Of gloomy, black misfortune, books, dear
books,

Have been, and are, my comforts: Morn
and night,

Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness,—good or ill re-
port,

The same firm friends; the same refresh-
ment rich,

And source of consolation! Nay, ev'n here
Their magic power they lose not: still the
same,

Of matchless influence in this prison-house,
Unutterably horrid; in an hour
Of woe, beyond all fancy's fictions drear.

Drear hour!—What is it!—Lost in poignant thought,
Lost in the retrospection manifold
Of thee, lov'd study,—and of thee, my sire,
Who, to the fountain fair of Science led
My infant feet,—I lose all count of time,
I lose myself. List!—'tis dread midnight's hour,

When waking fancy with invention wild
(By ages hallow'd) hath to spirits assign'd
—Spirits of dear departed friends—to walk
The silent gloom, and bring us from the dead

Tales harrowing up the soul aghast!—And, hark!

Solemn and slow the iron tongue of night
Resounds alarming! My o'er-harrass'd soul
Confus'd, is lost in sorrows: down mine eyes

Stream the full tears, distress is all alive,
And quick imagination's pulse beats high.

"Dear father, is it thou?" Methought his ghost

Glided in silence by me! Not a word,—
While mournfully he shakes his dear pale face!

O stay, thou much-lov'd parent! stay, and give

One word of consolation; if allow'd
To son, like whom no son hath ever lov'd,
None ever suffer'd! See, it comes again:
August it flits across th' astonish'd room!
I know thee well, thy beauteous image know:

Dear spirit stay, and take me to the world
Where thou art. And where thou art, oh my father,

I must, I must be happy.—Every day
Thou know'st, remembrance hath embalm'd thy love,

And wish'd thy presence. Melancholy thought,

At last to meet thee in a place like this!
Oh stay and waft me instant—But, 'tis gone,

The dear delusion! He nor hears my words,
My filial anxiety, nor regards
My pleading tears. 'Twas but a coinage vain

Of the distemper'd fancy! Gone, 'tis gone,
And here I'm left a trembling wretch to weep

Unheard, unpitied left, to weep alone!

Nor thou, Maria, with me! Oh, my wife,
And is this bitter with the bitterest mix'd,
That I must lose thy heavenly company,
And consolation soothing! Yet, 'tis best:

Thy tenderness, thy presence, doth but wound

And stab to the keenest quick my bursting heart!

"I have undone thee!" Can I then sustain
Thy killing aspect, and that tender tear

Which secret steals adown thy lovely face,
Dissembling smiles to cheer me—cheer me,
Heavens!

Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,
Pluck'd instant, unsuspected, in the hour
Of peace and dear security on her head!
And where—O where can cheerfulness be found?

Mine must be mourning ever. Oh, my wife,
"I have undone thee!"—What th' infuriate hand

Of foes vindictive could not have achiev'd,
In mercy would not, I have wrought! Thy husband!

Thy husband, lov'd with such unshaken truth,

Thy husband, lov'd with such a steady flame,
From youth's first hour!—Even he hath on thee pluck'd,

On thee, his soul's companion, life's best friend,

Such desolation, as to view would draw
From the wild savage pity's deepest groan!

Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pamper'd vice,

High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast obtain'd

A worthy triumph! Thou hast pierc'd to the quick

A weak, an amiable female heart,
A conjugal heart most faithful, most attach'd:

Yet can I pardon thee; for poor buffoon,
Thy vices must be fed; and thou must live,
Luxurious live, as foe to God and man;
Commission'd live, thy poison to diffuse,
And taint the public virtue with thy crimes.

Yes, I can pardon thee—low as thou art,
And far too mean an object ev'n of scorn;
For thou her merits knew'st not. Hadst thou known,

Thou,—callous as thou art to every sense
Of human feeling, every nobler touch
Of generous sensibility,—even thou
Couldst not have wanton pierc'd her gentle breast;

But at a distance awful wouldst have stood,
And, like thy prototype of oldest time,
View'd her just virtues pass in triumph by,

And own'd, howe'er reluctant—

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

RETROSPECTION.

RETURN, blest hours—ye peaceful days, return!

When through each office of celestial love
Ennobling piety my glad feet led
Continual, and my head each night to rest
Lull'd on the down pillow of content!

Though too much influenc'd by the pleasing
force
Of native generosity, uncurb'd
And unchastis'd (as reason, duty taught)
Prudent economy, in thy sober school
Of parsimonious lecture; useful lore,
And of prime moment to our worldly weal;
—Yet witness heaven and earth, amidst
this dream,
This transient vision, ne'er so slept my
soul,
Or sacrific'd my hands at folly's shrine,
As to forget Religion's public toil,
Study's improvement, or the pleading cause
Of suffering humanity.—Gracious God,
How wonderful a compound, mixture
strange,
Incongruous, inconsistent, is frail man!

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

THE TRIAL.

YET, oh ye sons of justice!—e'er we quit
This awful court, expostulation's voice
One moment hear impartial. Give a while
Your honest hearts to nature's touches
true,
Her fine resentments faithful; draw aside
That veil from reason's clear reflecting view,
Which practice long and rectitude suppos'd
Of laws establish'd, hath obstructive hung.
But pleads, or time, or long prescription
ought
In favour or abatement of the wrong
By folly wrought, or error? Hoary grown,
And sanctify'd by custom's habit gray,
Absurdity stalks forth, still more absurd,
And double shame reflects upon an age
Wise and enlighten'd. Should not equal
laws
Their punishments proportionate to crimes;
Nor, all Draconic, ev'n to blood pursue
Vindicate, where the venial poor offense
Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last de-
mand
Law can exact: the penalty extreme
Of human crime! and shall the petty thief
Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more
Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er
with guilt?

Few are the crimes against or God or
man,
—Consult th' eternal code of right or
wrong—
Which e'er can justify this last extreem
This wanton sporting with the human life,
This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,
Speedy and diligent, the penal code,
Humanity's disgrace; our nation's first
And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts
Of equity and mercy:—Shiver not

Full oft your inmost souls, when from the
bench
Ye deal out death tremendous; and pro-
claim
Th' irrevocable sentence on a wretch?
Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,
And immature to the low grave consign'd
For misdemeanors trivial? Runs not back,
Affrighted, to its fountain, your chill'd
blood,
When deck'd in all the horrid pomp of
death,
And gothic rage surpassing, to the flames
The weaker sex,—incredible—you doom;
Denouncing punishments the more severe,
As less of strength is found to bear their
force:
Shame on the savage practice! Oh stand
forth
In the great case,—Compassion's, Equity's,
Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honour's
cause,
—Stand forth, reflecting Eden! Well thou'st
toil'd
Already in the honourable field:
Might thy young labours animate, the hour
Auspicious is arriv'd. Sages esteem'd
And venerably learn'd, as in the school
Of legal science, so in that of worth
And sentiment exalted, fill the bench:
And lo! the imperial Muscovite, intent
On public weal, a bright example shines
Of civilizing justice. Sages, rise:
The cause the animating pattern calls.
Oh, I adjure you with my parting breath,
By all your hopes of mercy and of peace,
By all the blood henceforth unjustly spilt,
Or wantonly by all the sorrows deep,
And scalding fears shed for that blood so
spilt;
In God's tremendous name, lo, I adjure,
Without procrastination to the task
Important that you haste! With equal hand
In scales of temperate justice, balance well
The daims of pleading mercy! Unto crimes
Inflictions just and adequate assign;
On reformation or example sole,
And all impartial, constantly intent,
Banish the rage for blood! for tortures fell
Savage, reproachful. Study to restore
Its young, its useful members to the state,
Well disciplin'd, corrected, moraliz'd;
Preserv'd at once from shame, from death,
from hell.
Men, rationals, immortals,—Sons of God,
Oh prosperous be your labours, crown'd
your zeal!

* * *

Be the decision thine, Father of life!
Thou gavest, thou hast right to take
away;
In each alike beneficent! If thou

Hast pleasure in me, once more shall I
 share
 Thy hallow'd services, my heart's chief joy;
 If not with happy David—oh like his
 Could my song flow repentant—every
 thought
 Uniting cries with resignation's voice
 "Do with me, Lord, as it shall seem thee
 good!"

Thus supplicating, down my weary head,
 To slumber on its wretched pillow, sunk,
 O'erpower'd, oppress'd; nor on the main-
 mast high,
 Rock'd by the bellowing tempest, and the
 dash
 Of furious surges, the poor ship-boy sleeps
 More soundly, than my powers o'erwrought,
 amidst
 The din of desperate felons, and the roar
 Of harden'd guilt's mad midnight orgies
 loud!

But fancy free, the busy soul was wake;
 Anticipation pleasing of its state,
 When sleeps its clayey prison in the grave,
 And forth it bursts to liberty! Methought
 —Such was the vision—in a lowly vale
 Myself I found, whose living green was
 deck'd

With all the beauteous family of Spring:
 Pale primrose, modest violet, hare-bell blue,
 Sweet-scented eglantine of fragrance rich,
 And permanent the rose; golden jonquil,
 And polyanthus variegate of hue,
 With lilies dale delighting. Through the
 midst

Meandering, of pure crystal, flow'd a stream,
 The flowery banks reflecting: On each side,
 With homely cots adorn'd, whose 'habitants,
 When sorrow-sunk, my voice of comfort
 sooth'd;

When sickness-worn, my hand of care re-
 liev'd,
 Tended, and ministering to all their wants,
 Instructed in the language of the skies.
 Dear was the office, cheering was the toil,
 And something like angelic felt my soul!

When lur'd, methought, by one of glit-
 tering hue
 (Bright gleam'd the coronet upon his brow,
 Rich glow'd his robe of crimson, ermine
 deck'd)

I toil'd to gain a neighbouring mountain's
 top,
 Where blaz'd preferment's temple. So my
 guide,

With smile complacent, taught and led me
 on,

Softening with artful speech the tedious way,
 And arduous ever. As I rose, the view
 Still gloomier seem'd, and dreary: the strait
 path

Still straiter, and more sharp the pointed
 briars

Entangling! With insulting sneers the
 crowd,
 Pressing the same bad road, jostled me by,
 Or threw me prostrate; till fatigu'd and
 faint,
 With feeble voice, exhausted quite, I cried,
 "Oh to my vale restore me! to my cots,
 "Illustrious guide! my ministrations blest,
 "Angelical and blessing!"—With a look
 Of killing scorn he ey'd me: Instant down,
 Precipitate dash'd o'er me craggy rocks,
 Tumbling tumultuous; and in dungeon
 dark,
 Illumin'd only by the furious glare
 Of lynx's and tyger's eyes, through hunger
 fierce,
 And eager to devour, trembling I lay!
 When in a moment, through the dungeon's
 gloom,
 Burst light resplendent as the mid-day sun,
 From adamant shield of heavenly proof,
 Held high by one, of more than human
 port,
 Advancing slow; while on his tow'ring crest
 Sat fortitude unshaken: At his feet
 Crouch'd the half-famish'd savages! From
 earth
 He rais'd me, weeping, and with look of
 peace
 Benignant, pointed to a crimson cross
 On his bright shield pourtray'd. A milder
 form,
 Yet of celestial sweetness,—such as oft
 My raptur'd eyes have in the tabled trac'd
 Of unaffected penitence; of her
 Pleasing similitude—the weeping fair
 Early from royal but unhallow'd love,
 To God's sole service flying.—Fam'd Le
 Brun,
 Thy glowing pencil's master piece!—Such
 seem'd
 Repentance, meek approaching. From the
 den,
 Illumin'd and defended by faith's shield,
 My trembling feet she led; and having
 borne
 Through perils infinite, and terrors wild
 And various,—fainting almost my sick
 soul—
 She left me at a gate of glittering gold,
 Which open'd instantaneous at the touch
 Of homely porter, clad in wolsey gray,
 And ever bending lowly to the ground
 His modest countenance! But what a scene
 —Admitted through the portal—on my
 sight
 Transported, rush'd! High on a sapphire
 throne,
 Amidst a flame like carbuncle, sat Love,
 Beaming forth living rays of light and joy
 On choral crowds of spirits infinite,
 In immortality and glory cloth'd;
 And hymning lofty strains to minstrelsy

Not all thy gold or orient pearl could
 save
 Thee, Lusitania's monarch, from the stroke
 Impending long and dread! Nor, Terrick,
 thee,
 Thy mitre, and thy rochet! Ensigns blest,
 When worn with sanctity; then surely
 chang'd
 For crown of gold, and robe of spotless
 white!

See, neither can the coronet, nor garb
 Of ermin'd pomp, from Temple turn aside
 The levell'd blow; nor, higher fair in price,
 Th' uplifted shield of Jansen's honest heart!
 Lo! too, as if in scorn of purple pride,
 And all life's glories, in this high parade,
 Funeral marches, tragic-actor now,
 He who so late light on the comic sock
 Trod the gay stage, and bade with laughter's
 burst
 Involuntary the throng'd theatres resound!
 And, food for worms, poor Woodward, thou
 no less
 Than patriots, princes, countesses and
 priests!
 Death scorns distinction: But, despotic
 power,
 Cloth'd in his direst terrors, here he reigns,
 Here revels! Here with bitterest vengeance
 shakes
 O'er trembling convicts his determin'd
 shaft,
 And gluts himself with horror! See him
 lead
 From yonder darksome cell, all pale with
 woe,
 That stranger sinking, who, in luckless
 hour,
 With rash hand pierc'd the bosom he ador'd,
 Nor drank of comfort more! half in his
 heart
 The black lance festering strikes; and death
 himself,
 Howe'er relentless, ere he drives it home,
 Of strange commiseration feels a pang,
 Reluctant to his office!—

* * *
 But say, my soul, 'midst these alarming
 calls,
 This dread familiarity with death;
 Our common debt, from infancy's first cry
 Denounc'd, expected, though its sure ap-
 proach
 Lurks in uncertainty's obscurest night:—
 Our common debt, which babes and palsied
 seers,
 Princes and pilgrims, equally must pay;—
 Say, canst thou feel reluctance to discharge
 The claim inevitable? Senseless he,
 Who in life's gaudiest moments fondly
 strives
 To turn his eyes unheeding from the view

Instructive. 'Midst those moments, deep it
 dwelt
 On my reflecting mind! a mind which liv'd
 More in the future than the present world,
 Which, frequent call'd by duty's solemn
 voice
 From earth's low scenes, on those sublimer
 far
 Hath ever thought delighted; and those
 thoughts
 Conveying to mankind, in them desires
 Its real transcript, its resemblance true,
 May be survey'd—the picture of itself.
 For, whatsoe'er may be our earthly state,
 The mind 's the man.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

HUMILITY.

Oh the high blessing of humility!
 Man's first and richest grace! Of virtue,
 truth,
 Knowledge, and exaltation, certain source,
 And most abundant: Pregnant of all good;
 And, poor in show, to treasures infinite
 Infalibly conducting; her sure gift!
 So, when old Hyems has deform'd the year,
 We view, on fam'd Burgundia's craggy cliffs,
 The slow vines, scarce distinct, on the
 brown earth
 Neglected lie and grovelling;—promise
 poor
 From plant so humble, of the swelling
 grape
 In glowing clusters purpling o'er the
 hills:—
 When all—impregnating rolls forth the sun,
 And from the mean stalk pours a luscious
 flood
 Of juice nectareous through the laughing
 land.
 Nervous essayist! haply had thy pen,
 Of masculine ability, this theme
 Pursued intelligent; from lowly heart
 Delineating true the features mild
 Of genuine humility; mankind,
 Now 'wilder'd by thy sophistry, had bless'd
 And honour'd well thy teaching; whilst
 thyself
 Secure had sail'd and happy; nor been cast
 On pride's black rocks, or empty scorn's
 bleak shore!
 Not to our earth, or earth's poor confines
 bound:
 The soul dilated, glorified and free,
 On seraph's wings shall soar, and drink in
 glad
 New draughts of high delight from each
 survey

Of its Creator's kingdoms! Pleas'd shall
pass
From star to star; from planetary worlds,
And systems far remote, to systems, worlds
Remoter still, in boundless depths of space;
Each peopled with its myriads: and shall
learn

The wise and strict dependence of the
whole;

Concatenation striking of thy works,
All-perfect, mighty Master! Wonder-lost
In the vast view of systems numberless,
All regular, in one eternal round
Of beauteous order rolling! All design'd
With skill consummate, tending to one
goal;

And manifesting all, in characters
Transparent as the diamond's brilliant blaze,
Their Sovereign Ruler's unity of will,
His all-efficient wisdom, and his love,
In grace and glory infinite; the chain
Connecting firm, and through its every
link

Transfusing life's ineffable delights!
Oh Goodness providential! sleepless care!
Intent, as ever blest, to bless the whole!
What plaudits from that whole are due,
shall burst

From full creation's universal choir!

Then, oh transporting! shall the scheme
profound
Heaven's labour, and of angels' anxious
thought

Sublimest meditation;—then shall blaze
In fullest glory on the race redeem'd,
Redemption's boundless mercy? High in
Heav'n,

To millions blest, rejoicing in its grace,
And hymning all its bounties, shall the
cross,

Thy cross, all-conquering Saviour, be dis-
play'd,

While seraphs veil their glories, and while
men

Thronging innumerable, prostrate fall
Before thy feet, and to the bleeding Lamb
Ascribe their free salvation!—

'Midst that throng
Of spirits justified, and through thy blood
Cleans'd, perfected, and blest, might I be
found,

To scenes so high exalted; to such views
Ennobling brought, such intellect refin'd,
Such light and love, such holiness and
peace,

Such spheres of science, and such realms of
rest;

Ah, how I'd scorn the passage strait of
death,

How doleful e'er and horrid! How I'd look
With steadfastness unshaken through the
grave,

And smile o'er all its sadness! How I'd rise

Exulting, great Forerunner, o'er the waves
And bitterness of life! How, smiling, court
Ev'n the fell hand of horror, to dismiss
From earth, from darkness, my delighted
soul
To Heaven, to God, and everlasting day!

THEN too, oh joy! amidst this blaze of good,
This consummation rich of highest bliss;
Then shall we meet,—meet never more to
part,
Dear, dear departed friends! and then en-
joy

Eternal amity. My parents then,
My youth's companions!—From my moist-
en'd cheeks

Dry the unworthy tear! Where art thou,
Death?

Is this a cause for mourning?—What a
state

Of happiness exalted lies before me!

Lo, my bar'd bosom! Strike: I court the
blow:

I long, I pant for everlasting day,
For glory, immortality and God!

But, ah! why droops my soul? why o'er
me thus

Comes a chill cloud? Such triumph well
besuits

The faithful Christian; thee had suited well,
If haply persevering in the course,
As first thy race exultingly began.

But thou art fallen, fallen! Oh my heart,
What dire compunction?—sunk in foul
offence

A prisoner, and condemn'd; an outcast
vile;

Bye-word and scorn of an indignant world,
Who reprobate with horror thy ill deeds;

Turn from thee loath'd, and to damnation
just

Assign, unpitying, thy devoted head,
Loaded with every infamy!

Dread God

Of Justice and of Mercy! wilt thou too,
In fearful indignation on my soul,

My anguish'd soul, the door of pity close,
And shut me from thee ever?—Lo! in dust,

Humiliant, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy
throne—

Before thy cross, oh dying Friend of man,
Friend of repentant sinners, I confess,

And mourn my deep transgressions, as the
sand

Innumerable, as the glowing crimson red;
With every aggravation, every guilt

Accumulate and burden'd! Against light,
'Gainst love and clearest knowledge per-
petrate!

Stamp'd with ingratitude's most odious
stain;

Ingratitude to thee, whose favouring love

Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with
 grace,
 With goodness far beyond my wish or
 worth!
 Ingratitude to man; whose partial ear
 Attended to my doctrine with delight;
 And from my zeal conspicuous justly
 claim'd
 Conspicuous example!—Lord, I sink
 O'erwhelm'd with self-conviction, with dis-
 may,
 With anguish and confusion past compare!
 And could I weep whole seas of briny tears
 In painful penitence; could I deplore
 From my heart's aching fountain, drop by
 drop,
 My crimes and follies; my deep grief and
 shame,
 For vile dishonour on thy gospel brought;
 For vile discredit to my order done;
 For deep offence against my country's
 laws;
 For deep offence to pity and to man.—
 A patriarchal age would be too short
 To speak my sorrows and lament my sins;
 Chief, as I am of sinners! Guiltier far
 Than he who, falling, at the cock's shrill
 call
 Rose, and repented weeping: guiltier far—
 I dare not say, than Judas; for my heart
 Hath ever lov'd,—could never have betray'd,
 Oh never, never Thee, dear Lord! to death;
 Though cruelly, unkindly and unwise
 That heart hath sacrific'd its truth and
 peace,
 —For what a shameful, what a paltry
 price!—
 To sin, detested sin; and done thee wrong,
 Oh blessed source of all its good, its hope!
 For, though thus sunk, thus sinful, sorrow-
 ing thus,
 It dare not, cannot Juda's crime commit,
 Last crime,—and of thy mercy, Lord, de-
 spair!
 But conscious of its guilt; contrite and
 plung'd
 In lowest self-abjection in the depths
 Of sad compunction, of repentance due
 And undissembled, to thy cross it cleaves,
 And cries for, ardent cries for mercy, Lord!
 Mercy, its only refuge! Mercy, Christ!
 By the red drops that in the garden gush'd
 'Midst thy soul's anguish from thee! By the
 drops
 That down thy precious temples from the
 crown
 Of agony distill'd! By those that flow'd
 From thy pierc'd hands and blessed feet so
 free;
 By all thy blood, thy sufferings, and thy
 death,
 Mercy, oh Mercy, Jesus! Mercy Thou,
 Who erst on David, with a clement eye,

When mourning at thy footstool, deigns to
 look;
 Thou, who, th' adulterous Magdalen for-
 gav'st,
 When in the winning garb of penitence
 Contrite she knelt, and with her flowing
 tears
 Wash'd lowly thy lov'd feet! Nor thou the
 chief,
 Ev'n in the last, the bitterest hour of pain,
 Refusedst, gracious! Nor wilt thou refuse
 My humble supplication, nor reject
 My broken bleeding heart, thus offer'd up
 On true contrition's altar; while through
 Thee,
 Only through Thee acceptance do I hope,
 Thou bleeding Love! consummate Advoca-
 cate,
 Prevailing Intercessor, great High Priest,
 Almighty Sufferer! Oh look pitying down!
 On thy sufficient merits I depend;
 From thy unbounded mercies I implore
 The look of pardon and the voice of
 grace,—
 Grace, Grace!—Victorious Conqueror over
 sin,
 O'er death, o'er Hell, for me, for all man-
 kind;
 For grace I plead: repentant at thy feet
 I throw myself, unworthy, lost, undone;
 Trusting my soul, and all its dear concerns,
 With filial resignation to thy will:
 Grace,—still on grace my whole reliance
 built,
 Glory to grace triumphant!—And to thee,
 Dispenser bounteous of that sovereign
 grace!
 Jesus, thou King of glory! at thy call
 I come obedient: lo, the future world
 Expands its views transporting! Lord, I
 come;
 And in that world eternal trust to 'plaud,
 With all redemption's sons, thy glorious
 grace!
 Then farewell, oh my friends! light o'er
 my grave
 The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear
 Of memory affectionate! and you
 —The curtain drop decisive, oh my foes,
 Your rancour drop; and, candid, as I am
 Speak of me, hapless! Then you'll speak
 of one
 Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch
 From earliest infancy; whose boyish mind
 In acts humane and tender ever joy'd;
 And who,—that temper by his inmost sense
 Approv'd and cultivate with constant care,—
 Melted through life at Sorrow's plaintive
 tale,
 And urg'd, compassionate with pleasure
 ran
 To sooth the sufferer and relieve the woe!
 Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,

With splendid generosity's bright form
 Too ardently enamour'd, turn'd his sight,
 Deluded, from frugality's just care,
 And parsimony needful! One who scorn'd
 Mean love of gold, yet to that power,—his
 Retorting vengeful,—a mark'd victim fell!
 Of one, who, unsuspecting, and ill-form'd
 For the world's subtleties, his bare breast
 Unguarded, open; and ingenuous, thought
 All men ingenuous, frank and open too!
 Of one, who, warm with human passions,
 To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd
 Precipitate into the tangling maze
 Of error;—instant to each fault alive
 Who, in his little journey through the
 Misled, deluded oft, mistook his way;
 Met with bad roads and robbers, for his
 Insidious lurking; and by cunning craft
 Of fellow travellers sometimes deceiv'd,
 Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,
 Of envy, malice, and of ill report,
 The heavy hand oppressive! One who
 —From ignorance, from indiscretion
 Ills numerous on his head; but never aim'd
 Nor wish'd an ill or injury to man!
 Injur'd, with cheerful readiness forgave;
 Nor for a moment in his happy heart
 Harbour'd of malice or revenge a thought;
 Still glad and blest to avenge his foes' despite
 By deeds of love benevolent!—Of one—
 Oh painful contradiction!—who in God,
 In duty, plac'd the summit of his joy;
 Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,
 Preposterous, vile deserter! and receiv'd
 A just return—"Desertion from his God,
 "And consequential plunge into the depth
 "Of all his present—of all human woe!

* * *

My young friends,
 Whom life's gay sunshine warms with
 laughing joy,
 Pass you those claims unheeding!—In the
 bud
 Of earliest rose oft have I sorrowing seen
 The canker-worm lurk blighting; oft ere
 noon,
 The tulip have beheld drop its proud head
 In eminent beauty open'd to the morn!
 In youth, in beauty, in life's outward charms
 Boast not self-flattering; virtue has a grace,
 Religion has a power, which will preserve
 Immortal your true excellence! O give
 Early and happy your young hearts to God,
 And God will smile in countless blessings
 on you!

Nor, captivate by fashion's idle glare,
 And the world's shows delusive, dance the
 maze,
 The same dull round, fatiguing and fatigu'd,
 Till, discontented, down in folly's seat
 And dissatisfaction's worthless, toil'd, you
 sink,
 Despising and despis'd! Your gentle hearts
 To kind impressions yet susceptible,
 Will amiably hear a friend's advice;
 And if, perchance, amidst the giddy whirl
 Of circling folly, his unheeded tongue
 Hath whisper'd vanity, or not announc'd
 Truth's salutary dictates to your ears,
 Forgive the injury, my friends belov'd;
 And see me now, solicitous t' atone
 That and each fault, each error; with full eyes
 Entreating you, by all your hopes and fears,
 By all your dear anxieties, by all
 You hold in life most precious, to attend,
 To listen to his lore! to seek for bliss
 In God, in piety; in hearts devote
 To duty and to Heav'n! and seeking thus
 The treasure is your own. Angels on earth,
 Thus pure and good, soon will you mount,
 and live
 Eternal angels with your Father—God!

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

THE ADMONITION.

AFFLICTED prisoner, whosoe'er thou art
 To this lone room unhappily confin'd;
 Be thy first business here to search thy
 heart,
 And probe the deep corruptions of thy
 mind!
 Struck with the foul transgressions thou
 hast wrought,
 With sin,—the source of all thy worldly
 woe;
 To shame, to sorrow, to conviction brought,
 Oh, fall before the throne of mercy low!
 With true repentance pour thy soul in
 prayer,
 And fervent plead the Saviour's cleansing
 blood;
 Faith's ardent cry will pierce the Father's
 ear,
 And Christ's a plea which cannot be with-
 stood!

A PRAYER.

"MERCY, oh mercy, Lord! with humble
 heart!
 "For thy known pity's sake, mercy I pray!
 "Boundless in tender mercies as Thou art,
 "Take, Lord! oh take my foul offence away!

"Oh from my loathsome guilt, wash,
cleanse my soul,
"Remove, dear Father, each defiling stain:
"Guilty, oh guilty Lord! I own the whole;
"I see, I feel it; all excuse is vain.

"Against Thee, Lord! ev'n Thee, have I
transgress'd;

"Lo, self convicted, I before Thee fall!

"Just are thy words; their truth is thus
confess'd;

"Just are thy judgments! Sinners are we
all.

"Prone to offend, or ere to birth I came

"My mother, when conceiving, gave me
guilt;

"Shapen in sin was my corrupted frame,

"When in the womb that wondrous frame
was built.

"But show, of purer eyes than guilt to
view,

"Thou will accept the soul's sincere desire;

"Pardon the past, the humble heart renew,

"And wisdom by thy secret one inspire.

"Then listen to my cry; and oh, my God,

"Purge me with hyssop, and I pure shall
grow;

"Wash me, foul leper, in the mystic blood,

"And whiter I shall be than whitest snow.

"Again the voice of gladness let me hear,

"Thy voice of pardoning love, for it is sweet;

"The soul dejected so shall thou uprear,—

"The worm which, crush'd, lies trembling at
thy feet.

"Hide from my sins—the objects of thy
hate,—

"Oh, hide thy face, and blot them from thy
view:

"A clean heart, God of Grace, in me create,

"And a right spirit in my soul renew!

"From thy lov'd presence let me not be
driven;

"Let me not lose thy blessed spirit's aid;

"Again the joy of thy salvation giv'n,

"Uphold, support, sustain my heart dis-
may'd.

"Then, of thy pardoning mercy satisfy'd,

"Thy pardoning mercy loud will I pro-
claim:

"So shall transgressors, taught by me, con-
fide

"In thy compassions; turn, and bless thy
name.

"Ah! my soul shudders!—From the guilt
of blood,

"Oh, from blood-guiltiness deliver me!

"Oh God, deliver—my salvation's God,

"And praise unceasing will I pay to thee.

"Permit my lips, now clos'd by guilt and
shame,

"Thy pardoning love, Jehova, to express;

"Then to thy list'ning world I'll tell thy name,

"Proclaim thy praise, and sing thy right-
eousness.

"For crimes like mine no offerings can
atone;

"The gift of outward sacrifice is vain:

"Could these avail, before thy righteous
throne,

"Whole hecatombs I gladly would have
slain.

"The contrite spirit and the sighs sincere,

"Which from the broken bleeding heart
arise,

"To thee more pleasing sacrifices are;

"Are gifts, my God, which thou wilt not
despise.

"Hear then, and save! and to my people,
Lord,

"Thy saving mercy graciously extend!

"Oh let our Zion live in thy regard;

"The walls of our Jerusalem defend!

"So shall the righteous to thy temple go,

"And joyful bring their offering and their
praise:

"So shall the blood of lambs in plenty flow

"And incense on thy altar copious blaze.

"God of the world, at length thy rule I
own,

"And prostrate fall before thy boundless
throne:

"The power resistless, trembling I confess:

"In threat'nings awful, but in love no less!

"Oh what a blessing has that love assign'd,

"By penitence to heal the wounded mind!

"By penitence to sinners, who like me,

"More than th' unnumber'd sands that shore
the sea;

"My crimes acknowledge; which, of crim-
son dye,

"In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye!

"Oh eye, unworthy of the light of Heav'n:

"Oh sins too mountainous to be forgiv'n:

"Oh rebel to the law and love divine.

"How justly God's severest vengeance thine!

"But oh, I bend my heart's obedient knee,

"In supplication, Lord, for grace from
Thee!

"Yes, I have sinn'd, and I confess the
whole—

"Forgive me then, nor cast away my soul!

"Save me from evil,—from thine anger
save,

"And snatch me from the dark, untimely
grave!

"Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt pardon
give:

"A monument of mercy I shall live!

"And worthless as I am, for ever prove,

"That true repentance leads to saving love!

"That true repentance tunes to praise the
heart,

"And in the choir of Heaven shall bear an
ample part!"

ON SOLICITUDE.

Ah, my lov'd friends! why all this care for
 one
 To life so lost, so totally undone,
 Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings wak'd to
 cares;

Whose deep offence sits heavy on his soul,
 And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult
 roll!

Could you, by all your labours so humane,
 From this dread prison his deliverance gain;
 Could you, by kind exertions of your love,
 To generous pardon royal mercy move,
 Whereshould he fly! where hide his wretched
 head,

With shame so cover'd, so to honour dead!
 Spare then the task, and, as he longs to
 die,

Set free the captive,—let his spirit fly,
 Enlarg'd and happy, to his native sky!
 Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,
 Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be,—if Heaven's high
 will

Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil,
 Oh may each breath, while God that breath
 shall spare,

Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer!
 Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,
 High be his rise through humblest penitence!

While, life or death, mankind at least
 shall learn

From his sad story and your kind concern,
 That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove
 By sympathetic aid the heart of love,
 On earth itself a sure reward obtain;
 Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain!

I live a proof! and dying, round my urn
 Affliction's family will crowd and mourn:

"Here rests our friend," if, weeping o'er my
 grave,

They cry—'tis all the epitaph I crave.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT REVD.

ANTHONY ELLIS, D.D.

BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, ETC.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

AND must my little store of friends high
 priz'd,

Be lessen'd, gracious heaven! silent, I bow!
 But feeds the poor man more his one lamb's
 loss,

Than many fatlings from his plenteous stalls
 The proud, and wreckless wealthy.—Oh, for
 thee,

In wisdom sage, how well could we have
 spar'd

Enough of those who bear in the broad day,
 Their friendship glist'ning on their brows,
 smile-clad;

Yet kill with absent stabs; nor hesitate
 To blast young reputation in her bloom!
 Against their breast envenom'd, who, like
 thee,

Shall teach to guard! who all the sacred
 arts

Of holy, happy, cheerful, peaceful life
 With winning grace inculcate?—not alone
 By precept's flow deduction; when we heard,
 We saw; th' example gave the lesson life.

Nor from the golden fleece, from wisdom's
 tree,

That with him flourish'd fair, were we
 restrain'd,

Or by the dragon fierce of stern disdain;
 Or flaming sword of sharp severity.

Engaging candor, condescension meek,
 And affability, love's parent, bade

Approach: we came: and who, or un-
 improv'd

Return'd, or without heart-felt pleasure?
 Him

Learning herself delighted still to hear,
 And from him gain'd new knowledge; deeply
 skill'd

In theologic science, he could well
 Unfold the secrets of the hallow'd page;

Or well assert (for well she knew) the
 laws,

The constitution of that happy church,
 Which boasted him a father!—Just her
 boast;

Yet, Herring, man of heart benevolent
 And undissembled piety, of soul

Fit for the joys of heaven—be thine the
 praise!

Thou, watchful, saw'st his worth, and bade
 it shine

In fairer day; saw him in knowledge ripe,
 In piety, in judgment: like thyself,

As far from wild enthusiasm's stare,
 As superstition's vacant eye, or look

Demure of sly hypocrisy.—Peace to you
 both,

E'er-honour'd pair! you reap in golden
 bliss,

The meed of your fair virtues, truth and
 love,

From the chief shepherd's hand.—O how I
 joy

To hold the fair examples forth, and shew
 The envious maligners, on whose tongues

Sits venom'd calumny, that Britain yet
 Hath priests, hath prelates, virtuous, able,

good,
 Religion's ornament!—Yes; these with-
 drawn

She still can boast.—Or if it were allow'd,
 Or ere the sun is set, to sacrifice

To heroes—Thou, my muse, couldst also boast

Of Him, fair candor's patron, who may well
Claim this just tribute to the friend he gave:
Noble munificence, to give a friend;
And such a friend! how rare the boon! of
Him

Whose winning mild humanity will deign
From thee to take this little cypress-wreath
Woven by gratitude, and wet with tears,
And hang it on his Ellis's lov'd urn!
But never may sad duty,—oh blest power
O'er life and death supreme, accept my
prayer!—

Never may duty force me hence to weave
Another wreath like this, or to lament
The setting of his sun, who smil'd upon
My first—on my last labour may he smile!
And long—when silent o'er my memory
Oblivion broods—long may he live and
shed
His virtue's influence to bless mankind!

PIOUS MEMORY.

"WITHER away, fair maid!" I cry'd,
As on old Hundy's bank I lay;
When, passing by me, I espy'd

A modest maid in neat array;
Upon her red, but well-turn'd arm,
A little wicker-basket hung;
With flow'rs of various hues replete,
And branches ever-green and young:
The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypress, and the box, were there;
The daisy py'd, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primrose fair.

"And why that basket on your arm,
"With all those fragrant sweets supply'd?"
With blushing look, and pensive air,
And voice of meekness, soft she sigh'd,
"To yonder church-yard do I haste
"To dress the grave where Henry sleeps;
"No maid a truer lover blest,
"No maid more faithful lover weeps.

"Stern death forbade us to unite,
"And cut him down with ruthless blow:
"And now I speed to deck his grave,
"As 'tis our weekly wont to do."

The melancholy custom pleas'd:
She left me wrapp'd in pensive thought;
Ideas, sad, but soothing, rose,

When my slow steps the church-yard
sought;
There, kneeling o'er her Henry's grave,
Adorn'd with all her basket's store,
The rural maiden, sighing, hung,
Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.

She rais'd those eyes, so full of tears,
Which now and then stole down her
cheek;

And much to Heav'n she would have spoke,
—But sorrow would not let her speak.

Yet, though her thoughts could find no
vent,

There is, who reads each honest mind:
And the true heart to Him devote,
Shall ample satisfaction find.

Then, gentle maiden! do not fear,
Again thy Henry thou shalt meet:
Till then thy tender task pursue,

And strew thy greens and flowers to sweet.
And you, whom all around I see,
The same dear, mournful task employ:

Ye parents, children, husbands, wives,
The melancholy bliss enjoy!
Oh! 'tis delicious to maintain

Of friends deceas'd a due respect!
Then bring me flow'rets, bring me greens,
Strait shall my parents' grave be deck'd;

And many a friend's (whom faithful love
Still keeps alive within my breast),
Luxuriously sad, I'll see

With choicest garlands weekly drest.
Come, then, the wicker-basket bring,
Come, Memory, and with me go!

Each lovely flow'r that breathes the spring,
Affection's gentle hand shall strew:
A mellow tear of soothing woe

Shall o'er the graves spontaneous fall;
While Heav'n the heart's still wish shall
hear,

And to each other grant us all.

GRATITUDE.

AN ODE.

AWAKE, awake, the grateful lyre,
With rapture touch each tuneful string;
Spirit of love, my voice inspire,
And aid me while the Saviour's praise I sing.

Blessed master, whence to me
All this rich benignity!
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,
Thine my being, Thine my birth;
What had I, alas! to claim?
Freely all thy bounties came!

If I wonder, why more free
Flow those bounties, Lord, to me,
Than to thousand sons of dust,
Who prefer a claim as just?
All researches fruitless prove;
—'Tis the Lord, and it is Love.

Ah me! Behold yon brother toil
Up that sandy hill's high length,
With feeble steps and flow; the while
The thirsty sunbeams drink up all his
strength!

And his back a burden bears,
And his head is white with cares;
On his cheek sits want, all-pale,
And his languid eye-balls fail;
Labour, penury, and he
Hand in hand, a woeful three!

Tottering on her staff behind,
Weak in body, sad in mind,
Lo—up she drags her weary frame,
His long-approv'd industrious dame;
Sighing oft as on she goes,
Revolving all her long life's woes!
Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,
As my flaunting wheels whirl by,
Can ye behold me, seated here
With other than a discontented eye?—
I marvel not; and, gracious heav'n,
If aught, sure this may be forgiv'n.
How they labour! while I ride,
Dear affection by my side
Full health mantling in my eye,
Gladness, peace, vivacity!
Soothing friendship gives her balm;
Soft content her happy calm:
"Plenty wears me at her breast,"
"Pleasure lulls my soul to rest."
Every hope and fear flows even,
From their source, firm faith in Heav'n.
Thrice Holy!—whence such love to me!
These, these are thine, as well as I:
My fellow-christians, dear to Thee—
For,—ah! for them Thou didst not scorn
to die!

Let me then the thought improve
Into Gratitude and Love:
Come, and make my heart Thy home,
Humanity, bright cherub, come;
And my inmost soul impress
With sympathetic tenderness:
Time prolong but to bestow
Balm to every brother's woe:
Love I ask—may Love be giv'n;
God is love,—and Love is heav'n!

VERSES.

THE slightest of favours bestow'd by the
fair
With rapture we take, and with transport
we wear;
But a Moss-Woven Rose-Bud, Eliza, from
thee,
A well-pleasing gift to a monarch would be:
—Ah! that illness, too cruel, forbidding
should stand,
And refuse me the gift from thine own lovely
hand!
With joy I receive it, with pleasure will view,
Reminded of thee by its odour and hue;
"Sweet rose! let me tell thee, tho' charming
thy bloom,
"To thy fragrance exceeds Saba's richest
perfume;
"Thy breath to Eliza's hath no fragrance
in't;
"And thy bloom is but dull to her cheeks,
blushing tint.

"Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will
decay,
"And all thy fine beauties soon wither away;
"Though plucked Her hand, to whose touch
thou must own,
"Harsh and rough is the cygnet's most
delicate down:
"Thou too, snowly hand;—nay, I mean not
to preach;
"But the Rose, lovely moralist! suffer to
teach.
"Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties
o'er mine,
"They too are short-liv'd, and they too must
decline;
"And small in conclusion, the difference
appears.
"In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of
few years!
"But remember a virtue, the Rose hath to
boast,
"—Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties
are lost."

THE SON.

THENOT. COLINET.

WHERE Sarum's verdant plain extends
around,
Like the vast world of waters, without
bound;
A turf-built cot, see! Thenot's labour form,
To guard from summer's sun, and winter's
storm;
Safe shelter'd there, on rustic pipe he plays,
The while his master's flock securely strays:
A larger flock to field no master leads,
Nor any flock more careful shepherd feeds.
One summer's day, young Colinet, to shun
The melting fervor of the mid-day sun,
In Thenot's coolly hut refreshment sought;
And Thenot's heart, with guileless friendship
fraught,
Welcom'd, while room remain'd, eachs wain
with glee,
No snarling cur in lonely manger, he!
Scarce, on the grassy seat, reclin'd, his guest,
The hut's reviving cool began to taste,
Ere Thenot cried (for what engrosses thought
By natural instinct to the tongue is brought)
"Oh Colinet,—last night!—But you was
there,
"At the sad scene, where clos'd my master's
care,
"To earth-cold bed his aged father giv'n,
"Whom his dear love had kept so long
from heav'n!

COLINET.

YES, Thenot, I was there—and, sheperd,
say

Who of the neighbouring hamlets was
away?

Nor—tho' I wish'd within my pensive breast
To be young Palamon, so good and blest,—
Could I refrain from oft-repeated sighs,
Or stop the tears fast trickling from my
eyes!

Oh, happy son!—what different fates we
prove!

I'm forc'd, my Thenot, from a father's love;
Far from his dear embrace compell'd to roam
In quest of daily bread, deny'd at home!

THENOT.

LET not that grieve you, shepherd—well you
know
What mighty things from small beginnings
flow:

Once, like ourselves, the master, whom we
love,
His fleecy charge to field for others drove;
Poor was his sire, and "He was forc'd to roam,
"Like us, in search of daily bread from home."
But, faithful to his trust, he rose to fame,
Which kindly to the 'squire convey'd his
name.

Industrious shepherds he delights to aid,
And soon his tenant our young master made,
Scarce was he fix'd—with true affection
fraught,

Ere his old parents from the dale he
brought:

Like that young shepherd, Scripture's book
commends,

Who call'd from Canaan all his house and
friends:

And like that shepherd, he by heav'n is
crown'd,

His crops are plenteous, and his flocks
abound.

COLINET.

NO WONDER, Thenot: the commandment says
Who love their parents, shall have happy
days:

And well the minister observ'd last night,
That God in duteous children takes delight;
And seldom suffers them on earth to prove
Want of his favour and paternal love.

THENOT.

IS NOT our Palamon a proof, good swain?
See those brave sheep, that cover all the
plain!

How white their fleeces,—and what sturdy
lambs

Skip by the sides of their twin-bearing dams:
Look to his herds, what cows such udders
bear—

And can you match with his the fattening
steer?

See with what stacks his ample yard is
crown'd;

Hark, how his barns with constant flails
resound!

Peace in his house had fix'd her dear abode;
His wife is loving, and his children good.
On all he hath, methinks I read imprest,
"Thus is the man, who loves his parents,
blest!"

—Told I you, Shepherd, how I heard one
day,

(As by the green-wood side I chanc'd to
stray)

His filial blessings on his sleeping sire?
—Oh how his goodness did my bosom fire!

COLINET.

COME, let me hear: and I in turn can tell
Something, will please my Thenot full as
well.

THENOT.

RETURNING home one eve, his sire he found
Beneath an oak reclin'd, in sleep profound:
The green-sward only was his humble bed,
His hand the pillow for his hoary head.

With arms across, the son attentive stood,
Now, with fix'd eyes his darling father
view'd;

Now rais'd those eyes to Him, who rules
above,

Big with rich tears of gratitude and love!
"Oh thou, said he, next heaven rever'd and
blest,

"Sweet is thy slumber—sweet the good
man's rest!

"Thy tottering footsteps hither bent their
way,

"In prayer to spend the still decline of day!
"And I, thrice happy, in those pray'rs have
shar'd,

"Prayers, which all-bounteous heav'n hath
ever hear'd!

"Else wherefore thus my farm securely
stands?

"Whence else those fertile crops, which
crown my lands?"

"When, leaning on my arm, with feeble
feet

"Late pass'd my sire to share th' enlivening
heat,

"And view the prospect, which the mid-day
yields,

"Of resting flocks, rich fruits, and fertile
fields,

"Grown grey in peace on these lov'd plains,
he cry'd,

"May peace for ever on these plains reside.
"Soon o'er far happier plains ordain'd to
rove,

"Oh, blest, for ever blest be these I love!"
"And must I then that hour afflicted view?

"And bid thee, father, best of friends, adieu!
"Must I so soon?—But in remembrance dear,

"O'er thy belov'd remains a tomb I'll rear;

"And ever yearly at thy shrine will pay
 "One sacred honour each returning day,
 "I'll strew my father's grave with flow'rs
 around,
 "And from defilement guard the hallow'd
 ground;
 "And—which I know will please his spirit
 best,
 "Take each occasion to relieve th' oppress,
 "To sooth the sad, and make the wretched
 blest."

He paus'd,—and while the tears spon-
 taneous ran,
 With steady gaze, he view'd the good old
 man:
 "How at his ease he sleeps—what placid
 grace
 "Irradiates soft his venerable face!
 "Doubtless his virtuous deeds employ his
 dreams:
 "O'er all his countenance such goodness
 beams!
 "Such peace serene thron'd upon his brow:
 "Oh, blessing piety!—oh blest man thou!
 "—But let me wake thee, lest some dire
 disease

"Spring from this falling dew, and evening
 breeze."

Then, stooping down, his cheek he gently
 prest,
 His much lov'd sire to raise from dangerous
 rest:

Blessing his son, the much lov'd sire
 arose,
 To find at home less hazardous repose.

Now, Colinet, in turn, if able, tell
 Something you think will please me full as
 well.

COLINET.

Not long ago, as happening to pass by,
 I saw him—and a tear o'ercharg'd my
 eye:—

Slow lead his weak old sire to share the
 sun;

Whom, having seated, with much speed he
 run,

And from the house a bowl capacious
 brought

With warm refreshment for his father
 fraught:

With tender care he gave the genial bowl,
 While every gesture spoke his filial soul.

"Blest son, blest father!" said I, sad, and
 sigh'd;

And full of thought, across the meadow
 hied.

THENOT.

You bring that famous daughter to my
 thought,

Who her old father—as the sermon
 taught)

So long with milk from her own bosom fed,
 At dungeons dauntless, nor by death dis-
 may'd.

And thus affectionate, if right, I ween
 In such a case our master would have been.

COLINET.

Joy to his life—but joy will sure attend;
 A friend his conscience, and high heav'n

a friend:
 His sons shall bless him, and his grandsons

prove
 Zealous to copy and repay his love!

Like some majestic cedar shall he stand,
 His numerous branches spreading o'er the

land.
 And, oh! might Colinet but hope to trace
 His blest example, though with distant pace;

Might he but hope his sire again to see,
 And tend his wants, good Palamon, like

thee!
 But, silly shepherd boy, thy wish how vain—
 Who scarce can'st food and sorry raiment

gain!

THENOT.

GRIEVE not for that, young swain; the God,
 whose ways

Are wise and wondrous, by strange means
 can raise:

Bear but an honest heart, and do thy best,
 And to the sovereign shepherd leave the

rest!
 I too could wish, perchance, and make com-
 plaint;

—But there's no jewel, Colin, like content.
 Thus grateful Thenot sung his master's

fame—
 When Thyrsis, to the hut with Cuddy came:
 Lads, skill'd in singing both: they took their

seat,
 And chear'd the shepherds with their ditties

sweet.

THE MOTHER.

ÆGON. ARGOL.

Now WITH their sickles on their shoulders
 plac'd,

The reapers to the field delighted haste;
 The falling wheat fills each industrious hand,

And the brown shocks adorn the laughing
 land.

It chanc'd, as Ægon, who, worn out with
 toil,

Sequester'd lives, in Thanet's fertile isle;
 Fair isle, for plenty fam'd, whose white

cliffs round,
 Roar the wild waves of ocean's realms

profound:

"Of life meet emblem" oft the sage would
 cry,
 Those waves when viewing with a thought-
 ful eye:
 As from his little cot one morn he far'd,
 To view the labours he no longer shar'd;
 On the wheat-field, with wonder and delight,
 He saw a pleasing, but unusual sight;
 A cradle caught his view!—with eager
 pace
 Tho' tottering on his staff, he sought the
 place;
 And with his wither'd hand, slow turn'd
 aside
 The humble curtains, where he strait espy'd
 A little innocent, in slumber lay'd!
 He look'd—and smil'd, and shook his snowy
 head;
 "Ah lovely babe, I too am helpless grown,
 "Thy state, said he, resembles much my
 own."

Full of the ills of infancy and age,
 A thousand thoughts his busy mind engage:
 When, turning at the stubble's rustling
 sound,
 The reaper, Argol, just at hand he found:
 Argol, a swain of manly sense possest,
 Of upright heart, and sympathetic breast.
 "Argol, said he, for threescore years and
 more
 "My scythe and sickle in these fields I
 bore;—
 "And let me tell thee, lad, but few could
 claim,
 "For handling either a superior fame:
 "But thro' these years, if mem'ry serves me
 right,
 "Ne'er saw I in the fields so sweet a sight;
 "Behold that babe! what innocence is spread
 "O'er its lov'd face—what lively white and
 red!
 "How came it here, and who the infant
 keeps,
 "Insensible of danger, while it sleeps?
 "False could a mother prove to such a care,
 "Angels themselves would watch delighted
 there."

ARGOL.

Look, Ægon, 'midst the reapers you survey
 A woman bear the burden of the day:
 Mark how she toils—by true affection
 drawn,
 The same to setting Sun from rising dawn!
 In her the mother of the babe you see—
 Sweet infant, that, and sweeter mother,
 she:
 The wife of honest Thyrsis; him you know,
 Who feeds the flock of Myco there below.

ÆGON.

THEN, lovely babe, thy lot is truly blest,
 Sleep on secure; of mothers thine the best!

Argol, I know her well; and oft employ'd
 (While greater strength my feeble frame
 enjoy'd,
 And I so far could walk) a pleasing hour,
 In their neat cot—but now I want the
 power:
 So weak I'm grown—'tis time to quit the
 stage;
 Sad is the burden, son, of helpless age!
 And ah, poor babe, what storms remain for
 thee
 To weather out on life's tempestuous sea!
 Just launch'd upon its waves, wild, deep,
 and wide;—
 While I (thank heav'n) almost in harbour
 ride!
 Thy mother's cares, 'tis true, thy course
 will aid;
 But all her cares that dangerous course
 will need.

ARGOL.

Ægon, on life whatever perils wait,
 You know, we should not murmur at our
 state:
 Much reverence and gratitude we owe
 To Him, who fix'd us in our rank below:
 And tho' 'tis certain, storms and rocks
 abound
 In yon wide waters, yet a way is found
 For ponderous vessels, which the pilot's
 hand
 Safely directs to ev'ry distant land.
 So is it said,—"if good instructions show
 "The path of wisdom, where the child should
 go;
 "Early train'd up, and travell'd in the way,
 "Ne'er from the track deluded will he stray."
 And well, we know, our Thyrsis' careful
 wife
 Directs her children in the road of life:
 You've seen her house, and therefore you
 can tell
 How much in reading, working, they excel;
 How humble and good-manner'd, clean and
 neat,—
 On Thanet's isle such children you'll not
 meet.

ÆGON.

ARGOL, thy words are wise: go on, young
 swain,
 And every day increase of wisdom gain;
 Age, 'tis its weakness—full of aches and
 pains,
 Thinks of life's numerous evils, and com-
 plains.
 I'll tell thee, Argol, if each mother strove
 To train her children in their Maker's love;
 To teach those duties, which their place
 demands,
 To give them honest hearts, and working
 hands,

Like her, whose little babe lies sleeping
 here;
 Less might we then life's vent'rous voyage
 fear.
 Yes; I have seen her, with her children
 round
 (And in the sight serenest pleasure found),
 Divide their several tasks with mild com-
 mand,
 And give to industry each little hand;
 While she, good mother, casts on each a
 look,
 Their sole instructress or at work, or book:
 So the fond hen, which to my mind she
 brings,
 Her chickens feeds, and broods beneath
 her wings.
 In church,—for never on a Sabbath-day
 Is Thyrsis, or his family away,—
 How pleasing is the sight! all neat and
 clean,
 Alike are parents and their children seen;
 And their behaviour—a reproof how
 true
 To farmer Brown's young loobies in next
 pew!
 I've wonder'd oft, how this industrious
 wife,
 Amidst the labours of domestic life,
 Such time and pains can to her children
 spare;
 Cloathe with such neatness, teach them with
 such care:
 While almost all the cottage bairns around
 In dirt, and rags, and ignorance are found!
 Yet Thyrsis earns not more than other
 swains;
 And tho' she labours with the utmost pains,
 Scanty, at best, God knows, are women's
 gains.

ARGOL.

ÆGON, when anxious, as we ought, to live;
 What cannot cheerful industry achieve?
 And shall we doubt, when, for our daily
 food
 We use those means, which faith pronounces
 good,
 That He, who feeds the ravens when they
 cry,
 Will not behold us with propitious eye?
 If Birds are from our Father's bounty fed,
 Will he from Children hold their needful
 bread?
 Full of this faith, the cordial of the heart,
 Our couple first to heav'n perform their
 part:
 At morn and eve the suppliant knee they
 bend,
 While round their little lisping ones attend:
 Then, looking still to God, with cheerful
 eye,
 To their life's labour gladly they apply.

'Twas but last summer Mira learn'd to
 wield
 The dented sickle in the wheaten field;
 A toil too hard for women, as we thought,
 'Till Marian, from the North, the custom
 brought;
 Soon as she saw that lass the sickle ply,
 Joyful she cry'd—"I too my strength will
 try:
 "The sickle will I take, and do my best,
 "My poor endeavours may perchance be
 blest:
 "Twill make me happy but a mite to earn;
 "And ev'ry art of industry I'd learn:
 "For, shall my Thyrsis, thro' the painful
 year,
 "No respite know, but toils incessant bear,
 "Nor I those toils, those pleasing toils par-
 take,
 "For my sweet babes, and for my husband's
 sake?
 "Oh could I, much-lov'd master of my heart!
 "In all thy labours bear an equal part;
 "Could I, dear pledges of our faithful love!
 "For you successful in my labours prove;
 "Labours would quickly lose their name
 with me,
 "And harvest toils sincerest pleasures be!
 "Blest hope!—blest Marian, to the field
 I go,
 "To thee the hope, to thee the art I owe!"
 Thus led by lovely virtue's pure intent,
 The joyful mother to the reapers went:
 And sure that God, who virtue loves to
 bless,
 Crown'd her approv'd endeavour with
 success:
 For thro' the harvest cheerfully she wrought,
 And home more hire than any reaper
 brought:
 For short of others tho' her strength might
 fall,
 In application she excell'd them all!
 No loit'rer: every moment she'd improve;
 Such is the force of true maternal love!
 Now that the harvest is again come round,
 Again, fair reaper, in the field she's found:
 And with her, as you see, this pretty guest,
 Who waits for succour from her plenteous
 breast:
 Thyrsis each morn to field the cradle
 brings;
 And thus the babe, beneath its mother's
 wings,
 Due nourishment supply'd, securely sleeps,
 Uninterrupted, while the matron reaps!

ÆGON.

TRUE mother,—who herself the food supplies,
 The daintier lady to her child denies:
 By lust, or pride, or folly led astray,
 Unnatural more, than monsters of the
 sea!

Cruel alike both to themselves and young,
Such mothers merit scorn from ev'ry tongue:
Why doth the great Creator, wise and
good,
Fill their fair breasts with such salubrious
food,

That food if to their offspring they refuse,
And sores and sickness before duty chose?
Oh Mira, beyond these, how art thou blest,
Thy infant pressing fond thy yielding breast!
With such a woman, Argol, let me say,
'Tis joy to share the labours of the day.

Sure, sensible of this, they all unite
To make her toils, deserving mother! light:
Sure, by each nameless, by each gentle
care

They mitigate the ills she needs must bear?
Just as he spoke, the smiling mother
came,

Sweet was her aspect, and her words the
same:

Her tenderness diffus'd a nameless grace
O'er the fair features of her blooming face,
While at the cradle's side she anxious stood;
When the just-waken'd babe its mother
view'd;

And, smiling, with an eager joy, expands,
Sweet innocent! its little dimpled hands.
With rapt'rous bliss she caught it to her
breast,

And on the stubble-ground sat down to rest:
The crowing infant to the nipple clung,
While o'er it with fond joy the ravish'd
mother hung!

The good old man, enchanted with delight,
Cry'd, "Argol, there,—there, Argol, is a
sight!

"Blest mother! may thy labours prosperous
prove:

"May all thy children well repay thy love!"
More he'd have said; but lo! a tear would
start,

And all his soul rose throbbing in his
heart:

The mother, pleas'd, beheld his burden'd
eye,

And thank'd him with a tear of social joy.

THE FRIEND.

AN ELEGY.

TO JOHN DORRIEN, ESQ.

THOUGH fortune smile not on my low estate,
Nor high-plum'd honours on my steps
attend:

Kind heav'n I thank thee—for the gift is
great—

To soothe my life, that thou hast lent a
Friend!

Tro' life's lone path, where wilds, and weeds
abound,

Where dangers threaten, and where
sorrows throng;

Ah me, how sad to plod the weary round,
And tread in joyless solitude along!

Each lee grows vapid, and the noble
mind

Prompt to fair actions of renowned
meed,

Sinks listless down; for it despairs to find
The lenient praise; which crowns the
worthy deed.

That lenient praise, which simulates the
heart;

Yet gives no strength to pride's fantastic
reign;

Which blushing, from her bower, draws
true desert,

Well pleas'd to toil on virtue's ample
plain!

Thrice welcome labour, welcome honest
toil;

Run with delight, my soul, thine arduous
race:

For much-lov'd Dorrien deigns the friendly
smile,

To quicken and invigorate thy pace!

'Tis not the worthy wind of bloated fame,

The many's false and undiscerning praise;

Catch it, ye fools!—one man of worthy
name,

A generation of the vain outweighs!

Let him approve, whom virtue's self ap-
proves;

On whom religion beams her purest ray;

Whom steadfast truth, unbiass'd candour
loves,

And by whose side bright merit joys to
stay:

Let him approve, in whose capacious breast
Compassion and benevolence reside;

From whose large hand humanity distress
Yet ne'er went weeping, and unsatis-
fied;

Let him approve—'twill charm the rage of
care!

Let him approve—if such a man there
be:

Ah Dorrien, to my soul for ever dear,

How blest am I! for thou, my friend, art
He!

THE APOLOGY.

TO MISS J—T.

You tell me I flatter—indeed you are
wrong—
But hear my apology, once more in song.
Very blind, my dear J—t, needs must you
be,
Not the charms of your elegant person to
see:
And we, your associates, must still be more
blind,
Not to see in your person a draught of your
mind.

But remember, fair daughter of softest
delight,
The chat which we held in the rooms t'other
night:
When we noted, how some above others
are blest
With the loveliest form, and most sensible
breast;
A form, which delights every eye that sur-
veys,
And a breast, where each passion bene-
volence sways.

But these, tho' endowments we highly
should prize,
Will raise no vain pride in the heart of the
wise;
For who can be vain to his portion that
fall
Superior gifts from the giver of all?
No; the sense of a God to his creature more
kind,
Exalts not, but humbles a rational mind.

When therefore, sweet maid, I bestow the
due praise
On your person and mind, in sincere but
rude lays;
To virtue exalted I rouse by my strain,
Not flatter with falsehood, or teach to be
vain:

You 're handsome—you 're sensible—hu-
mane and good:
But whose is the merit?—oh, give it to
God!

Because of the highest perfections possest,
More humble are angels, and therefore more
blest:

Know then my fair J—t, know and adore—
If blest like the angels; like them you owe
more:

So follow their pattern; and thus to out-
shine

In goodness, as much as in form, will be
thine.

ON SEEING AN OLD MAN, BEGGING
OPPOSITE AN INN AT HOUNSLOW.

I.

Ah me! behold! where, trembling, palsied,
poor,
Bent down with years, yon aged father
stands!
Plac'd by the public-way, his lips implore
A scanty gift from passing pitying hands!
See, while whirling careless by
Pompous equipages fly,
From his bad head, as it shakes,
His wither'd hand the covering takes;
Holds it forth, and humbly sues,
"Oh, for mercy don't refuse,
"From your plenty to bestow
"Mite on age depress'd with woe!
"Seventy years have left me here,
"Friendless, helpless, weak, and bare;
"Mercy, tender mercy show
"Upon age depress'd with woe!"

II.

OLD sire! Thou need'st not ask of me,
I have an heart which feels for thee!
Feels for myself and for my kind,
While sad reflection fills my mind!
—After a life of seventy years,
In labour spent and fraught with cares;
Thus doth the toilsome journey end,
With loss of strength, support, and friend!

III.

THOU gracious God! whose works all boun-
teous prove,
Thy care paternal of the human race
Teach me the tokens of thy general love,
In such an object teach me, Lord! to trace.
Hail *Immortality*! I see
Its ample proof, old sire! in thee.
Hail *Immortality*! man's pride!
The God, the God is justify'd!
Or age, or pain, or want attend
The mortal at his journey's end,
Swift shall a mighty change ensue:
Such miracles the grave can do!

IV.

YET must the mind for realms of bliss be
meet,
Nor foul or sordid thoughts incrust it
o'er.
How hard for those to scape, whose creep-
ing feet
Bear them to beg vile alms from door to
door!
Some states there are so wretched—I ad-
mire
How human nature can the weight sustain!
But quench'd in such is that celestial fire,
Which gives the generous heart its honest
pain.

Then hear me, heav'n! whate'er of ills befall,
 Bless'd independence grant me to maintain;
 Come age, with all its woes, I'll bear them all,
 Nor ever impious at thy will complain!
 But take not, never from me take—
 The heart which loves to feel and ake,
 Ake at sorrow's sore distress,
 Feel, as quick to aid and bless!
 Never to my pow'r deny
 Means, the wretched to supply:
 Never from my soul remove
 The luxury of Christian love!
 Then, what thou wilt, or take, or give;
 For this, this, only, is to live.

POPULARITY.

A THOUGHT FROM SHENSTONE.

With a cynical sneer, you inform me, kind
 sir,
 —And vanity thence, and much weakness
 infer,—
 "That I love Popularity!" "Man, it is true:—
 "You start at my frankness—but pray thee
 don't you?
 "Be certain, 'tis planted, the Love in your
 breast,
 "Of the means to engage, tho', perhaps, not
 possesst.
 "You redden—I smile—: but, your pardon,
 I cry—
 "Allow me a question, and make your
 reply;
 "Find you not in your bosom a reigning
 desire,
 "To be lov'd by all those you esteem and
 admire;
 "To be lov'd e'en by all of your nature and
 kind?"—
 "Yes sure!"—Popularity then is defin'd.
 "What more than the love of being lov'd is
 in this?
 "And tell me, sir cynic, is that aught amiss?"

ON SEEING A SINGLE SWAN ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

Thou art the only Swan I see,
 On silver Avon's tide:
 Sweet Avon, ever may the stream
 In peaceful current glide!
 For gentle Shakespeare's youthful feet,
 Beside thee frolic rov'd—
 Sweet Shakespeare, Avon's single swan,
 By every muse, belov'd.

Swim on, thou solitary swan,
 Sweet Shakespeare's emblem be,
 Nor hope to find on Avon's stream,
 A silver swan like thee!
 But Nature, with exulting pride,
 Assumes an higher tone;
 "No river boasts, I hear her say,
 "A poet like my own.
 "Yet, Avon, with his rustic urn,
 "Must e'er most favour'd be;
 "For, thence, he drank, the eldest child
 "Of Fancy, and of me.

EQUALITY.

Quoth Thomas to William, "that Numskull
 behold!
 "How he lolls in his chariot, embellish'd
 with gold!
 "With his sleek courtly slaves in rich liveries
 behind:
 "Ten thousand a year, with so senseless
 a mind!
 "How unequal the Deity things doth dis-
 pense!
 "Such wealth to a wretch without feeling
 or sense!"
 "Hold, Thomas", said William, "too fast you
 proceed,
 "You take but one side of the question in-
 deed:
 "Suppose me of power to say to yourself,
 "Here, presto, Sir Murmurer, change with
 that elf:
 "Give to him, what I gave you, Refinement
 of Soul,
 "Sense, Feeling, Discernment, Wit, Taste—
 quit the whole:
 "In an instant, come take his ten thou-
 sand—vile pence—
 "Be him, such a dolt, without Feeling or
 Sense."
 You hesitate, Tom—"My good friend, he
 reply'd,
 "I feel, I am wrong; you have truth on your
 side:
 "The Deity, henceforth, I'll thank and
 revere—
 "A Mind is a balance for thousands a year."

WIT REWARDED, OR THE DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON TRUTH.

An honest vicar, little known to fame,
 Whose wealth was small, whose life was
 free from blame;
 It chanc'd, in riding on the village road,
 Calmly content, and ruminating good;

Was overtook, by Morio brisk and gay,
Directed by some scheme the self-same
way:

Morio, a youth, who two vain years had
spent

At London, and from thence to Paris went;
Proficient he, alike, at either school,
Here he commenc'd and there completed
fool.

He learn'd to hammer "monsieur, voulez-
vous,"

And dangle at his back the monkey queue.
He learn'd each folly men of sense despise,
To triumph in himself and scorn the wise.

He knew the priest, and form'd the deep
design,

To play a prank, and bite the grave divine,
To gain his point, he, sighing, thus began,
"Well, hard his fate! alas, poor honest man;
"Believe me, sir, at length good Pio's dead;
"The very best of Levi's sons is fled."

Amaz'd the vicar heard, and doubting
stands

Till Morio's oath a full belief commands;
No more he doubts, but thinks the tale
sincere;

Nor dream'd that moderns would to false-
hood swear.

His friend a while lamenting on the road,
Quoth Morio, "Doctor, his preferment's
good;

"That living well would suit—'sdeath, haste,
begone,

"The bishop can't deny you; 'tis your own."

Thoughtful the vicar sat—at length reply'd,

"Good is my aim, and charity my guide;

"With lib'ral hand to ease the widow's toil,

"Relieve the poor, and bid the wretched
smile.

"For these I'll ask, to these the boon be
giv'n,

"This all my wish, then grant it bounteous
heav'n."

See then, by mild credulity betray'd,

The common failing of an honest head;

The priest with diligence, not haste, proceed,

Half loth to plead his worth, or own his
need.

Tim'rous, at length he beats the bishop's
gate,

The bishop never made his clergy wait;

He enters, grave, and at the plenteous
board

Sees the dead rector dining with my lord!

Amaz'd, asham'd, tho' conscious of no
wrong,

He blushes, bows, and dines, and holds his
tongue;

Pours out a sober cup to church and king,
Nor wastes one thought upon the trifling
thing;

A cheerful hour he spends, serenely gay,
Then pays his compliments, and comes away.

Big with delight, exulting in the deed,
The beau thank'd nature for an able head;
The quaint deceit with transport fill'd his
soul;

And pleas'd, he triumph'd o'er the musty
fool;

O'er him and all, who sway'd by truth and
sense,

Scorn such low arts, and hate to give
offence.

"This head", he cry'd, then smil'd, and cry'd
again,

"This head was never known to think in
vain."

He could no more, for words are not
design'd

To paint the raptures of th' unthinking
mind.

But strait he glow'd a second prank to try,
Heated with wit's warm blood and victory.

So when a fox, with too much cunning
wife,

Scorns the foul trap wherein his ruin lies;
By one attempt made bold, he quits his
fear,

Nor dreads the loss of tail, or foot, or ear.
Dangling his cane he rode, then rais'd it
high

Switch'd his gay prancer, and prepar'd to
fly:

To fly, directed by his foolish brain,
Mad as his horse, and spongy as his cane;

Triumphant with his embryo scheme he
glow'd,

While idiot laughter echo'd as he rode.

'Twas then sinister omens damp'd his soul,
The smoke of sense, but terror of the fool;

His silken stockings luckless dirt besmear'd,
And cross the road the hated hare appear'd.

A boding raven on his golden hat
Discharg'd his load, and croak'd the threats
of fate.

Yet not dismay'd, he keeps his purpose still,
For present joys o'erbalance future ill.

Now to the vicar's villa see him come,
A small, tho' neat, and well contended
home;

Thither he flew, as one that flies for life,
And calls with earnest voice the vicar's wife.

Vicaria soon appear'd; "haste, haste," he
cries,

"In yonder road your helpless husband lies;
"His leg, alas! thrown by the found'ring
jade;

"I saw him fall; oh! hasten to his aid!—
"I'll go myself," he said; then turn'd his
steed,

And urg'd the nimble beast with utmost
speed.

She heard, astonish'd, the ambiguous tale;
Convulsive conflicts tear her tender breast,

She sinks, she swoons, with thousand fears
opprest;

Her maid, her neighbours fly to give her
ease,
And try each art her sorrows to appease.
When men to serious follies will descend,
We know not where the sad effects may
end;
A serious liar is a dang'rous thing,
Sharp is his poison, tho' conceal'd his sting.
At length reviv'd, she thus disclos'd her
woe,
"Ah fatal tale, sad, unexpected blow!
"My husband lies—oh, agonizing grief!—
"In yonder road—haste, haste, to his re-
lief."—
Through all that heard, one common
sorrow spread;
They mourn the living vicar as the dead:
And run in crowds to give him instant aid.
The grief was general; for in ev'ry plain,
A general blessing is an honest man.
Soft as the breezes moving on the sea,
When waves on waves in evicting eddies
play;
Sweet as the air, when Flora spreads around
Her balmy odours on the painted ground;
When teeming nature, with her genial
pow'r,
Smells in the rose, and blooms in every
flow'r:
So rural life has ev'ry charm to please,
Dear hours of genuine innocence and ease:
New beauties blossom as the old decay,
And big with pleasure day succeeds to day.
Can Morio then, midst scenes like these
delight,
Like a bleak mildew, to arise and blight?
Can Morio smile to pain an honest heart,
And cloud the calms which truth and worth
impart!
But see, the storm is o'er, the priest
appears,
And shouts of transport follow floods of
tears:
The happy wife, with pleasure-melted eye,
Draws near, and kindly testifies her joy.
The tale was told; well pleas'd the priest
reply'd,
"I envy not the victor's scheme, or pride;
"In thy concern a greater bliss I know,
"Than all his boasted cunning can bestow."
But good vicaria, born of gentle blood,
At Morio's bold affront with anger glow'd;
And with revenge inspir'd the ardent train;
But Morio absent, their revenge was vain;
Yet still the heroine bade the num'rous
band
Keep instruments of discipline in hand.
So on the seas, no Gallic foe in view,
Rides Britain's fleet, and burns the British
crew
For future combat, with true courage fir'd,
Such as by Anson, Warren, Hawke in-
spir'd.

Seven days were past, when rose the
eighth great light,
Big with the fate of Morio, and of wit.
Vicaria with delight that morning view'd,
For all her omens and her dreams were
good:
And now th' auspicious day was almost
spent,
Ordain'd to perfect the renown'd event;
When Morio, by his evil genius led,
Genteelly cant'ring towards the village sped.
With transport she beheld, and out she
flies,
While her shrill voice re-echoes to the
skies;
Quick at her call the villagers appear,
Morio rode on, nor knew the danger near;
Amaz'd their long thong'd whips with
threatning hand:
Amaz'd he hear'd incessant clamours found,
And wit, revenge, and Morio echo round.
But what were ploughmen, whips and clam-
orous tongues,
To the dread lashing of the cracking thongs!
Flight was his only hope, he spurr'd his
horse,
The victors, thronging round, oppose his
course.
Pastorio—give him to the trump of fame,
While stands the village, live the hero's
name;—
Pastorio first, disdaining distant war,
Rush'd to his side, and with a manly air,
Seiz'd his neat leg, and dragg'd him to the
ground;
When fix'd on vengeance crowd the women
round.
What tongue can e'er recount, what numbers
tell,
The thousand blows that on the witling
fell;
In vain he pray'd, in vain he begg'd relief,
The laughing clowns to all his cries were
deaf;
Nor pity felt for coat all silver'd o'er:—
Alas, what muse th' affliction can deplore!
Strange that for lace no pity they express,
No kind regard for such a shining dress!
Such was his fate; and now revenge's
fire
Began to languish, and their rage to tire:
When thus Vicaria, with contented look,
And heart benevolent, the crowd bespoke:
The crowd all listen'd, while two sturdy
swains
Held fast poor Morio, trembling with his
pains;
"Friends, neighbours, all, with pleasure
I survey
"The great event of this auspicious day;
"My hopes are gain'd, and all my wishes
crown'd,
"Folly's vain son a due reward has found.

"Wits hence shall learn to dread their
serious lies,
"To cheat the honest, and to bite the
wise;
"Wit's reign shall cease, for all her sons
shall know,
"Sense, soon or late, retorts a vengeful
blow;
"Sense, soon or late, shall o'er their follies
boar,
"And Morio's fate be sung till wittlings be
no more."

She ceas'd—A jolly farmer's wife reply'd,
Laughing, her hands held either shaking
side;
Attention listen'd to the merry dame,
While thus with rosy looks, she spoke her
scheme:
"Poor youth, I know not but this cruel
strife
"May cost him dear, may rob him of his
life:
"If thus, besmear'd with dirt, from hence
we send him,
"Let us have pity—so you well attend
him;
"There wash him clean—this kindness will
repay
"His former ills, and wipe his rage away."

She laugh'd aloud; they heard the scheme
well pleas'd,
When from his dirty bed the youth was
rais'd:
All pale he stood, he knew not what they
meant,
Vainly entreating, trembling for th' event.
Sad sight, behold the queue behind undone,
His hair dishevell'd, and his beaver gone:
His shirt all black: the dirt conceal'd the
lace,
And help'd to shew the whiteness of his
face.
Thus in the shades below, dread realms of
night,
Deiphobus surpriz'd the Trojan's sight;
With wounds all cover'd o'er the hero stood,
While pale Æneas trembled as he view'd.
But now, my muse, contract thy tedious
song,
Patience must tire whene'er a tale 's too
long;
Suffice it in the bucket he was laid,
Thrice duck'd, and thrice uprear'd his
weeping head.
The vicar, with his pipe, stood looking on,
And soberly advis'd them to have done:
They all obey'd, the wishing was releas'd,
And, with Vicaria, all the village pleas'd.

FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER, a poet and writer on naval affairs, was born at Edinburgh, in 1730. He was the son of a barber; but the early part of his life is involved in great obscurity and little is known of him anterior to the year 1751, at which time he displayed his poetic powers, in a small poem on the "Death of the Prince of Wales." He entered the merchant service at a very early age, and was cast away in the Levant. He then wrote the "Shipwreck", which was published in 1768, and dedicated to Edward, Duke of York, through the patronage of whom, Falconer was appointed midshipman in the Royal George, and then purser in the Glory. In 1769 he became purser of the Aurora, which ship was never heard of after she left the Cape of Good Hope and is supposed to have foundered at sea, and all her crew perished. He wrote some minor poems and a "Marine Dictionary", but his poetry is not much to be admired; except "The Storm", a song, and his "Shipwreck", which gives him a high rank among British poets.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the Subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical Description of Memory. Appeal to her assistance. The Story begun. Retrospect of the former part of the voyage. The Ship arrives at Candia. Ancient State of that Island. Present State of the adjacent Isles of Greece. The Season of the Year. Character of the Master and his Officers. Story of Palemon and Anna. Evening described. Mid-night.

Arion's dream. The Ship weighs Anchor and departs from the Haven. State of the Weather. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring Shores. Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth. Description of the Vessel as seen from the Land.

Scene near the city of Candia.—Time, about Four Days and a half.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,

While Albion bids th' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless
hand

Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's
breath

Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of
death:

'Tis mine retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore:
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery
way.

Immortal train! who guide the maze of
song,

To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame,
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express

The varied pang of exquisite distress:
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd
shade,

To hear the sweet—mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen'd to the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the
grove.

O! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive
sound;

By the long surge that foams through yonder
cave,

Whose vaults re-murmur to the roaring
wave;

With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!

The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward
shore.

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine;
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests
roar?

Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd
fane

Stranger to Phoebus, and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove,

'Twas his, the vast and trackless deep to
rove;

Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:

Where polar skies congeal th' eternal
snow,

Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,

Smote by the freezing or the scorching
blast,

"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast"¹,
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian
plains!

Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic
chains,

To where the Isthmus², lav'd by adverse
tides,

Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.

But while he measur'd o'er the painful
race

In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,

Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,

Marking each change of place with change
of woe:

In regions where the Almighty's chastening
hand

With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,

Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all dreadful in the embattled line,

The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel, wind and wave

assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death pre-
vail—

Such joyless toil in early youth endur'd,
Th' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd,

Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his

breast.

Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!

His verse no laurel wreath attempts to
claim,

Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound

The softer sense with unharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,

While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous
tale!

And lo! the power that wakes the event-
ful song

Hastes hither from Lethean banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the

sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious
light.

In her right hand an ample roll appears
Fraught with long annals of preceding

years;

With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course

began.

Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.

¹ Shakespeare's Henry iv.

² Darien.

Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
 Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
 She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
 Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
 The fugitive ideas she restores,
 And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores;
 To things long past a second date she gives,
 And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
 Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
 She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval Time!
 By whom transmitted down in every clime
 The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
 And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
 Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
 And o'er the obscur'd idea pours the light;
 Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
 What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
 Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?—

Arise! Approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!
 Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
 And give its latent horrors to the day.

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
 By guiding winds, her course for Venice held,
 Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
 And from that isle her name the vessel drew;
 The wayward steps of Fortune they pursu'd,
 And sought in certain ills imagin'd good:
 Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
 Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on;
 And while they listen'd to her willing lore,
 The softer scenes of peace could please no more.

Long absent they from friends and native home,
 The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam:
 Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
 Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
 Still to compensate toils and hazards past,
 Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
 Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
 She o'er the spacious flood from shore to shore

Unwearying wafted her commercial store;

The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd;
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
 And visited the margin of the Nile:
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,

The circling voyage hastens to its goal:
 They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
 No dark event to blast their hope fore-saw,

But from gay Venice, soon expect to steer
 For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near;

Inflam'd by hope their throbbing hearts elate,

Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
 Before whose vivid intellectual ray
 Distress recedes, and danger melts away.

Already British coasts appear to rise,
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,

Embracing strains the mistress of his soul:
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
 Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:
 Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;

Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide

Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.

Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
 Which, bless'd with favouring winds, they soon explore;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating War!
 Here arts and commerce, with auspicious reign

Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;

While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,

Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.
 In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen

To crown the valleys with eternal green;
 For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—

Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,

They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
 No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For stern oppression quench'd its genial fires:

Though still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around,

Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never
 smiles.
 The vassal wretch contented drags his
 chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant
 soil
 A seventh year mock the weary labourer's
 toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
 Now views with triumph captive gods
 adore;
 No lovely Helens now with fatal charms,
 Excite the avenging chiefs of Greece to
 arms;
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
 For whom contending kings were proud to
 die;
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
 Those charms, so long renown'd in classic
 strains,
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!
 Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
 Through the bright virgin and the scales
 had run,
 And on th' ecliptic wheel'd his winding
 way,
 Till the fierce scorpion felt his flaming ray.
 Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
 And yet no hope of aiding winds obtains;
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
 This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
 And Phoebus in the north declines no more,
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven in-
 forms,
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching
 storms.—
 No dread of storms the master's soul re-
 strain,
 A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain:
 His anxious heart impatient of delay,
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
 Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
 Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
 Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
 Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
 Record whom chief among the gallant crew
 Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew:
 Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and
 bold,
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?
 They can! for gold too oft with magic art,
 Can rule the passions, and corrupt the
 heart:
 This crowns the prosperous villain with
 applause,
 To whom in vain sad merit pleads her
 cause:

This strews with roses life's perplexing
 road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode;
 This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the
 bloody plain,
 And pours adventurous thousands o'er the
 main.

The stately ship with all her daring band
 To skilful Albert own'd the chief command:
 Though train'd in boisterous elements, his
 mind

Was yet by soft humanity refin'd;
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
 Abroad, confest the father of his crew!
 Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene;
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attract'd, and by seas repell'd;
 Or point her devious track through climes
 unknown
 That leads to every shore and every zone.
 He saw the moon through heav'n's blue
 concave glide,
 And into motion charm th' expanding tide,
 While earth impetuous round her axle
 rolls,

Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;
 Light and attraction from their genial
 source,
 He saw still wandering with diminish'd
 force;
 While on the margin of declining day,
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
 Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
 The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
 O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades
 preside,
 His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;
 His genius, ever for th' event prepar'd,
 Rose with the storm, and all its dangers
 shar'd.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
 A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
 Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage
 train

In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
 That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort
 A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
 Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
 They claim the danger, proud of skilful
 bands;

For while with darkling course their vessels
 sweep
 The winding shore, or plough the faithless
 deep,
 O'er bar,¹ and shelf, the watery path they
 sound

¹ A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river, or haven, so as to render navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

With dext'rous arms, sagacious of the
ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course in-
clin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the
road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners: train'd in early
youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheeks
of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice
control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round
the shore
With foul intent the stranded bark ex-
plore;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they
board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her
sword.
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to
dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd
crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution; without honours
proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he
priz'd;
And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark
to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging
tide.
To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of
fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening
gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless
charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier
hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's
flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast

The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'er-
cast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science, and the tuneful sisters rove,
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd
zone.
In vain:—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to
weep,
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every
vein.
These, chief among the ship's conducting
train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain;
Train'd to command, and range the swell-
ing sail,
Whose varying force conforms to every
gale,
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also
came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to
prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter
bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in
vain.
Graceful of form, by nature taught to
please,
Of power to melt the female breast with
ease;
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening
gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous
grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's
laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;

O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
 The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
 Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
 Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love:
 By fond society their passion grew,
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
 While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
 That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
 In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
 Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
 Palemon's father heard the tale confest;
 Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true:
 Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
 Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
 Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;
 (For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
 He, by the lust of riches only mov'd,
 Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd;
 Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy;
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
 Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers, enchanting Music fail'd,
 And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevail'd.
 Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
 To quench th' ethereal flame of ardent Love:
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look, and voice, assum'd a harsher strain.
 In absence now his only hope remain'd;
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd:
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;

High beat his heart, fast flow'd th' unbidden tear,
 His bosom heav'd with agony severe;
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
 To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consign'd.
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth;
 Still Anna's image swims before his sight
 In fleeting vision through the restless night;
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.
 The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
 To him since young Arion first was known;
 Who wandering here through many a scene
 renown'd,
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found;
 Where anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
 Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore:
 The scene thus present, and its story known,
 The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
 Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore;
 For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
 By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.
 These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
 The course determine, or the commerce guide:
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.
 A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
 And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest:
 High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
 Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war and storm, are felt no more;
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.

On deck, beneath the shading canvass
spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects
crown'd;

The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the
strand,
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous
hand:

What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'er-
spread!

Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors
bled.

Full twice twelve summers were yon towers
assail'd,

Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd
While thundering mines the lovely plains
o'erturn'd,

While heroes fell, and domes and temples
burn'd.¹

But now before them happier scenes
arise,

Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes;
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,

Where light with gay romantic error
stray'd.

The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant
vine:

And lo! the stream renown'd in classic
song,

Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the
soul.

Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In Pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief su-
preme—

"Too true thy words! by sweet remem-
brance taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender
thought;

In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd.

The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.

Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

"Albert, thou knowst with skill and science
grac'd:

In humble station tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave

Led Britain's conquering squadron's o'er the
wave:

Where full in view Augusta's spires are
seen,

With flowery lawns and waving woods be-
tween,

An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandering rolls his ample
tide:

There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.

For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare;

Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

"This blooming maid, in Virtue's path to
guide,

Th' admiring parents all their care apply'd;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,

No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale

Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,

Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction
dress'd,

The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born
day,

Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of
May:

Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene!

"'Twas at that season when the fields re-
sume

Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal
bloom;

Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian
shore,

To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute
bore:

While thus my father saw his ample hoard
From this return, with recent treasures
stor'd;

Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he
sent

To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event.

There, struck with sweet surprise and silent
awe,

The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless
arms,

My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange
alarms:

My ever charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;

¹ The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can
melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste
desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire."

"Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love,
(she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting
sighs,)

For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion,
stray'd

To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine abandon'd to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone.

The hovering anger yet thou may'st ap-
pease;

Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless
seas.

Find out some happier maid, whose equal
charms

With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy
arms:

Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent
ray,

Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard
fate

Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous
love,

That fatal to my father thus may prove;
On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.

Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too
late,

Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate."

"She ceas'd: while anguish in her angel-
face

O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial
grace:

Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.

"O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?

Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;

And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?

Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;

Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful
sight:

By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to
heal;

By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;

Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening
stands,

And claims obedience to her stern com-
mands,
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my
love;

My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

"Oh, cease to weep! this storm will yet
decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we
go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal
pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months
are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more."

"Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with
tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With cruel haste the shades of night with-
drew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit
wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling
tear,
While dying fondness languish'd in her
eyes
She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant
sighs:—
'Look down with pity, O ye powers
above!
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding
love;
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd
pain,
Bid every guardian-minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth de-
fend!"

"With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice
in vain,
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion beat in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took."

"All hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous
cry,
"All hands unmoor!" the cavern'd rocks
reply.

Rous'd from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass¹
arm:

The order given, up springing with a
bound

They fix the bars, and heave the windlass
round,

At every turn the clanging pauls resound;
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave

The pondrous anchor rises o'er the wave.
High on the slippery masts the yards as-
cend,

And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,

While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.

Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.

A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers mann'd, are sent

ahead;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow

Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow²;
The nervous crew their sweeping oars ex-
tend,

And pealing shouts the shore of Candia
rend:

Success attends their skill! the danger's
o'er!

The port is doubled, and beheld no more.
Now Morn with gradual pace advanc'd

on high
Whitening with orient beam the twilight
sky:

She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen
shade.

Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;

North-east, a league, the isle of Standia
bears,

And westward, Freschin's woody cape ap-
pears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;

The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the
main.

Now swelling stud-sails³ on each side ex-
tend,

the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-
cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope
called a Stay, when the wind crosses the ship's course
either directly or obliquely.

1 The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in
order to discover the eastern or western variation of
the magnetical needle.

2 Before the art of coppering vessel's bottoms was
discovered, they were painted white. The *wales* are
the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side,
at different heights, throughout her whole length, and
form the curves by which a vessel appears light and
graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished
into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

3 *Stud*, or *studding-sails*, are light sails, which
are extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond

Then stay-sails side-long to the breeze
ascend;

While all to court the veering winds are
plac'd,

With yards alternate square, and sharply
brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the
cloud;

Through the wide atmosphere condens'd
with haze,

His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
The pilots now their azimuth¹ attend,

On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
The compass plac'd to catch the rising
ray,

The quadrant's shadows studious they sur-
vey;

Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;

Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.

Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude, and declination, gain'd;

In chiliads next th' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought;

By this magnetic variance is explor'd,
Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.

The natives, while the ship departs their
land,

Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze

She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding
seas:

Her bottom through translucent waters
shone,

White as the clouds beneath the blaze of
noon;

The bending wales² their contrast next
display'd,

All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,

Gaz'd o'er the vassal waves that roll'd be-
low:

Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were
seen

To yield obsequious, and confess their
queen.

Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses'
wand;

the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-
cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope
called a Stay, when the wind crosses the ship's course
either directly or obliquely.

1 The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in
order to discover the eastern or western variation of
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CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on leaving shore. Favourable breeze. Water spout. The dying Dolphin. Breeze freshens. Ship's rapid progress along the coast. Top-sails reefed. Gale of wind. Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado. A Squall. Top-Sails double reefed. Main-Sail split. The Ship bears away before the wind; again hauls upon the Wind. Another Main-sail bent, and set. Porpoises. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia. Heavy gale. Top-sails furled. Top-gallant-yards lowered. Great Sea. Threatening sun-set. Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Main-sail. Courses reefed. Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm. Anxiety of the Master, and his Mates, on being near a lee shore. Mizzen reefed. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck; its consequences. The Ship labours in great distress. Guns thrown over-board. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous Sea. Storm of lightning. Severe fatigue of the Crew at the pumps. Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera. Consultation and resolution of the Officers. Speech and advice of Albert; his devout address to Heaven. Order given to bear away. The fore Stay-sail hoisted and split. The Head-yards braced aback. The Mizzen-mast cut away.

The Scene lies at Sea between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.—Time, from Nine in the Morning until One o'clock of the next Day at Noon.

ADIEU! ye pleasures of the silvan scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell
serene;
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, th' Elysian vallies
smile;

To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul.—
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail social horrors! like my fate severe;
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea!
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's
laws!

Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you judge if she depart
Unequal from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her
pow'r,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice attempting themes, before un-
known

To music, sings distresses all her own.
O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless
tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel
glides:

Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy
roll,

With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul;

Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;
When on the larboard quarter they descrie
A liquid column towering shoot on high;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds
sweep,

Where curling billows rouse the fearful
deep:

Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.
This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In Heaven immers'd, embracing clouds o'er-
spread,

In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps
the stream.

The swift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain—
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows
fly.

The guns were prim'd; the vessel north-
ward veers,

Till her black battery on the column bears:
The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful
sound

Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on
high!

The expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no
more.

While southward now th' increasing
breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings ap-
pear:

A-head they see the consecrated grove
Of Cyprus, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.

But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent
rays,

Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze;
In curling wreaths they wanton on the
tide,

Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly
glide:

Awhile beneath the waves their tracks re-
main,

And burn in silver streams along the liquid
plain.

Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited
snare.

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong:

Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head sus-
 pends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim
 through;
 Th' upturning points his pondrous bulk
 sustain,
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain;
 But while his heart the fatal javeline thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd
 sight!
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and
 light!
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
 With parting beams all o'er profusely
 dress'd,
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
 When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd
 lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion
 flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to
 glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye:
 But here description clouds each shining
 ray,
 What terms of Art can Nature's powers
 display!
 The lighter sails, for summer winds and
 seas,
 Are now dismiss'd the straining masts to
 ease;
 Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
 Which ready seamen from the yards un-
 bend;
 The boats then hoisted in, are fix'd on
 board,
 And on the deck with fastening gipes se-
 cur'd.
 The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
 With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore,
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward
 prow.
 The powerful sails with steady breezes
 swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark im-
 pell'd:
 Across her stem the parting waters run,
 As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the
 sun.
 Impatient thus, she darts along the shore,
 Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no
 more;
 And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress
 grove

That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of
 Jove;
 Here too, memorial of his name! is found
 A tomb in marble ruins on the ground:
 This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
 Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
 Through Greece for murder, rape, and in-
 cest known,
 The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne;
 For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
 The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in
 scorn;
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless
 fame,
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his
 name.
 But see! in confluence borne before the
 blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon
 o'ercast:
 The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
 And the dark scud¹ in swift succession
 flies.
 While the swoln canvass bends the masts
 on high,
 Low in the wave the leeward cannon² lie.
 The master calls to give the ship relief,
 "The top-sails³ lower, and form a single
 reef!"
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage
 reels;
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing
 wheels:
 Down the tall masts the top-sails sink amain,
 Are mann'd and reef'd, then hoisted up
 again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
 And southward of the west Cape Spado
 bore.
 Four hours the sun his high meridian
 throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies in-
 vade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
 A lowring squall obscures the southern sky
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters
 fly;
 Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—
 "Reef top-sails, reef!" the master calls again.

¹ The *scud*, is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

² When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship, upon which it acts, is termed the *weather-side*; and the opposite one, which is pressed then downwards, is termed the *lee-side*; all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward: hence also are derived the lee cannon, the lee-braces, weather-braces etc.

³ The *top-sails* are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. *Reefs* are certain divisions or spaces, by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases: and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

The halyards¹ and top-bow-lines² soon are
gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles³ next they
run:
The shivering sails descend; the yards are
square;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather-earings⁴, and the lee, they
pass'd,
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made
fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend:
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep;
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of
death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted
heath.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now im-
pend,
And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
Deep, on her side, the reeling vessel lies;
"Brail up the mizen⁵, quick!" the master
cries,
"Man the clue-garnets!⁶ let the main-sheet⁷
fly!"
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on
high!
The main-sails all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
The ship still labours in th' oppressive
strain,
Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.
"Bear up the helm a-weather!"⁸ Rodmond
cries,
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies;

1 *Halyards* are those ropes by which sails are hoisted, or lowered.

2 *Bow-lines* are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering.

3 *Clue-lines*, are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. *Reef-tackles* are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing.

4 *Earrings* are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corner of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

5 The *mizen* is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen mast.

6 *Clue-garnets* are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled, or brail'd.

7 *Sheets*: it is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached.

8 The reason for putting the *helm a-weather*, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. *Veering*, or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward; the French term is, *virer vent arrière*.

She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
And now the fore-sail right athwart they
brace;
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying
sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping
gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous
flies,
The helm th' attentive timoneer¹ applies;
As in pursuit, along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing
hands,
The regent helm her motion still com-
mands.

But now, the transient squall to leeward
past,

Again she rallies to the sullen blast:

The helm² to starboard moves; each shiver-
ing sail

Is sharply trimm'd to clasp th' augmenting
gale

The mizen draws; she springs aloof once
more,

While the fore stay-sail³ balances before.

The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the extended tack⁴
confin'd:

Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.

To top-sails next they haste: the bunt-
lines⁵ gone!

Through rattling blocks the clue-lines
swiftly run;

The extending sheets on either side are
man'd,

Abroad they come! the fluttering sails ex-
pand;

The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
The leeches taught the halyards are made
fast,

1 The helmsman, or steersman, from the French *timonnier*.

2 The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a *starboard*, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

3 Called with more propriety the *fore top-mast stay-sail*: it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast stay, over the bowsprit; it consequently has an influence on the fore part of the ship, as the mizen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. (See also the last note of this Canto.)

4 The mainsail, and fore-sail of a ship, are furnished with a *tack* on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward.

5 *Bunt-lines* are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brail'd, or furled.

The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to star-board brac'd¹,
 And straggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.
 The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
 In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:
 With brails² refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
 To each yard-arm the head-rope³ they extend,
 And soon their earings and their robans⁴ bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces⁵ slack,
 Then to the chesstree drag th' unwilling tack:
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.⁶
 Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main—
 These fleetest coursers of the finny race
 When threatening clouds th' eternal vault deface,
 Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.
 Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
 Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea;
 Round her broad arms impatient of control,
 Rous'd from the secret deep, the billows roll!
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
 From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,

1 A *yard* is said to be *braced*, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

2 *Brails*: a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail the bottoms and lower corners of the great sails.

3 The *head-rope* is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

4 *Robans*, or rope-bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails; the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet-holes under the head-rope.

5 Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

6 *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight: and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies:
 Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
 As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting, prances to the bloody fray;
 Spurning the ground he glories in his might,—
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
 Ev'n so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
 South, and by west, the threatening demon blew;
 Auster's resistless force all air invades,
 And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
 The ship no longer can her top-sails bear;
 No hopes of milder weather now appear.
 Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain:
 Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
 The seamen climb aloft and man each yard:
 They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
 The yards, by rolling tackles¹ then confin'd,
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
 Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
 Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears,
 Th' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
 Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards² attend:
 Some, travellers³ up the weather-back-stays send,
 At each mast-head the top-ropes⁴ others bend.
 The parrels⁵, lifts⁶, and clue-lines soon are gone,

1 The *rolling tackle* is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

2 *Top-gallant-yards*, which are the highest ones in the ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads.

3 *Travellers* are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced: they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards: for which purpose two of them are fixed on each *back-stay*; which are long ropes that reach on each side the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains.

4 *Top-ropes* are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant-masts, and their respective yards.

5 *Parrels* are those bands of rope, by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite: and of these there are four different sorts.

6 *Lifts* are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms; a yard is said to be *topped* when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes.

Top'd and unrigg'd they down the back-stays
run;
The yards secure along the booms¹ were
laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging
clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe;
Awhile, their spirits with fatigue oppress'd,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the tempests
blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow:
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow; fresh difficulties rise;
No season this from duty to descend!—
"All hands on deck" must now the storm
attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of
day

Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray:
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the sickening orb de-
scends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign
extends.

Sad evening's hour, how different from the
past!

No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are
drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses²
bear,

To reef them now becomes the master's
care;

The sailors summon'd aft all ready stand,
And man th' enfolding brails at his com-
mand:

But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute:
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go!
To long-tried practice obstinately warm
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.

This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move:—
"The watchful seaman, whose sagacious
eye

On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretells th'
effect,

This barbarous practice ever will reject;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;

¹ Booms are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away or injured, by stress of weather.

² The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm." So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
The tack's¹ eas'd off; while the involving
clue

Between the pendent blocks ascending flew;
The sheet and weather-brace² they now
stand by,

The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines
ply:

Then, all prepar'd, "Let go the sheet!" he
cries—

Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks
it flies!

Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass
swell'd;

By spilling-lines³ embrac'd, with brails con-
fin'd,

It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secur'd with equal care,

Again to reef the main-sail they repair;
While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,

Below, the down-haul tackle⁴ others ply,
Jears,⁵ lifts, and brails, a seaman each
attends,

And down the mast its mighty yards des-
cends:

When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;

The reef-lines⁶ and their earings now pre-
par'd,

Mounting on pliant shrouds,⁷ they man the
yard;

Far on th' extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior skill this task demands—

¹ It has been already remarked, that the tack is always fastened to windward; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being born to pieces by shivering.

² Whenever the sheet is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the weather-brace, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

³ The spilling-lines, which are used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard.

⁴ The violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle, consisting of an assemblage of pulleys, to haul it down on the mast; this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 446.

⁵ Jears, or geers, answer the same purpose to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as halyards do to all inferior sails. The tye, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the jears.

⁶ Reef-lines are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail.

⁷ Shrouds, so called from the Saxon Scrud, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast-heads to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail: they are also used as rope-ladders, by which seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging.

To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,
The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain
rides:

Each earing to its cringle first they bend,
The reef-band¹ then along the yard extend:
The circling earing round th' extremes
entwin'd,

By outer and by inner turns² they bind;
The reef-lines next from hand to hand re-
ceiv'd;

Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were
reev'd;

The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post
While on the yard by mountain billows
tost,

Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend;
A sea³, up-surg'ing with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to deem the whole:
"O friends, secure your hold!" Arion cries—
It comes all dreadful! down the vessel lies
Half buried sideways; while, beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost:
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard en-
fold;

In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The ropes, alas! a solid gripe deny:
Prone on the midnight surge with panting
breath

They cry for aid, and long contend with
death;

High o'er their heads the rolling billows
sweep,

And down they sink in everlasting sleep—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state be-
moan,

Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command:
Though still they knew the vessel's armed
side

Impenetrable to the clasp'ing tide;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,

1 Reef-band consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed.

2 The outer-turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yard; the inner-turns are employed to confine its head rope close to its surface.

3 A sea is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have ship-
ped a sea.

A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward
shore!

"Should they, though reef'd, again their
sails extend,

Again in shivering streamers they may
rend;

Or, should they stand, beneath th' oppressive
strain

The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather¹ now Morea's land,

And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand"—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,

Where perils unallay'd by hope appear:
Long pondering in their minds each fear'd
event,

At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree

And try² beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the yard they lower
away,

Then jears, and topping-lift³ secure belay;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd
around,

In balance near the lofty peak they bound;
The reef enwrapp'd, th' inserted knittles
tied,

The halyards throat and peak are next ap-
plied—

The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet be-
lay'd;

The helm its post forsook, and lash'd a-lee⁴,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian
coast,

With notes divine deplor'd his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was th' attempt to
move

Th' infernal powers with strains of heavenly
love,

Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art ex-
press:

1 To weather a shore is to pass to windward of
it, which at this time was prevented by the violence
of the gale. Drift is that motion and direction, by
which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when
she is unable any longer to carry sail; or, at least, is
restrained to such a portion of sail, as may be neces-
sary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side,
that she may not be dismasted by her violent la-
bouring produced by the turbulence of the sea.

2 To try, is to lay the ship with her side nearly
in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head
somewhat inclined to windward; the helm being fas-
tened close to the lee-side, or in the sea language,
hard a-lee, to retain her in that position. (See a
further illustration in the last note of this Canto.)

3 A tackle or assemblage of pulleys, which tops
the upper end of the mizen yard. This line, and the
six following, describe the operation of reefing and
balancing the mizen. The knittle is a short line used
to reef the sails by the bottom. The throat is that
part of the mizen-yard which is close to the mast.

4 Lash'd a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side. See
note, p. 444.

Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endur'd
In mazes, self-invented, long immur'd,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to
stray,

The Muse, that turn'd to barbarous sounds
her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear;
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour
boast,

They scorn the wretch that trembles at his
post;

Who from the face of danger strives to
turn,

Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
Though now full oft they fell the raging
tide

In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side;
Though every rising wave more dreadful
grows,

And in succession dire the deck o'erflows,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it
all!

But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppress'd,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the master's mind em-
ploy,

Approaching perils all his hopes destroy:
In vain he spreads the gratuated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of
art;

Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful task! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore
around—

While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dis-
may'd,

The geometric distances survey'd;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
"Secure your lives! grasp every man a
shroud"—

Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with
eyes aghast;

When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie:

As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the
main,

Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies
groan;

The trembling deep recoils from zone to
zone—

Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous
stroke,

The boats beneath the thundering deluge
broke;

Torn from their planks the cracking ring-
bolts drew,

And gripes and lashing all asunder flew;
Companion, binacle¹, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the
deck;

The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments, from its bolt-rope
fled;

The sides convulsive shook on groaning
beams,

And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy
seams.

They sound the well², and, terrible to
hear!

Five feet immers'd along the line appear;
At either pump they ply the clanking
brake,

And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office
take:

Rodmond, Arion and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear—

As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black
array,

And death and sorrow mark his horrid
way;

Till, in some destin'd hour, against her
wall

In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!

And following hosts the shatter'd domes in-
vade:

Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams
of blood:

So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend:

But all in vain! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.

Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs, oppress'd by pond'rous cannon
groan;

¹ The *companion* is a wooden porch placed over the ladder that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The *binacle* is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm containing three divisions; the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the two others for mariners' compasses.

² The *well* is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line.—The *brake* is the pump handle.

Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's
 height,
 The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their
 weight—
 So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
 When in his veins the burning earthquake
 glows;
 Hoarse through his entrails roars th' in-
 fernal flame,
 And central thunders rend his groaning
 frame—
 Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
 And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
 For this, one remedy is only known,
 From the torn ship her metal must be
 thrown;
 Eventful task! which last distress requires,
 And dread of instant death alone inspires:
 For, while intent the yawning decks to
 ease,
 Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
 Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
 May whirl the helpless wretches in the
 deep.

No season this for counsel or delay;
 Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
 Here perseverance, with each help of art,
 Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
 These only now their misery can relieve,
 These only now a dawn of safety give:
 While o'er the quivering deck from van to
 rear

Broad surges roll in terrible career,
 Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen few,
 This office in the face of death pursue;
 The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to
 guide,
 Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-
 side;
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave—
 Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er
 the deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters
 sweep,
 Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a
 scar;

Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,¹
 The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the metal
 plac'd—

Watching the roll, their forelocks they with-
 drew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon
 threw;

¹ The *waist* is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and fore-castle; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant-ship is only one or two steps in descent, from the quarter-deck and fore-castle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

Then, from the windward battlements un-
 bound,
 Rodmond's associates wheel'd th' artillery
 round,
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The pond'rous arms across the steep de-
 file;
 Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the
 side,
 Thundering they plunge into the flashing
 tide.

The ship, thus eas'd, some little respite
 finds—
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
 Such ease Alcides felt when, clogg'd with
 gore,
 Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he
 tore,
 When, stung with burning pain, he strove
 too late

To stop the swift career of cruel fate;
 Yet then his heart one ray of hope pro-
 cur'd,
 Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd—
 Such, and so short, the pause of woe she
 found!

Cimmerian darkness shades the deep
 around,
 Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
 Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid
 rays:

Above, all ether fraught with scenes of
 woe,
 With grim destruction threatens all below;
 Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious
 rise,
 And wave uproll'd on wave assails the
 skies;

With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
 The ship, half swallow'd in the black pro-
 found.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue op-
 press'd,

Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd;
 For while, with sweeping inundation o'er
 The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
 Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
 They rage their ancient station to resume;
 By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
 Through many a winding channel first they
 rove,

Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
 Through her dark veins they roll a rapid
 flood:

When unrelenting thus the leaks they
 found,

The clattering pumps with clanking strokes
 resound,

Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
 The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
 Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
 And down their weary limbs thick dews
 distil;

29*

Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his
heart;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—

"Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength
o'erpow'r!

Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind:
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud¹
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?

At random driven, to present death we
haste,

And one short hour perhaps may be our
last:

Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail;

And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us and new dangers rise:

Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves
prepares!

Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;

Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too:

Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!

"Then of our purpose this appears the
scope,

To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,

Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils
severe,

Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards
near:

Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to
quell?—

Prudence forbids! this southern tempest
soon

May change its quarter with the changing
moon;

Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide:

These leaks shall then decrease—the sails
once more

Direct our course to some relieving shore."

Thus while he spoke, around from man
to man

At either pump a hollow murmur ran:

For while the vessel through unnumber'd
chinks,

Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth, they eyed the wetted
scale,

And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers pre-
vail:

Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pur-
sued.

And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate;

Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers
run:

Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune! taught
too well:

With lasting pain to rend his youthful
heart,

Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel:

But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul:—

"Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide?
Alas! from circling horrors thus combin'd,
One method of relief alone we find:

Thus water-logg'd¹, thus helpless to re-
main

Amid this hollow, how ill judg'd! how
vain!

Our sea-breach'd vessel can no longer bear
The floods, that o'er her burst in dread
career;

The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
With water through an hundred leaks
destill'd;

Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven
deck,

Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
At every pitch th' o'erwhelming billows
bend

Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's
end;

A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope
rely:

At either pump our seamen pant for
breath,

In dire dismay, anticipating death;
Still all our powers th' increasing leaks
defy,

We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh:
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the
gloom

To light and save us from a watery tomb,

1 A ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having
received through her leaks a great quantity of water
into her hold, she has become so heavy and inactive
on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts
of every wave that rushes over the deck.

1 The movement of *scudding*, from the Swedish
word *skutta*, is never attempted in a contrary wind,
unless, as in the present instance, the condition of a
ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer
on her side, the mutual efforts of the winds and
waves.

That bids us shun the death impending
here,—
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward
steer.

"'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we
haste;

But, haply, Falconera we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may
bear

Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,
And since as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus
delay?

Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide;
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing
pow'r,

May curb the tempest ere that dreadful
hour;

But here ingulf'd and foundering, while we
stay,

Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her
prey."

He said: Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilots' art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd:
High beat his bosom—with such fear sub-
dued,

Beneath the gloom of some enchanted
wood,

Oft in old time the wandering swain ex-
plor'd

The midnight wizards, breathing rites ab-
horr'd:

Trembling approach'd their incantations
fell,

And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of
hell.

Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat:

Alas! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—

He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore;

His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's
balm,

And bade each conflict of the mind be
calm.

Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd—

When, like the faithful shepherd, who be-
holds

Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy
folds,

To the brave crew, whom racking doubts
perplex,

The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

"Unhappy partners is a wayward fate!

Whose courage now is known perhaps too
late;

Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform,

Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are
near;

The truth, though painful, I must now re-
veal,

That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal:
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try

To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
Our crazy bark no longer can abide

The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd
side;

And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,

One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and scud before the wind:

Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear;

But that's remote, and instant death is
here:

Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may
gain

Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride

Till with abating rage the blast subside:
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,

Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These councils follow'd, from a watery
grave

Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—
"And first, let all our axes be secur'd

To cut the masts and rigging from aboard;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and
oar

To float between the vessel and the shore:
The longest cordage too must be convey'd

On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd:
So they, who haply reach alive the land,

Th' extended lines may fasten on the
strand,

Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward
shore,

While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar:
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,

Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the
wave,

And from the broken rocks our seamen
save;

Then westward turn the stern, that every
mast

May shoreward fall as from the vessel
cast—

When o'er her side once more the billows
bound,

Ascend the rigging till she strikes to ground.

And when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed
rock,

The boldest of our sailors must descend
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then burst the hatches off, and every stay
And every fastening lanyard cut away,
Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to lee-
ward cast;

Then with redoubled strokes attack each
mast,

That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore:
But as your firmest succour, till the last
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task
severe,

Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear;
If once the slavish yoke your souls subdue,
Adieu to hope! to life itself adieu!

"I know among you some have oft be-
held

A blood-hound train, by rapine's lust im-
pell'd,

On England's cruel coast impatient stand,
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their
strand.

These, while their savage office they
pursue,

Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd
crew,

Who, 'scaped from every horror of the
main,

Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain!
Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece un-
known,

Such blood-hounds all her circling shores
disown,

Who, though by barbarous tyranny op-
press'd,

Can share affliction with the wretch dis-
tress'd:

Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief."

With conscious horror struck, the naval
band

Detested for awhile their native land;

They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the
laws,

That thus forgot her guardian sailors'
cause.

Meanwhile, the master's voice again they
heard,

Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd:

"No more remains—but now a trusty band

Must ever at the pump industrious stand;

And, while with us the rest attend to wear,

Two skilful seamen to the helm repair—

And thou, Eternal Power! whose awful
sway

The storms revere, and roaring seas obey!

On thy supreme assistance we rely;

Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!

Perhaps this storm is sent with healing
breath
From neighbouring shores to scourge
disease and death:

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust,
With thee, great Lord! 'whatever is, is
just.'"

He said: and, with consenting reverence
fraught,

The sailors join'd his prayer in silent
thought:

His intellectual eye, serenely bright!

Saw distant objects with prophetic light—

Thus, in a land, that lasting wars oppress,

That groans beneath misfortune and dis-
tress;

Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a
prey;

Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay;

Some bold sagacious statesman, from the
helm

Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;

He darts around his penetrating eyes

Where dangers grow, and hostile unions
rise;

With deep attention marks th' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every

blow,

Tries his last art the tottering state to
save,

Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel
reels,

Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills!

On either side they rise, tremendous scene!

A long dark melancholy vale between;¹

¹ That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when *trying*, and of the change of her situation to that of *scudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In *trying*, as well as in *scudding*, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea-phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her *coming to*; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her *falling off*.

Veering, or *wearing*, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes

The balanc'd ship now forward, now be-
 hind,
 Still felt th' impression of the waves and
 wind,
 And to the right and left by turns in-
 clined:
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts
 threw.

her state from trying to that of *scudding*, or of run-
 ning before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That every
 body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving
 uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to
 change its state by forces impressed; and that the
 change of motion is proportional to the moving force
 impressed, and made according to the right line in
 which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is com-
 pelled to turn into any direction by the force of the
 wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines
 parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the
 act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of
 this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is
 to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind
 part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore
 part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward.
 This effect is either produced by the operation of the
 sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts
 and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind
 part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly
 parallel to the direction of the wind, which then
 glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same
 time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to
 receive greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part
 accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in mo-
 tion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that
 of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is
 requisite to produce the desired effect. But when the
 tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails,
 the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the
 opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and
 yards situated near the head and stern serve to
 counterbalance each other in receiving its impression.
 The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished,
 because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to
 all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual.
 Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equi-
 librium which subsists between the masts and yards
 before and behind, and to throw the balance forward
 to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by
 the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it
 becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to
 save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must
 be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still re-
 mains incapable of answering the helm by turning
 her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by
 which a ship is carried precipitately before a tem-
 pest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through
 the water whenever this expedient is put in practice,
 it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when
 her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the
 mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on
 her side, without being exposed to the most immi-
 nent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her
 foremast, or if the storm is excessive, without any
 sail, which in the sea-phrase is called *scudding* under
 bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to *scudding* are,
 generally a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty
 of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the
 danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-
 room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may
 shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevi-
 tably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is
 threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or
 being immediately overturned: and, for want of sea-
 room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked
 on a lee-shore.

The order now was given to "bear away!"
 The orders given, the timoneers obey:
 Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were con-
 vey'd,
 And round the foremost on each side be-
 lay'd;
 Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
 They hoist! away the flitting ruins fly:
 Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
 Conceals his grief, and doubles all his
 cares—

"Away there! lower the mizen-yard on
 deck,"

He calls, "and brace the foremost yards
 aback!"

His great example every bosom fires,
 New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.
 While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
 One desperate remedy at last he tries—

"Haste! with your weapons cut the shrouds
 and stay,

And hew at once the mizen-mast away!"

He said: to cut the girding stay they run,
 Soon on each side the several shrouds are
 gone:

Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond
 stands,

Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his
 hands;

Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful
 sound,

The tall mast groaning felt the deadly
 wound;

Deep gash'd beneath, the tottering structure
 rings,

And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter
 swings:

Thus, when some limb convuls'd with pangs
 of death

Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
 Th' experienced artist from the blood

betrays
 The latent venom, or its course delays:

But, if th' infection triumphs o'er his art
 Tainting the vital stream that warms the

heart,
 To stop the course of death's inflaming tides
 Th' infected member from the trunk divides.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry. Dif-
 fidence of the Author. Wreck of the mizen-mast
 cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Labours
 hard. Different stations of the Officers. Appearance
 of the Island of Falconera. Excursion to the ad-
 jacent Nations of Greece renowned in antiquity.
 Athens. Socrates, Plato, Aristides. Solon. Corinth.
 Its architecture. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion by
 Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Present state of
 the Spartans. Arcadia. Former happiness and fertil-
 ity. Its present distress the effect of slavery. Ithaca.
 Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycæne. Aga-
 memnon. Macronisi. Lemnos. Vulcan. Delos. Apollo

and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. Subject resumed. Address to the spirits of the storm. A tempest accompanied with rain, hail and meteors. Darkness of the night, lightning, and thunder. Day-break. St. George's Cliffs open upon them. The ship in great danger passes the Island of St. George. Land of Athens appears. Helmsman struck blind by lightning. Ship laid broadside to the shore. Bow-sprit, foremast, and main-top-mast carried away. Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, strive to save themselves on the wreck of the fore-mast. The ship parts asunder. Death of Albert and Rodmond. Arion reaches the shore. Finds Palemon expiring on the beach. His dying address to Arion, who is led away by the humane natives.

The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona in Attica.—The time about seven Hours; from One, until Eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,

The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;

When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came

The dark and solitary race to tame,
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more:

The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay;

Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.

When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms; *
Hence, war's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay:
But when his strings with mournful magic tell

What dire distress Laertes' son befell,
The strains meandering through the maze of woe

Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow;
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs,

From earth upborne on Pegasean wings,
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue;

His magic voice, that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.

But I, alas! through scenes bewilder'd stray,

Far from the light of his unerring ray;
While all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread;

To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire,

Full oft indeed that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
'Tis true, he lightly sketch'd the bold design,

But toils more joyless, more severe are mine;

Since o'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan:

But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part;

Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain th' events in regular array:

Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,

When still unchang'd the same sad theme remains,

O could it draw Compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near!

For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast;

For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian-sailors know;
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—

This were the summit of my hop'd success!
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,

Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind;

The wounded serpent agoniz'd with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain:

But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,

The long reluctant prow began to veer:
While round before th' enlarging wind it falls,

"Square fore and aft the yards",¹ the master calls;

"You timoneers, her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend!
So steady!² meet her! watch the curving prow,

And from the gale directly let her go."

"Starboard again!" the watchful pilot cries;
"Starboard!" th' obedient timoneer replies:

Then back to port³, revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.

¹ The wind is said to *enlarge*, when it veers from the side towards the stern. To *square the yards* is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length.

² *Steady!* is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left.

³ The left side of a ship is called *port*, in steering, that the helmsman may not mistake larboard for

They did:—for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile,
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower;
For native tempests here with blasting breath
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and
storm,

The generous temper of the soul deform:
Then, if among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing
dream,

Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian
stream;

(Since those salubrious streams, with power
divine,

To purer sense the soften'd soul refine,
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,
To learning lost, severer grief endur'd;
In vain might Phoebus' ray his mind inspire,
Since fate with torrents quench'd the kind-
ling fire:

If one this pain of living death possess'd,
It dwelt supreme, Arion! in the breast;
When, with Palemon watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue re-
lates.

Immortal Athens first, in ruins spread,
Contiguous lies at port Lio's¹ head.
Great source of science! whose immortal
name

Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame:
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won;
The first, in virtue's cause his life resign'd;
By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of man-
kind:

The last, proclaim'd the spark of vital fire
The soul's fine essence never could expire;
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause
Whose sacred precepts shine through So-
lon's laws:

Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds
o'ergrown;

The wandering stranger near the port
descries

A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble; hence the haven's name,
Unknown to modern natives, whence it came.

Next in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike
the skies;

Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,

Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration
view'd:

Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars
crown'd;

But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand:

Ah! who unmov'd with secret woe can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell!
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's
sound

War burst his chains, and nations shook
around;

Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Through all Achaia, bade her thunders roar.
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew
near;

He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious
train:

Tall Cæta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed in hostile lands:
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy
name,

And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause;
Ev'n great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born spirit now!
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace!

Not distant far, Arcadia's bless'd domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains:
Thrice happy soil! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield;
Then, when some rural nymph supremely
blest,

While transport glow'd in each enamour'd
breast,

Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of silvan sports in artless strain;
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay:
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the uncultur'd
plain.

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus,
lies

The long-sought isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honour endless schemes con-
triv'd,

¹ Porto Leone, the ancient Piræum, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal.

She, only shielded by a stripling son
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the Ægean main to Dardian coasts:
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjur'd friend, and faithless

wife
Who sacrific'd to impious lusts thy life:
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,

When adverse winds detain'd the Spartan
queen;

For whom, in arms combin'd, the Grecian
host

With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's
coast;

For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The lofty turrets of imperial Troy;

Here driv'n by Juno's rage the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came:

The port an image bears of Parian stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from these appears th' immortal
shore

That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos! through all th' Ægean seas re-
nown'd,

Whose coasts the rocky Cyclades surround;
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
Her hallow'd groves ev'n distant Persia
fear'd:

But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western
bound,

Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble
crown'd;

Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world:

There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd

Thunders, that shook the skies with dire
alarms,

And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms;
There, with his creppled wretch, the foul

disgrace
And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of

Love;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move!

Eastward of this appears the Dardian
shore,

That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore,

Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding
time;

Who saw protecting gods from heaven
descend

Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend:
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her came were

slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame

At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare

harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more:

No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd

plains;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian

strand,
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's

height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night;
Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er

The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore;
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,

She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,

Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd th' incessant
tear;

O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with de-
spair,

She beat her swelling breast, and tore her
hair;

On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:

Th' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight

convey'd.
Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean

main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain:

The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!

A chain of marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its stile!

On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polished

floors;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;

Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels

flam'd;
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine,

To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,
With golden harps and branching laurels

grac'd:
Around the fane, engrav'd by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand;

Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eyes insufferable light,
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight:
Of this great temple, through all time re-
nown'd,

Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods
o'erspread,

Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows th' unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume
Where round the scene perennial laurels
bloom:

Fair daughters of the Sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian flute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay;
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to harmony th' afflicted soul;
With heavenly balm the tortur'd breast
compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes;
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flow'rs:
Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound.

Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel
their strains

Diffuse delicious languor through my veins;
Adieu, ye flowery vales and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers and ever-vernal greens!
Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted
ground

In lucid maze the Aonian hill surround!
Ye fairy scenes! where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight! for ever, oh, farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethæan dew distill—
Awake, O Memory! from th' inglorious dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling
theme;

Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the
main,

In torrent pour along the swelling strain.

Now, through the parting wave, impe-
tuous bore,

The scudding vessel stemm'd the Athenian
shore;

The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
For this assault should either quarter¹ feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:

The steersmen every bidden turn apply,
To right and left the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats
in fear,

The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons
join,

And guide the flight in one continual line:
Thus they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the
shore:

High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire;
With labouring throes she rolls on either
side,

And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints unhing'd in palsied languors
play,

As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray:
The gale howls doleful thro' the blocks and
shrouds,

And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds;
From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze:
Th' eternal dome, in mournful pomp
array'd,

Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horrors of the night,—
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'er-
spread,

When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er
its head:

It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd:
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he
springs,

Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his
wings;

Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence
breaks,

Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals en-
large,

And blue on deck the fierce tides discharge;
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches
stood,

While chill suspense and fear congeal'd
their blood;

Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living
flame,

And dread concussion rends th' ethereal
frame;

Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to
shore,

And Nature shuddering feels the horrid
roar.

¹ The *quarter* is the hinder part of a ship's side, or that part which is near the stern.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and
light;
Ev'n now my ear with quick vibration feels
Th' explosion bursts in strong rebounding
peals;

Swift through my pulses glides the kindling
fire,

As lightning glances on th' electric wire:

Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness
born,

Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping
Morn:

Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious
brings;

All Nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning day,

All, but our ship! which, groaning on the
tide,

No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates
see

The hills of Greece emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal morn

On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid ador'd resigns her blooming
charms

To bless with lore some happier rival's
arms;

So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,

That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.

O yet in clouds, thou genial source of
light!

Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,

And gild the scenes where health and
pleasure reign:

But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton
beam

Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While shoreward now the bounding vessel
flies,

Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,

That hung projecting o'er a mossy green;
Huge breakers on the larboard bow ap-
pear,

And full a-head its eastern ledges bear:
To steer more eastward Albert still com-
mands,

And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,

And all their skill relentless fates oppose:
For while more eastward they direct the
prow,

Enormous waves the quivering deck o'er-
flow;

While, as she wheels, unable to subdue

Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-
to:¹

Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the moun-
tain'd sea,

And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;

A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks
abound,

Where death in secret ambush lurks around:
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes

The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descried

The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn dis-
clos'd,

His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger he alternate view'd,

And cautiously his arduous track pursued:
Thus, while to right and left destruction
lies,

Between th' extremes the daring vessel
flies.

With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar;

Hoarse through each winding creek the
tempest raves,

And hollow rocks repeat the groan of
waves:

Should once the bottom strike this cruel
shore,

The parting ship that instant is no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew

Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too:
But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,

Though scarce her length in distance from
the land;

Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian
bow

She cleaves the burning billows with her
prow,

And forward hurrying with impetuous
haste,

Borne on the tempest's wings the isle she
past:

With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;

Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore—

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,

The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day,

Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes,

Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,

¹ The great difficulty of steering the ship at this
time before the wind, is occasioned by its striking
her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle
on either side; which often forces her stern round,
and brings her broad-side to the wind and sea: this
is an effect of the same cause which is explained in
the last note of the second Canto.

While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they de-
sery,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on-high,
Where marble columns, long by time de-
fac'd,
Moss-cover'd, on the lofty Cape are plac'd;
There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane;
The circling beach in murderous form ap-
pears,

Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears:
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath the lee;
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers
past,

As dumb with terror they behold the last:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on
high

Through the rent cloud the ragged light-
nings fly,

A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of
light,

Struck the pale helmsman with eternal
night;

Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan be-
hind,

Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the
blind;

And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud:

"Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!" he
cries;

"Thy only succour on the mast relies."

The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled
course;

Quick to th' abandoned wheel Arion came
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:

The vessel, while the dread event draws
nigh,

Seems more impatient o'er the waves to
fly;

Fate spurs her on!—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star,

And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches
fast!

While thronging sailors climb each quiver-
ing mast:

The ship no longer now must stem the
land,

And, "hard a starboard!" is the last com-
mand;

While every suppliant voice to Heaven ap-
plies,

The prow swift wheeling to the westward
flies;

Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend,

Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow

Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down press'd by wat'ry weight the bowsprit
bends,

And from above the stem deep-crashing
rends:

Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high,

And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;

While in the general wreck, the faithful
stay¹

Drags the main top-mast by the cap² away!
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in
vain

Through hostile floods their vessel to re-
gain;

Weak hope, alas!—they buffet long the
wave,

And grasp at life, though sinking in the
grave;

Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at
length;

The burying waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever number'd with the
dead.

Those who remain, the weather shrouds
embrace,

Nor longer mourn their lost companions'
case;

Transfix'd with terror at th' approaching
doom,

Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near—

With young Arion, on the mast appear!
Ev'n they, amid th' unspeakable distress,

In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,

And every bosom mortal terror feels;
Begirt with all the horror of the main

They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd
in vain:

Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,

Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the
blest!

It comes! the dire catastrophe draws
near,

Lash'd furious on by destiny severe:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of
death,

Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar
beneath!

O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to
prove;

¹ The main top-mast *stay* comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support.

² The *cap* is a strong, thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a ship are those of the lower masts.

The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain:
Since I, all-trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest
breath

To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator at such various horrors been,
Ev'n he had stagger'd at this dreadful
scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For every wave now smites the quivering
yard;¹

High o'er they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in horrible cascade;
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming
roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the
shore,

Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags de-
scends:

Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion
feels,

And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal
cries,

The fated victims shuddering cast their
eyes

In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah, Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs di-
vide!

She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er
the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse
to dress

In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the spirits I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, de-
plore

Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending mainmast
hung,

Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;

¹ The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast head without being washed overboard.

Some on a broken crag were struggling
cast,

And there by oozy tangles grappled fast!
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows'
rage,

Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades
below:

Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous
thrown

On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts de-
scend:

Now on the mountain-wave on high they
ride,

Then downward plunge beneath the involv-
ing tide;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!

Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses, red with human
blood!

So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering
steel—

Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating
mast.

His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful
strain:

His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, en-
clos'd;

His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp re-
sign'd;

And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs en-
fold;

Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to
clear,

For death bids every clinching joint ad-
here:

Down from his neck, with blazing gems
array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of
woe

Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of heart, what language could
express

Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain,
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with equal pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:

"O, rescued from destruction laid so
nigh,

Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
Are we then, exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?

Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd;
For wounded, far beyond all healing pow'r,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour:

By those fell breakers, where in vain I
strove,

At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my
sight,

That lie deep buried yet in tenfold night—
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone;
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and
despair!

Such dire effects from avarice arise!
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly
wise,

With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul:
But, *O Thou sacred Power!* whose law
connects

Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age:
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck
past—

Ah! cease to mourn, those friendly tears
restrain,

Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering
steps restore

When parted hence to England's distant
shore;

Shouldst thou, the unwilling messenger of
fate,

To him the tragic story first relate;
Oh! friendship's generous ardour then sup-
press,

Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;

Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain:
Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maiden to succour and de-
fend—

Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of
death!

But, oh! to lovely Anna thou shouldst tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell;
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's
veil,

And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it, and say, when panting in the
wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save.

"My soul, that fluttering hastens to be
free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to
thee,
But strives in vain; the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream
of breath;

Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
To course the long, unknown, eternal road—
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, prevail no
more.

"When thou some tale of hapless love
shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting
tear;

Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion
join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd;
Oh! then to swell the tides of social woe
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad *Shipwreck*
tell,

And what distress thy wretched friend
befell:

Then, while in streams of soft compassion
drown'd,

The swains lament, and maidens weep
around;

While lisping children, touch'd with infant
fear,

With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
tear;

Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
*All thoughts of happiness on earth are
vain!*"¹

¹ "... sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

The last faint accents trembled on his
tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood; with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops
distill'd:—

“O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth;
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's
land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command;
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of the dismal day:
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred,
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn;
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through life's sad journey hopeless to
complain:

Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all Effects, *Thy will be
done!*”

Now had the Grecians on the beach ar-
riv'd,
To aid the helpless few, who yet surviv'd;
While passing, they behold the waves o'er-
spread
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they
find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd:
The generous natives, mov'd with social
pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal
shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY:

IN WHICH THE PRECEDENT NARRATIVE IS
CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is clos'd! the mournful
strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains
And dumb Suspense awaits, o'erwhelm'd
with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, o Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy
doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thy ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

From young Arion first the news receiv'd
With terror, pale unhappy Anna read;
With inconsolable distress she griev'd,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty
fled;

In vain, alas! the gentle Virgin wept,
Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept
And gave the lovely victim to the
tomb.

A longer date of woe, the widow'd wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of
life
Before Arion reached his native shore!

The Father unrelenting frenzy stung,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to
bear;
Severe remorse his tortur'd bosom rung,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in
despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are
no more:
The tempest now shall howl unheard by
you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling
shore;

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and
snow,
In Winter's dismal nights no more shall
beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with bane-
ful heat:

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly
strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome
home:
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you
roam;

No more on yon wide watery waste you
stray,
While hunger and disease your life con-
sume,
While parching thirst, that burns without
allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to
bloom;

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools
grown great.

No more the abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distress.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes;
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his
nose;

But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in
lace.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the
homely bed,
Where virtue, self approv'd, reclines her
head;

Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors
mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch
with thorns,

Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as wak'ned from a
trance,

And darts through Nature at a single
glance.

Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves,
survey,

And see by *Night* what fools we are by *Day*.
Strip'd of her gawdy plumes and vain
disguise,

See where ambition mean and loathsome
lies!

Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd
crown.

In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood
suit,

And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all man-
kind,

Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refresh-
ing fall

In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage,
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause
for strife;

Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
For some vile spot, which cannot fifty feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or
right,

For the world's empire kings ambitious
fight,

What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same
thing,

A Nut, a World; a Squirrel, and a King.

Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the *World* talk, my Friend; that *World*
we know

Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and
wrong;

Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be
strong.

In spite of Dullness, and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious
pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

SELECTIONS

FROM "THE GHOST."

HENCE, Tempter, to some weaker Soul,
Which Fear and Interest controul;
Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
Where *Virtue* steels the steady breast.
Through Meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour,
What is thy Gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels hast Thou won?
Dull Crowds, to whom the heart's un-
known,
Praise Thee for Virtues not thine own,
But will, at once Man's scourge and friend,
Impartial Conscience too comment?
From her reproaches canst Thou fly?
Canst Thou with worlds her silence buy?
Believe it not—her stings shall find
A Passage to thy *Coward Mind*.
There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
There shew Thee truly, as *Thou art*,
Unknown to those, by whom Thou 'rt priz'd,
Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The Man, who weds the sacred Muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And He, who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.
Tho' Folly, rob'd in Purple, shines,
Tho' Vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty Flail;

Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
 With Melcombe seek Hell's deepest shade,
 Satire still mindful of her aim,
 Shall bring the Cowards back to shame.
 Hated by many, lov'd by few,
 Above each little private view,
 Honest, tho' poor (and who shall dare
 To disappoint my boasting there?)
 Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
 The dictates of my heart I speak,
 Willing I bend at *Satire's* Throne;
 What pow'r I have, be all her own.

Nor shall you *Lawyer's* specious art,
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,
 Create imaginary Fear
 To damp us in our bold Career.
 Why should we fear? and what? the Laws?
 They all are arm'd in *Virtue's* cause;
 And aiming at the self-same end,
 Satire is always *Virtue's* Friend.

LIBERTY.

NATURE, who in her act most free,
 Herself delights in *Liberty*,
 Profuse in Love, and, without bound,
 Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
 Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
 In double Portions on our head,
 We could not truly bounteous call,
 If *Freedom* did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
 Brutes never can mistake their way,
 Determin'd still, they plod along
 By Instinct, neither right nor wrong;
 But Man, had he the heart to use
 His Freedom, hath a right to choose,
 Whether he acts or well, or ill,
 Depends entirely on his will;
 To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
 Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
 A Privilege in pow'r to err,
 Nor let this phrase resentment stir
 Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
 The little merit Man can plead
 In doing well, dependeth still
 Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions should be free as air;
 No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
 His Qualities, a claim can found
 That my Opinion must be bound,
 And square with his; such slavish chains
 From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
 Nor can, tho' true to Friendship, bend
 To wear them even from a Friend.
 Let those, who rigid Judgment own,
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
 And if They of no value hold
 Pleasure, till Pleasure is grown cold,
 Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
 For Judgment's regular debate

To give it warrant, let them find
 Dull Subjects suited to their mind;
 Theirs be slow Wisdom; *Be my* plan
 To live as merry as I can,
 Regardless as the fashions go,
 Whether there 's Reason for 't, or no;
 Be my employment here on earth
 To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
 Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
 And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

But if by Error led astray,
 I chance to wander from my way,
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
 That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
 Who found disease, and not a cure,
 Nor can I hold that man a friend,
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
 To open happy Folly's eyes,
 And, making wretched, make me wise;
 For next, a Truth which can't admit
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
 To *being* happy here below,
 Is to *believe* that we are so.

FANCY.

SOME few in knowledge find relief,
 I place my comfort in *belief*.
 Some for *Reality* may call,
Fancy to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick,
 And why, let any Sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well?
 This I am sure, whate'er our view,
 Whatever shadows we pursue,
 For our pursuits, be what they will,
 Are little more than shadows still,
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
 For man to catch, or hold them long;
 But Joys which in the Fancy live,
 Each moment to each man may give.
 True to himself, and true to ease,
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,
 And (can a Mortal wish for more?)
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
 Mocks boasted vain Reality,
 And *Is*, whate'er he wants to *Be*.

Hail, *Fancy*—to thy pow'r I owe
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
 To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
 A large encrease of ev'ry joy.
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
 A *knaveish* guard, ordain'd by Law
 To keep poor *Honesty* in awe;
Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return;

When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
 And Laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heaven, that she was wise;
 When All around Me, with an air
 Of hopeless Sorrow, look'd Despair,
 When They or said, or seem'd to say,
 There is but one, one only way;
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all, than to be thus;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face;
 Dull Regularity thrown by,
 And Comfort beaming from her eye,
 Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
 And, more to bless me, came in *Rhyme*.

THE ROSCIAD.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring
 play'r
 Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
 The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
 No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
 The monarch quits his throne, and con-
 descends
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
 And, their applause to gain, recounts his
 claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd
 war,
 And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
 But though bare merit might in Rome
 appear
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
 We form our judgment in another way;
 And they will best succeed, who best can
 pay:
 Those, who would gain the votes of British
 tribes,
 Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
 What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the
 stage;
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry
 play'r,
 Appear as often as their image there:

They can't, like candidate for other seat,
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of
 meat.
 Wine! they could bribe you with the world
 as soon,
 And of roast beef, they only know the tune:
 But what they have they give; could Clive
 do more,
 Though for each million he had brought
 home four?
 Shuter keeps open house at Southwark
 fair,
 And hopes the friends of humour will be
 there;
 In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat,
 For those who laughter love, instead of
 meat;
 Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
 In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
 Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
 And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
 The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
 As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
 Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
 Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
 A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
 Conciliate favour, or create distaste.
 From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
 And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something
 smart,
 Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
 Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
 Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
 Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling
 grown,
 Declares that Garrick is another Coan.¹
 When place of judgment is by whim sup-
 ply'd,
 And our opinions have their rise in pride;
 When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
 We praise and censure with an eye to self;
 All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as
 fair
 In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
 At length agreed, all squabble to decide,
 By some one judge the cause was to be
 try'd;
 But this their squabbles *did* afresh renew,
 Who should be judge in such a trial:—
 Who?
 For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was
 fear'd
 Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay ap-
 pear'd:
 Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas
 known,
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
 For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
 Of prudent age found out that he was
 young;

¹ John Coan, a dwarf, who died in 1764.

For Murphy some few *pilf'ring* wits de-
clared,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom
star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mo-
ther's womb;
Grown old in fraud, though yet in man-
hood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men
despise;

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the
proud;

A pert, prim prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth:—and thrice he wav'd his lily
hand

And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd
his band.—

“At Friendship's call,” (thus oft with trait'-
rous aim

Men, void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred name)
“At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy
sent,

Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
But lest, *transfus'd*, the spirit should be
lost,

That spirit which in storms of *reth'ric*
tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

“Thanks to my friends.—But to vile
fortunes born,

No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I
draw;

Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove
to gain

Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, pre-
pare

For clients' wretched feet the legal snare;
Dead to those arts, which polish and re-
fine,

Deaf to all worth, because that worth was
mine,

Twice did those blockheads startle at my
name,

And, foul rejection, gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,

And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling
breast

Burns for that chair which Roscius once
possess'd.

Here give your votes, your int'rest here
exert,

And let success for *once* attend desert.”

With sleek appearance, and with ambling
pace,

And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,

The Proteus Hill put in his *modest* plea,—
“Let Favour speak for others, Worth for
me.”—

For who, like him, his various powers could
call

Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?

Knows any one so well—sure no one
knows,—

At once to *play, prescribe, compound, com-
pose?*

Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill
slipp'd away,

Melting like ghosts, before the rising day.
With that low cunning which in fools
supplies¹,

And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;

With that *smooth* falsehood, whose appear-
ance charms,

And reason of each wholesome doubt dis-
arms,

Which to the lowest depths of guile de-
scends,

By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of
spite,

Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,

Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;

With the *cold* caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a
skreen,

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *basely* done, should be done safely
too;

With that *dull, rooted, callous* impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer
sense,

Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's
snares,

She blunder'd on some virtue *unawares*;
With all these blessings, which we seldom
find

Lavish'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,

Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen
describe,

Came *simp'ring* on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, *impanell'd* matrons would per-
plex.

Nor *male*, nor *female*; *neither*, and yet
both;

Of *neuter* gender, though of *Irish* growth;

¹ This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

A six-foot suckling, mincing in *its* gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly
shake

Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread,
O'er *its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itself* had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itself* should
read;

Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Misjudging critics and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the
chair;

And, with an awkward briskness not *its*
own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange sa-
vage dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Nature
there

Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the
chair.

The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To *its* first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the
pride
Of this *vain nothing* shall be mortified),
Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her
rhymes

Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-
times)

With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble
fires

Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood,
half froze,

Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whose
heart ne'er glows

With fancy-kindled heat;—a servile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit
place;

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that
none

Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth
stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his
worth;

His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their
fame;

With noble reference spoke of Greece and
Rome,

And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the
tomb.

“But more than just to other countries
grown,

Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome
excel,

That England may not please the ear as
well?

What mighty magic 's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters merit should be heard.

Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she
flies,

And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)

May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom
warms,

Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's
Muse aspires

Beyond the reach of Greece: with native
fires

Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at
his height.

“Why should we then abroad for judges
roam,

When abler judges we may find at home?

Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs
Have we not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson
ours?

For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons,
vote;

They 'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
wrote.”

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resumed
her sway,

And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd ap-
plause,

Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Meantime the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,

To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—
Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood
mute,

And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,

Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth;

Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his
side.

The day of trial 's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at
all.

The morning came, nor find I that the
Sun,

As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken
here;

No gownmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant
laws,

Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster.¹ just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he
bore,

For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's
skill:

Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single
view:

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to
roll;

Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was some-
thing more.

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights re-
strain'd,

Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant
thought,

Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious
fault?

The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper
source;

Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours
drew,

And brought each foible forth to public
view.

The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools de-
terr'd.

His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than
Law.

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
gives way,

And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.

For how should mortal man, in mortal
verse,

Their titles, merits, or their names re-
hearse?

But give, kind Dullness, memory and
rhyme,

We'll put off Genius till another time.

First—Order came,—with solemn step,
and slow,

In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step
awry.

Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they
are.

In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by *sir Critic* on *saint Prude*.

Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy,*
fiddle, flute:

Next *snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier,*
mute:

Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to
view,

Fools hand in hand with fools go two by
two.

Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, th' other with not a sous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with th' impertinence of state;

By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a
name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same
strains,

Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs and com-
plains;

His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—

Statesman all over!—In plots famous
grown!—

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a
bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly magic
stalk,

He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.

¹ Sir Michael Foster, one of the judges of the King's Bench.

As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh,
groan,

He borrow'd and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown, on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy
age;

But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must Imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest
lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's
shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.

From her his features caught the gen'rous
flame,

And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines
in Brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot Impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the
ear.

When active Fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd
event,

I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we be-
hold,

Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention
draws,

Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself, or charm his
wife,

He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn
plan,

He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding
knows,

Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
clothes.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he
prates,

And seems to wonder what's become of
Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks
of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,

From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the
heart.

We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our
mirth.

His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen dis-
play'd

Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch
uplays,

Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree sus-
pends,

And for a time, nor censures, nor com-
mends.

Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
Where Woodward safely shall his pow'rs
exert,

Nor fail of favour where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kately scarce had
more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of
shapes,

Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries,
struts, and scrapes;

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, *bawd*, *parson*, *auction-
eer*.

His strokes of humour, and his bursts of
sport,

Are all contain'd in this one word, *Distort*.
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or
halt?

Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to be-
hold,

Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward
came;

Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,

The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last by Nature form'd to please, who
shows,

In Jonson's Stephen, which way Genius
grows;

Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled
part;

Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay,
more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward
croak'd before.

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled
glare,

Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the
heart;

His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping
spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and
bows.

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the
skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from th' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to
age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the
stage.

That's vile—Should we a parent's faults
adore,

And err, because our fathers err'd before:
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not
find;

If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's
mien,

And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene;
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy
eye?

Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause
we know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may
use

Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober,
sad,

All gentlemen are melancholy mad,

When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by
half,

To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude Mirth, may hope presumptuous to
engage

An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable crea-
tures,

Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their
features,

Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please
once more,

And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of
fame,

Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or
bawl,

Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.

Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou be-
tray'd

To call in that way Falstaff's dangerous
aid;

Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a
friend,

He'll seize that throne, you wish him to
defend.

In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—Himself, the first and
last,—

He stands aloof from all—maintains his
state,

And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.

Vain all disguise—too plain we see the
trick,

Though the Knight wears the weeds of Do-
minic.

And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet
marching slow,

A band of malecontents with spleen o'er-
flow;

Wrapt in Conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phoebus, draws from ev'ry
bog,

They curse the managers, and curse the
town,

Whose partial favour keeps such merit
down.

But if some man, more hardy than the
rest,

Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their
nest;

At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the
stage.

"Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player?

Prescriptive rights we plead time out of
mind;

Actors, unleash'd themselves, may lash man-
kind."

What! shall Opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by
things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of
kings?

No — though half-poets with half-players
join

To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded
cheek;

What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely
speak.

With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,

In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French
silks,

Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour
please?

Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly
ease?

Higher than all the rest, see Brausby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!

Ludicrous Nature! which at once could
show

A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.

Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare

Frenchman is still at top; — but scorn that
rage

Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,

At once provoke our mirth, and form our
taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,

Have Britons drawn their sport with partial
view

Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,

Which, from their country banish'd, seek
our own.

At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is
broke,

And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient
yoke:

Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to
raise

Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues,
praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer*
Bayes,

From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to
raise,

Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to
succeed

With wits who cannot write, and scarce
can read,

Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap ap-
plause;

Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly,

Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.

So loud each tongue, so empty was each
head,

So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous

vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,

That Reason swore, nor would the oath
recall,

Their mighty master's soul inform'd them
all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom Dullness only kept from being mad,

Apart from all the rest great Murphy came, —
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.

What though the sons of Nonsense hail him
Sire,

Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,

To make his triumphs perfect, dub him
Player.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please;
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;

When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the *thing* was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep unvaried
sound,

Seems to break forth from caverns under
ground.

From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his
throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor
grace,

All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite

part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,

His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy
mean,

Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor

flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.

Can none remember? — Yes — I know all
must —

When in the Moor he ground his teeth to
dust,

When o'er the stage he Folly's standard
bore,

Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at
the door.

How few are found with real talents
bless'd,

Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.

Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray:
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the
 way
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have
 made,
With various readings stor'd his empty
 skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in *City Annals* fair,
And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a
 mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic
age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of
pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not Reason e'en to thee have
shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live *un-
known?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair;
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield
view,
To sacred Dullness and her *first-born* due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's
name,
Whilst Vaughan ¹ or Dapper, call him which
you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the
bill.

There rule secure, from critics and from
sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence ;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous
go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to
know.
Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no
more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore :
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the
right.

Asham'd among such troops to show the
head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes
fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down,
To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile
from frown;

1 A gentleman who published, at this juncture,
a poem entitled "The Retort."

Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his
part;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;
Macklin who largely deals in half form'd
sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting 's hard, affected, and con-
strain'd,
Whose features, as each other they dis-
dain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and
shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius
turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple
elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken
zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cits and grave divines his praise pro-
claim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's
name;
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the
dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains *do*
flow,
That all the patron by the bards may
know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer moths to
cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard chiefs
are fled,
That Covent Garden troops shall want a
head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from
afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and
charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling
chain.

Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot
draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never
saw;
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of
fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous
wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But Fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On Fashion's mouldering base their tran-
sient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females
draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique
law:

Just to their worth, we female rights ad-
mit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, gigling, plotting chamber-maids
arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod;
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd
his rod.

Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On Humour's base, more merit or more
praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just,
yet new.

Cheer'd by her promise, we the less de-
plore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace
array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns pa-
rade.

Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his
own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these which *modest* terrors
cause,

From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's
part;

We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of
style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,

Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to
please;

But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work's called national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.

Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy
obey,

Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent
sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her
claim?

But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features
show:

For, through the regions of that beauteous
face,

We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in Sorrow's sullen
frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the
same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent
grace?

Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement
tires;

They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we
view;

And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties
call,

It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest
light.

Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps
along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the
heart;

If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass un-
sung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms
conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience
sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength
from age;
When Heav'n in mercy shall the stage re-
lease

From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the
walk,

Which long hath hung, though wither'd on
the stalk,

Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make
her way,

And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise,
Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the
stage,

With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft heart, with matchless
skill

To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow,
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and de-
spair;

With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are
rack'd,

And strongly imag'd griefs her mind dis-
tract:

Struck with her grief, I catch the madness
too!

My brains turn round, the headless trunk
I view.

The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—New
horrors rise,

And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her
laws,

And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female
pride,

She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's
fence;

I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark dis-
guise.

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage de-
sign'd,

In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;

Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of
ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to
grace,

She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When Love, Hate, Jealousy, Despair, and
Rage,

With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;

Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous
Thane,

I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,

My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-
strung.

In comedy,—“Nay there”, cries Critic,
“hold,

Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.

Who can, with patience, bear the grey co-
quette,

Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?

Her speech, look, action, humour, all are
just;

But then, her age and figure give disgust.”

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,

In real life, to size, or age confin'd?

Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd

In any set circumference of waist?

As we grow old, doth affectation cease,

Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,

Why should we bar them in the copy here?

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,

The grand minute reformers of the stage,

Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,

Some standard-measure for each part should
find,

Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth,—time, when;—place,

where.

For how can critics rightly fix their
worth,

Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late

That they have clapp'd an actor out of
date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious
sense;

But when perfections of the mind break
forth,

Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid
worth;

When the pure genuine flame, by Nature
taught,

Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's
thought;

Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet
high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous
skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater
still.

That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays
before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double
pow'r.

The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies
raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of ro-
mance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious
prove,

And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er de-
sign'd

By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the
height,

Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight,
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's
brim,

Behold the pipe-drawn, bladders circling
swim:

But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand
man.

Whilst the mouth measures words with
seeming skill,

The right hand labours, and the left lies
still;

For he resolv'd on scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not
know.

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies
wait;

In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the
soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for
vent;

Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her
cell:

To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmur
dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains
can err

In elocution, action, character?

What man could give, if Barry was not
here,

Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?

Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry
line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is
there,

Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each
limb,

Puts the whole body into proper trim.—

From whence we learn, with no great
stretch of art,

Five lines, hence comes a ghost, and ha! a
start.

When he appears most perfect, still we
find

Something which jars upon, and hurts the
mind.

Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.

No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not
taught;

He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his
part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of
fame,

A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,

Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his
own.

For how should moderns, mushrooms of
the day,

Who ne'er those masters knew, know how
to play?

Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial
tongue,

Extol the times when they themselves were
young,

Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,

Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite
cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,

But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius

reigns;

Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well,
But though prescription's force we dis-
allow,

Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee
there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous
and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor
found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by
note.

I laugh at those, who, when the stage they
tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their cares confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts
behind.

To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel:
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel
themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without pas-
sion flows,

With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly
plan,

He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought
to view,

With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their
root,

Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the
brute.

In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still't was Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name;
As yet unsettled in the rank of Fame.

This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle
course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her
force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with
weight.

Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him
speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his
cheek:

But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:

In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:

The two extremes appear like man and
wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes
such,
That candour must declare he acts too
much.

Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?

Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or
eye?

In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knocked poor
Davies down.

Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature
vies;

Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's
soul,

Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment
scan,

And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault
alone;

Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng
a train

Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat
low—

Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant
Kite."

That year by year, new female grace
To manlier judgment may be join'd!
Her genius animate her face!
Her manner indicate her mind!
A face, a mind, that show her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn.

That her full form and perfect powers,
The worthy and the wise may strike;
And love, to bless her married hours,
Conduct and match her to her like!
One, who shall know, and boast her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her capricious heart may take
Grateful the share of good decreed!
And comfortable candour make
All she enjoys, be joy indeed!—
Joy, whose pure glow may prove her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn.

That never insults, loss, or pain,
May work an heavier weight of care,
Than conscious honour can disdain,
Or provident discretion bear!
While meek complacence speaks her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That age insensibly may creep!
And her last look may see survive,
An offspring of her own to keep
Her likeness, and her name alive!
Then may she die, as she was born,
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

THE BRAMBLE.

WHILE Wits thro' Fiction's regions ramble,—
While bards for fame or profit scramble:—
While Pegasus can trot, or amble;—
Come, what may come,—I'll sing the
Bramble.

'Now now!'—methinks I hear you say:—
'Why? What is Rhyme run mad to-day?
—No, Sirs, mine's but a sudden gambol;
My Muse hung hamper'd in a Bramble.

But soft! no more of this wild stuff!
Once for a frolic is enough;—
So help us Rhyme, at future need,
As we in soberer style proceed.

All subjects of nice disquisition,
Admit two modes of definition:
For every thing two sides has got,—
What is it?—and what is it not?

Both methods, for exactness' sake,
We with our Bramble mean to take:
And, by your leave, will first discuss,
Its negative good parts,—as thus.—

A Bramble will not, like a Rose,
To prick your fingers, tempt your nose,
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your
own,—
Let that, and that lets you, alone.

You shut your Myrtles for a time up;
Your Jasmine wants a wall to clime up;
But Bramble, in its humbler station,
Nor weather heeds, nor situation;
No season is too wet, or dry for 't,
No ditch too low, no hedge too high for 't.

Some praise and that with reason too,
The Honey-suckle's scent and hue;
But sudden storms, or sure decay,
Sweep, with its bloom, its charms away;
The sturdy Bramble's coarser flower,
Maintains its post, come blast, come shower,
And when time crops it, time subdues
No charms;—for it has none to lose.

Spite of your skill, and care and cost,
Your nobler shrubs are often lost;
But Brambles, where they once get foot-
ing,
From age to age continue shooting;
Ask no attention, nor forecasting;
Not ever-green; but ever-lasting.

Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And plac'd too near each other, perish;
Bramble indulges no such whim;
All neighbours are alike to him;
No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it;
No crab so sour but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The Bramble from its birth inherits:—
Take we its positive virtues next!
For so at first we split our text.

The more Resentment tugs and kicks,
The closer still the Bramble sticks;
Yet gently handled, quits its hold;
Like heroes of true British mould:
Nothing so touchy, when they're teased,—
No touchiness so soon appeased.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The Bramble's homely berries stand:
Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
The essence of true Hospitality?
When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence;
Such as it is, set forth their best,
And let the welcome—add the rest.
The Bramble's shoot, though Fortune lay
Point blank obstructions in its way,
For no obstructions will give out;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about:

Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do anything,—but yield, or fly.
While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part?
No, let who will affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em;
For as Rhyme did, in my Preamble,
So Reason now cries, 'Bravo! Bramble!'

TO MRS. BISHOP.

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE", dear girl, "cuts love", they
say!

Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate—what was never join'd.

The knife, that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must
sever

Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer;—and a short one too;—
All, that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,)
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,

Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY
WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY,
WITH A RING.

"THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.—
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—"Why not?"

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardours as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:

With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy ripper virtues to my heart:
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience's sake, as well as love's.

And why?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sen-
tence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, a poet, was born at Birkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, November 26, 1731. He was the son of the rector of that place. His constitution was very delicate, and his disposition highly sensitive, so that the rough usage of the boys in the Westminster school rendered his school days so miserable that it inspired him with a disgust for all public scholastic Establishments; as is expressed in his poem of "Tirocenium." He was articled to a solicitor and studied in the Temple; but his legal knowledge appears to have been very limited. He was then appointed to the valuable and honorable place of clerk to the House of Lords; but, his nervousness obliged him to resign it. His disposition was mild, amiable and benevolent; but he imbibed such gloomy ideas of religion, that his mind was often reduced to imbecility. From 1773 to 1778 and from 1794 till his decease he suffered

from insanity. Notwithstanding all these impediments he was a voluminous writer and a poet of the first order. He is by turns lively and pathetic, and his descriptions are unrivalled save by Thomson, whom he generally surpasses in elegance. He died at East Dereham, a few miles from Norwich, in Norfolk, April 25, 1800.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

"HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checquer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the
least

The greatest oft originate), could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
Then God might be surprised, and unfore-
seen

Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
And, having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or more presumptuous still
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God pro-
claims

His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life: involves the heav'n
In tempests, quits his grasp upon the winds
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd
lips,

And taints the golden ear. He springs his
mines,

And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish
fear.

Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made
the world,

And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause
of all."

THE TASK. BOOK II.

ENGLAND.

"ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee
still—

My country! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be
found,

Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though
thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer
France

With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To shake thy senate, and from heights
sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things,
as smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when
such as these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast
enough

In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise
enough

To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother
tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compratit with
his own.

Farewell those honours, and farewell with
them

The hope of such hereafter. They have
fall'n

Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council. Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's
shame.

They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,

Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he
fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other
such!

Or all that we have left, is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new."

THE TASK. BOOK II.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

"ALL flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a
dream;

The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.

The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's question

put
To Truth itself that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart his
light

To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart,
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.

What's that which brings contempt upon a
book,

And him who writes it, though the style be
neat,

The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for re-
proach?—

That while it gives us worth in God's ac-
count,

Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up,
But which the poor, and the despis'd of all
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me, and I will tell thee, what is truth."

THE TASK. BOOK III.

THE WINTER EVENING.

THE POST COMES IN.

"HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder
bridge,

That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon

Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and
frozen locks,
News from all nations, lumb'ring at his
back.

True to his charge, the close-pack'd load
behind,

Yet careless what he brings; his one
concern

Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn,
And having dropp'd th' expected bag—
pass on.

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's
cheeks,

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent
swains,

Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh, th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can
say

What are its tidings? Have our troops
awak'd?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them
all;

I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once
again."

THE TASK. BOOK IV.

ADDRESS TO EVENING.

"COME, Evening, once again, season of
peace,

Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the
night

Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand
employ'd

In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for
man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing
aid,

Like homely-featur'd night, of clust'ring
 gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on
 high

With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary
calm.

Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born
to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome
still."

THE TASK. BOOK IV.

GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

“THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer
forms.

That cultivation glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not
pass,

And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art,
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all dif-
fused,

Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding
brows,

Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or
stain.

Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their
hues.

And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,

In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the
earth.

Happy who walks with him! whom, what he
finds

Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,

Or what he views beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present
God."

THE TASK. BOOK V.

ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

TELL me, ye shining hosts
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view,
Distinctly, scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a
race

Favoured as ours; transgressors from the womb.

And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than
yours?

As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and bat-
tered rocks,

From the green wave emerging, darts an
eye

Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life, to never-ending rest.

Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither
tend:

So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates.

THE TASK. BOOK V.

THE WAY TO ENJOY GOD'S WORKS.

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou wouldst
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind
before:

Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart.

Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces
prone

And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast,
 Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
 And on her wicker-work high mounted
 Her chickens prematurely counted,
 (A fault philosopher might blame
 If quite exempted from the same,)
 Enjoy'd at ease the genial day,
 'Twas April as the bumkins say,
 The legislature call'd it May.
 But suddenly a wind as high
 As ever swept a winter's sky,
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,
 And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
 Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
 And spread her golden hopes below.
 But just eve the blowing weather,
 And all her fears were hush'd together:
 And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
 'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
 (For ravens though as birds of omen,
 They teach both conjurers and old women
 To tell us what is to befall,
 Can't prophesy themselves, at all.)
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
 Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
 And destin'd all the treasure there
 A gift to his expecting fair,
 Climb'd like a squirrel to his dray,
 And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures
 In every change, both mine and yours:
 Safety consists not in escape
 From dangers of a frightful shape,
 An earthquake may be bid to spare
 The man that 's strangled by a hair.
 Fate steals along with silent tread,
 Found often'st in what least we dread,
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
 But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless
 stream,
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to
 stay,
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing
 heart;
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams
 abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty
 crown'd!

But time that should enrich the nobler
 mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

A COMPARISON

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream that winds through yonder
 glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid——
 Silent and chaste she steals along
 Far from the world's gay busy throng,
 With gentle yet prevailing force
 Intent upon her destin'd course;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Pure-bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,
 And heav'n reflected in her face.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain,
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part,
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
 Through all his art we view,
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast,
 The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
 To the delicate growth of our isle,
 Art has in a measure supplied,
 And winter is deck'd with a smile.

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

Methinks thou gav'st me though unfelt,
a kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah! that maternal smile; it answers, yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and gave a last adieu!
And was it such? It was, where thou art
gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass these lips no
more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled;
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,

Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
And though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard
no more,

Children not thine have trod the nursery
floor,

And where the gardener, Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way;
Delighted with my bauble coach; and
wrapped

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the Parsonage house
our own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply
traced;

Thy morning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
stowed

By thy own hand; till fresh they shone and
glowed:

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warm-
ly laid,

All these, and more endearing still than
all

Thy constant flow of Love, which knew no
fall,

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks

Which humour interposed, too often makes;
All these still legible in memory's page,

And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay

Such honours to thee, as my numbers
may;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, tho' little noticed
here.

Could Time, its flight reversed, restore the
hours,

When playing with Thy vesture's tissued
flowers;

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin;

And Thou, still happier than myself, the
while

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,
and smile,

Might those few happy days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish
them here,

Oh, no! I dare not trust my heart the dear
delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might;
But no, what here we call our life is such,

So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That it would ill requite me, to constrain

Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,

The storms all weather'd and the ocean
cross'd,

Shoots into port at some well-favor'd isle,
Where spices breathe; and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that
show

Her beauteous form, reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense, play

Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay:

While thou, with sails how swift, hast
reached the shore,

"Where tempests never beat, nor billows
roar."

While they lov'd consort, on the dangerous
tide

Of life, long since is anchored by thy side,
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,

Always withheld from port, always distress,
The howling blasts, drive devious, tempest

tost;

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and com-
pass lost;

While day by day some current's thwarting
force,

Sends me more distant from a prosperous
course,

But oh! the thought that thou art safe, and
he;

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'n-
ing shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets; still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow at-
tends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime de-
clare,
Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he
bends.

While round the gates the dusky wall-flowers
creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames
have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments
spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the
fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er
the lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud de-
light;
Now lost to them! and ah, how chang'd to
me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft-nod-
ding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of
spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's
side:
When fragrant orchards to the roseate
morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours
dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful
mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him with her purest flames the muse en-
dow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now passed, my heart
o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with
thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening
dew,
When all was fearless, innocence and glee.

The sainted well where yon bleak hill de-
clines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy
hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with
pines,
And sainted well, have lost their cheering
powers.

For thou art gone—my guide, my friend,
oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here be-
hind!
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was
bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were re-
passed!
Dread separation! on the depth untri'd
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my
eyes;
And shall these stars glow with immortal
fire,
And shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul ex-
pire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most
sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous
tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds
of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish
here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall ex-
pand
With god-like strength, beneath her native
skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's
side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning
ray.

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tossed,
In mental vision view the happy shore,

Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful
coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends
no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred
shade,

Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn
grove,

Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles
at pain,

And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be
thine,

And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred
mount,

In ancient days the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Silo's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's
plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin
chose,
The flowery mountains sung—"Messiah
reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast in-
spire,

Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the Abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams
between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd
stones,

While midnight silence wraps these drear
abodes,

And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred
bones.

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just
shall rise,

All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS
OF BOTANY.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies;

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray,
Has shed his fiercest rage.

Yet search you shade, obscure forlorn
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows.

AN INSCRIPTION,

ON AN OBELISK AT LANGFORD, IN WILTSHIRE,
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF RADNOR, COMME-
MORATING THE UNFORTUNATE FATE OF MR.
SERVINTON WHO WAS FORMERLY IN POSSES-
SION OF THAT ESTATE.

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted
strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe;
Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its lord slow wav'd the wither'd
bough.

While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full
low,
On the rude turf in death's last swooning
lays.

Even now, methinks, his anguish'd look I
see,
As by the menials taunted from the door;

Fainting, he wandered—then beneath the
tree
Sunk down—sweet heaven, what pangs
his bosom tore.
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no
more,
He roll'd his dying eyes—Ah! what com-
pare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all the hopes of joy, Oh, fortune's child
beware.

ON THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

FRAGMENT FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE
ENGLISH LUSIAD.

HENCE, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving
farm,
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison
here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the sloggard's bowers thy ill earn'd
cheer:
There, while thy idle chaunting sooths
thine ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly
corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraft'd sour wildings
bear,
And o'er the ill-fenc'd dales, with fleeces
torn,
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins
stray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil,
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain at-
tends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthless
toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale Want de-
scends
In bitter shower: and taunting Scorn still
rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden
dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life—What fitter may beseem,
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink
the poison'd stream.

And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel
cry'd,
While Indignation shook his silver'd head;
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's
pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard up-
braid!
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun bask'd ignorance, and churlish
scorn!

While listless drooping in the languid
shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must
mourn,
Though in his hallowed breast heaven's
purest ardours burn!

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful
mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous
kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic place with gentlest worth combin'd,
Wide through the land thy forming power
displays,
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan
Phœbus rays.

When heaven decreed to soothe the feuds
that tore
The wolf ey'd barons, whose unletter'd
rage
Spurn'd the fair muse, heaven bade on
Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and sooth the barbarous
age:
A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats
assuage—
At distance due how many bards attend!
Enlarg'd and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of
heaven descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn up-
braid
The muse, neglected in her wintry bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurell'd
head.—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, foredoom'd in time to
fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal
page,
Where passion's living fires burn unim-
pair'd by age!
And shall the warbled strain, or sweetest
lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep
hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland
choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures
pour!
Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent bower;

The year no more restores the short lived
 joy;
 And never more his harp shall Orpheus'
 hands employ.

Eternal Silence in her cold deaf ear
 Has closed his strain; and deep eternal
 Night
 Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while ere,
 Drawn her blank curtains—never to the
 sight
 More to be given—but cloath'd in heaven's
 own light,
 Homer's bold painting shall immortal
 shine;
 Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the
 might,
 The raptur'd music of each deathless line:
 For death nor time may touch their living
 soul divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell
 the note,
 High though its rapture, to the muse of
 fire!
 Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of
 thought,
 To Shakspeare's flame of ever burning ire,
 Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
 Foredoom'd to flow as heaven's dread
 energy
 Unconscious of the bounds of place.—

EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
 Pleas'd was each muse, for full his honours
 spread;
 To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
 The length of human days could give no
 more.

Oh Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn
 The arts and all the gentle muses mourn;
 And shades of English heroes gliding by,
 Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless
 sigh!
 Thine all the breathing rage of bold de-
 sign,
 And all the poetry of painting thine;
 Oh, long had thy meridian sun to blaze!
 And onward hov'ring in its magic rays,
 What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots
 old,
 Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons
 bold,
 In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
 Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!
 So shone thy noon—when one dim void
 profound
 Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd
 around.

Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy
 tomb,
 Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artist's
 doom;
 Thy friend, Oh Mortimer, in grief sincere,
 Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent
 tear;
 And in the fond remembrance of thy
 heart,
 Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

ASPERS'D by malice and unmanly rage,
 Disgraceful stamp to this flagitious age,
 In conscious innocence secur'd from blame,
 She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's
 shame;
 She saw her children throng their early
 tomb,
 Disease, slow wasting, fade her Gloster's
 bloom;
 She saw—but death appear'd a friendly
 guest,
 His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
 Calmly she views him, dauntless and re-
 sign'd,
 Yet drops one tear for those she leaves be-
 hind.
 Warm from the heart these honest num-
 bers flow,
 Which honour, truth, and gratitude, bestow.

CUMNOR HALL.

A BALLAD.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.
 Now nought was heard beneath the skies
 (The sounds of busy life were still,)
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.
 'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privy?
 No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
 Thy once beloved bride to see;
 But be she alive, or be she dead,
 I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

Not so the usage I received,
 When happy in my father's hall;
 No faithless husband then me grieved,
 No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
 No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
 And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
 So merely sung the live-long day.

If that my beauty is but small,
 Among court ladies all despised,
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
 Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

And when you first to me made suit,
 How fair I was, you oft would say!
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
 Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes! now neglected and despised,
 The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
 But he that once their charms so prized,
 Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

For know when sickening grief doth pray,
 And tender love's repaid with scorn,
 The sweetest beauty will decay;
 What floweret can endure the storm?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
 Where every lady's passing rare,
 That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
 Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then Earl why didst thou leave the beds
 Where roses and where lilies vie,
 To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
 Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
 Some country swain might me have won,
 And thought my passing beauty rare.

But Leicester (or I much am wrong),
 It is not beauty lures thy vows;
 Rather ambition's gilded crown
 Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
 (The injured surely may repine),
 Why didst thou wed a country maid,
 When some fair princess might be thine?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
 And, oh! then leave them to decay?
 Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
 Then leave me to mourn the live-long day?

The village maidens of the plain
 Salute me lowly as they go:
 Envious they mark my silken train,
 Nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little know
 How far more happy's their estate;
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
 To be content, than to be great.

How far less blessed am I than them,
 Daily to pine and waste with care!
 Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
 Divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude;
 Your minions proud my peace destroy,
 By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village death-bell smote my ear;
 They winked aside, and seemed to say,
 "Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
 And many a body seems to say,
 "Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear:
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
 An aerial voice was heard to call,
 And thrice the raven flapped his wing
 Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
 The oaks were shattered on the green;
 Woe was the hour, for never more
 That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
 Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
 For ever since that dreary hour,
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall:

The village maids with fearful glance,
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance,
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
 And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
 As wandering onwards they've espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the
worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to
deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless lines
unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair;
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor ought that might a strange event
declare.

You guess each circumstance of Edwin's
birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's
care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit,
and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence
and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant
eye:

Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew
why:

The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd
the lad:

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some
believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-
play?

Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous
fray

Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's
head;

Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd
stream

To deep untrodden groves his footsteps
led;

There would he wander wild, till Phœbus'
beam,

Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the
weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:

His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,
would bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling,

These he detested, these he scorn'd to
wield:

He wish'd to be the guardian, not the
king,

Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy
might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder,
roves

Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling
groves,

From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents
shine:

While waters, woods, and winds in concert
join,

And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign

For aught the huntsman's puny craft sup-
plies?

Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's
charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling
dawn,

The crimson cloud, blue main, and moun-
tain grey,

And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky
lawn;

Far to the west the long long vale with-
drawn,

Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
And now he faintly kens the bounding

fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.

But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven,
earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was
lost:

What dreaded pleasure! there to stand
sublime,

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour,
tost

In billows, lengthening to th' horizon
round,

Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now
emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song re-
bound,

Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the
hoar profound!

In truth, he was a strange and wayward
wight,

Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful
scene:

In darkness and in storm, he found de-
light;

Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling

scene.
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul;

And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to
control.

"O ye wild groves, where is now your
bloom!"

(The Muse interprets thus his tender
thought,)

"Your flowers, your verdure, and your
balmy gloom,

Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture
brought

To all your bowers, their mansions now
forsake?

Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin
wrought?

For now the storm howls mournful thro'
the brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a
shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and
cool,

And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd!

Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish
pool,

Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound,

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,

Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful
sway

Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd
rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings
forth,

And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan:
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews
wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy
prime,

Nor lessen of his life the little span!
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of
Time,

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the
clime.

"And be it so." Let those deplore their
doom,

Whose hope still grovels in this dark so-
jour:

But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they
mourn.

Shall spring to these sad scenes no more
return?

Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And springs shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the
mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower re-
vive?

Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to
live?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?—

No! Heaven's immortal springs shall yet
arrive;

And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' th' eternal year of Love's
triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had
taught,

In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd
knew.

No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue;—

"Let man's own sphere," quoth he, "confine
his view,

Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew

Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the
right,

By pleasure unseduced, unaw'd by lawless
might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and plaint
of Woe,

O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,

Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse
to hear!

To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.

Forgive thy foes: and love thy parents
dear,

And friends, and native land; nor those
alone;

All human weal and woe learn thou to
make thine own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly;

For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the
sky.

And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun;

Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory
nigh,

How vain the chase thine ardour has be-
gun!

'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race
be run.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting
tear,—

"But why should gold man's feeble mind
decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"

O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt
repel:

Dark ev'n at noon-tide is our mortal
sphere;

But let us hope,—to doubt, is to rebel,—

Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be
well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery
given;

From Guilt's contagious power shall that
protect,

This soften and refine the soul for Hea-
ven.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt
has driven

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning
riven,

Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument
of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and
rage,

Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!

Or shall frail man Heav'n's dread decree
gainsay,

Which bade the series of events extend
Wide thro' unnumber'd worlds, and ages
without end!

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish
dream;

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous
plan,

If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals
deem;

Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the
skies:

For thou art but of dust; be humble, and
be wise!

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper
years.

For Nature gave him strength and fire, to
soar

On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping,
pore

Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their
vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device,
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their so-
cial hearth;

Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice:—
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous in-
deed.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to
rave,

He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic
wave

High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever
new,

Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant-
size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery
ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding
shore,

The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulph'rous clouds roll'd on the vernal
day,

Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career be-
gan,

And o'er Heaven's rending arch the ratt-
ling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were
join'd,

Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol of remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the
wind.

Ah, then all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of hea-
venly melancholy!

On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
But now and then the shades of life ex-
plore;

Though many a sound and sight of woe
annoy,

And many a qualm of care his rising
hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from patience trouble
grows:

The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But ah! it withers in the chilling hour.

Mark yonder oaks! superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they
rise,

And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,

While each assailing blast increase of
strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd
voice

Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more mild, and mountains more
sublime.

One evening, as he fram'd the careless
rhyme,

It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trod;

A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd
abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy
green,

Fenc'd from the north and east this savage
dell.

Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur
made;

And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where thro' the cliffs, the eye, remote sur-
vey'd

Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies
in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow
ground,

And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine
crown'd.

Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The piercing eagle oft was heard to cry,

Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart
the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing
head,

And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and
stream,

Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling
gleam,

Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving
accents stole:—

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled
breast,

And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real
grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with
hire?

It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—
To palaces, with gold and gem inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the
storm:—

To hosts, thro' carnage who to conquests
wade?

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can
perform!

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven re-
sign'd,
Shrinks not, tho' fortune aim her deadliest
blow."

—This strain from midst the rocks was
heard to flow

In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening
star;

And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly
from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening
stood)

"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,

And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on
their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's
empyrean blaze.

"Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and
betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement
vile.—

Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from
my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly Hope with Heaven
shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at
last.

And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest
hopes of fame.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power
possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and
Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious
string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the
bosom wring!

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of
renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring
wave;

And many an evening sun shines sweetly
on my grave.

"And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd
hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.

There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long
day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching
woe;

And when mild Evening comes with mantle
grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last
abode shall know.

"For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's
rage,

And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is
torn:

For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man, Creation's pride, Heaven's darling
child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy
exil'd,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood
and tears defil'd!

"Along yon glittering sky what glory
streams!

What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
Fair laughs our valley in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll be-
tween,

And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But in the mental world, what chaos drear;
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
mien!

O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos
dark to clear?

"O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon
heaven,

In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion
driven

Down, down the bottomless profound of
night,

Fled, where he ever flies, thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying
ray,

To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to Love and Mercy's
sway,

And cheer the wandering soul, and light
him on the way!"

Silence ensued; and Edwin rais'd his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart;

"And is it thus in courtly life (he cries),
That man to man acts a betrayer's part!
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven per-
vert,

Each social instinct, and sublime desire?—
Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,

If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's
ethereal fire!"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.

The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd;
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the
hills;

Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;

A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew:—

The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his
ear.

Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue,
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to
fear;

And none speaks false, where there is none
to hear.

"Yet, can man's gentle heart become so
fell!

No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell;

'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my
care dispel."

At early dawn the Youth his journey
took,

And many a mountain pass'd, and valley
wide,

Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery
nook,

And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his arm lay him beside.

A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand
that tied

A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a
flow'ret small.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give of-
fence:—

"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and
from whence?

Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd
dale?"

"A shepherd-boy, (the Youth replied) far
hence

My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear

assail.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her
arms,

Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice re-
bound,

(For in thy speech I recognise the sound).
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,

And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the
wound,

Pondering on former days, by guilt en-
gross'd,

Or in the giddy storm of dissipation
toss'd.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the
soul?

Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?

Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those with felons, fiends, and furies plan?

Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man:

O teach a simple Youth this mystery to
scan!

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;

Which, late exulting, view'd in Nature's
frame,

Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd:

Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleas'd with all, but most with human
kind;

When Fancy roam'd thro' Nature's works
at will,

Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and unin-
form'd of ill."

"Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace
return,

To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide in this remote sojourn,

From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth

And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,

Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know?
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge
leads to woe.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree:

For know, to man, as candidate for Heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, *Be free*;

And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and Heaven convey;

For Virtue is the child of Liberty,
And Happiness of Virtue, nor can they

Be free to keep the path who are not free
to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue over-
power,

And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lour;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Ev'n when exempt from grief, remorse, and
pain:

Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom, thou
may'st gain.

If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in
vain."—

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of History enrolls her page.

But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood
assuage,

And straight their flames with tenfold
fierceness burn:

Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's
rage,

But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th'
abandon'd urn.

"Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the
springs

That whirl of empire the stupendous
wheel!

Ah, what have I to do with conquering
kings,

Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts be-
girt with steel!

To those, whom Nature taught to think and
feel,

Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to
learn,

Her transcripts to explore what bosom
would not yearn!

"This praise, O Cheronean Sage,¹ is thine:
(Why should this praise to thee alone be-
long!)

All else from Nature's path decline,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;

To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride,

Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,

Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable
tide.

"Oh who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,

In that elysian age, (misnam'd of gold,)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,

¹ Plutarch.

When all were great and free! man's sole
employ

To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream

decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,

And lull the bed of peace, and crown the
board of mirth.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval
groves,

Whose boughs to man his food and shelter
lent,

Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content:

Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and
Labor went:

Nature supply'd the wish she taught to
crave.

None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to
circumvent:

To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd
his slave.

"But ah! the historic Muse has never dar'd
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fan-
cy's beam

Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptur'd Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious
theme.

Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the
dream

That weans the weary soul from guilt and
woe!

Careless what others of my choice may
deem,

I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on Heaven; enough of earth
I know."

"I cannot blame thy choice, (the Sage
replied,)

For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery
ways:

And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.

Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find:

And who, my child, would trust the meteor-
blaze,

That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer
blind,

More dark and helpless far, than if it
ne'er had shin'd?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the
heart,

And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental
sight:

To joy each heightening charm it can im-
part,

But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.

"And ev'n where Nature loads the teeming
 plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore
 to shore
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to
 explore
 Ev'n Fancy trembles in her sprightliest
 mood;
 For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of
 gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous
 brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams
 from every flood.

"Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to
 tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo! from the echoing axe, and thundering
 flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are
 fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main and mountain's
 head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the
 fluttering gale.

"What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Our foes intestine, what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer
 the heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days
 impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for
 fame,
 Or pines, to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove:
 Where cares molest not, discord melts
 away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth, breath'd
 from the lips of Love.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their
 toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds
 recoil.

When tyrants scourge, or demagogues em-
 broil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic Sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy
 to assuage.

"Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explor'd, a nation's various powers can
 bind,
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of policy, that midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high; nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And Industry and Law maintain their
 sway severe."

Enraptur'd by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore,
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as
 she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to
 warm,
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude
 to charm.

But she who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings
 shar'd,
 And bless'd the Muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claim'd th' Enthusiast's fond and first
 regard.
 From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
 And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the
 Bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views
 inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying
 fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous
 show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
 To his experienc'd eye a modest grace

Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and
lops th' unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung re-
mains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan
plains¹

His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd
his soul,

How the red current throb'd his veins
along,

When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,

Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer rais'd high to Heaven the loud,
th' impetuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first
essays,

Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to com-
plain,

Warbling at will through each harmonious
maze,

Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in
vain.—

Sighs from a breaking heart my voice con-
found.—

With trembling step, to join yon weeping
train,

¹ Virgil.

I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells
of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the waking mind!

He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses
mourn,

He, whom each Virtue fir'd, each Grace re-
fin'd,

Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of man-
kind!—¹

He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
My theme!—To heart-consuming grief re-
sign'd;

Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery
lays, adieu!

Art thou, my G***, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!

When fortune's storms assail this weary
head,

Where cares long since have shed untimely
snow,

Ah! now for comfort whither I shall go!

No more thy soothing voice my anguish
cheers:

Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer
glow,

My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—

'Tis meet that I should mourn:—flow forth
afresh my tears.

¹ This excellent person died suddenly, on the
10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem
was written a few days after.

LANGHORNE.

JOHN LANGHORNE, an English Divine, poet and historian, was born in 1735, at Kirkby-Stephen, on the banks of the Eden in Westmoreland. He was the son of a clergyman, who died during his infancy, and left him and his brother, William, to the care of an affectionate Mother, who placed him in Appleby school. He became tutor in a private family; then assistant at Wakefield Free School, during which time he was admitted into orders. He then obtained the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire and a prebend in the Cathedral of Wells. Dr. Anderson says "as a poet Langhorne's compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius; a fine imagination and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspirit all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar compositions." He died in 1779.

THE FOUR SEASONS APPEARING TO THOMSON.

O FAVOUR'D stream! where thy fair current
flows,
The child of nature, gentle Thomson, rose.

Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves
glide,

Thither, in all their native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister Seasons
stray'd.

Long each in beauty boasted to excel,
(For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell)
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like heaven's fair rivals in the groves of
Troy,
Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

* * *

Majestic Summer, in gay pride adorn'd,
The rival sisters simple beauty scorn'd.
With purple wreaths her lofty brows were
bound,
With glowing flowers her rising bosom
crown'd.
In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,
The bright rose blush'd, the full carnation
flam'd;
Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
And her eyes flash insufferable day.

With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But seem'd to languish at her sister's flame.
Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she
bore
On high the emblems of her golden store.
Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal smile, benevolent and bland;
Nor might she fear in beauty to excel,
From whose fair head such golden tresses
fell;

Nor might she envy Summer's flowery zone,
In whose sweet eye the star of evening
shone.

Next, the pale power, that blots the golden sky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her
stormy eye;
"Behold," she cried, with voice that shook
the ground,
(The bard, the sisters trembled at the
sound)

"Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,
"Behold my wild magnificence of snows!
"See my keen frost her glassy bosom bear!
"Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air!
"Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
"With you may sport, when I suspend my
power.

"But you and nature, who that power obey,
"Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my
sway."

She spoke: the bard, whose gentle heart
ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save;
No favor'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.
Mute lies the lyre in death's uncheerful
gloom,
And Truth and Genius weep at Thomson's
tomb.

GENIUS AND VALOUR.

PANEGYRIC ON REASON.

PERCEPTIVE powers we hold from heaven's
decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.
When first the trembling eye perceives the
day,
External forms on young Perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties un-
known.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming
brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling
shade!

When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its
way;
When wise Experience her slow verdict
draws,
The sure effect exploring in her cause,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her
child,

On her fair stock the blooming scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons
blows.

All beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou
shine,

When dim with age yon golden orbs de-
cline;

Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.

O, with what art, my friend, what early
care,

Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind re-
vise,

And blast the buds of folly as they rise?
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful
train,

Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would
tow'r

With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flower?

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ARTS THAT SURROUND THE THRONE OF SCIENCE.

SEE, favour'd first, and nearest to the
throne,
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,

Fled from herself, the pow'r of numbers
 plac'd,
 Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and
 Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie)
 The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
 See lively painting! on her various face,
 Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
 She looks, she acts the character she gives,
 And a new feature in each feature lives.

See attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
 Half loose her robe, and half unbound her
 hair;

To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
 And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious
 choir,

See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity their beauteous handmaid,
 drest

By Nature, bears a field-flower on her
 breast.

O arts divine! O magic powers that move
 The springs of Truth, enlarging Truth and
 Love!

Lost in their charms each mean attachment
 ends,

And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's
 friends.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

ELEGIAC LINES, TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL CRANFURD.

O TEARS, that warm from wounded friend-
 ship flow!

O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
 Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
 Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
 Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
 And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend;
 —In vain—confest I see my Cranfurd stand,
 And the pen falls—falls from my trembling
 hand,

E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in
 vain,
 That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
 E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid
 light,
 And his eye beams through everlasting
 night.

Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
 His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
 Till Time, in league with Envy and with
 Death,

Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful
 breath,

My Cranfurd still shall claim the mournful
 song,

So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HANDEL.¹

SPIRIT of music, and ye powers of song,
 That wak'd to painful melody the lyre
 Of young Jessides, when, in Sion's vale
 He wept o'er bleeding friendship; ye that
 mourn'd

While freedom drooping o'er Euphrates'
 stream,

Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
 Begin once more the sorrow soothing lay.

Ah! where shall now the Muse fit num-
 bers find?

What accents pure to greet thy tuneful
 shade,

Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender
 fall

Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream
 Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,

And purer flow'd for thee, all silent now.

Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast
 of Thames,²

Led amorous Echo down the long, long
 vale,

Delighted: studious from thy sweeter strain
 To melodise her own; when fancy-lorn,

She mourns in anguish o'er the drooping
 breast

Of young Narcissus. From their amber
 urns,

Parting their green locks streaming in the
 sun³

The Naiads rose and smil'd: nor since the
 day

When first by music, and by freedom led
 From Grecian Acidale; nor since the day

When last from Arno's weeping fount they
 came,

To smooth the ringlets of Sabina's hair,
 Heard they like minstrelsy fountains and
 shades

Of Twit'nam, and of Windsor, fam'd in
 song!

Ye heights of Clermont, and ye bowers of
 Ham!

That heard the fine strain vibrate through
 your groves,

Ah where were then your long-lov'd Muses
 fled,

When Handel breath'd no more?—and thou
 sweet queen,

That nightly wrapt thy Milton's hallow'd
 ear

In the soft ecstasies of Lydian airs;
 That since attun'd to Handel's high-wound
 lyre⁴

They lay by thee suggested; couldst not
 thou

¹ He died on the 14 April, 1759.

² The Water-Music.

³ Rorantesque; Comas a Fronte removit ad Aures.
 Ovid. Met.

⁴ L' Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to Music by Mr.
 Handel.

Soothe with thy sweet song the grim¹ fury's
 breast?
 Cold-hearted Death! his wanly-glaring
 eye
 Nor virtue's smile attracts, nor fames loud
 trump
 Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
 To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,
 That charms the gloomy partner of his
 birth,
 That soothes despair and pain, he hears no
 more,
 Than rude winds, blust'ring from the Cam-
 brian cliffs,
 The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair
 fame
 To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd
 hill,
 Where science, leaning on her sculptur'd
 urn,
 Looks conscious on the secret-working
 hand
 Of Nature; on the wings of genius borne,
 To soar above the beaten walks of life,
 Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,
 Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy
 night,
 Spreads her black wings, and all the vision
 dies.
 Ere long, the heart, that heaves this sigh
 to thee,
 Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond
 lay
 Which mourns at Handel's tomb, insulting
 Time
 Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain,
 perchance,
 Thy sacred strain shall the hoar wonier
 spare;
 For sounds like thine, at Nature's early
 birth,
 Arous'd him slumbering on the dead pro-
 found
 Of dusky Chaos; by the golden harps
 Of choral angels summon'd to his race:
 And sounds like thine, when nature is no
 more,
 Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd
 toils
 Of twice ten thousand years.—O would his
 hand
 Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,
 The trembling Muse, that now faint effort
 makes
 On young and artless wing, should bear thy
 praise,
 Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,
 With heavenly fire relume her feeble
 ray,
 And, taught by seraphs, frame her song for
 thee.

2 See Milton's Lycidas.

I feel, I feel the sacred impulse—hark!
 Wak'd from according lyres the sweet
 strains flow.
 In symphony divine: from air to air
 The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts
 away
 The flow of joy—now swells the flight of
 praise.
 Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling
 chords
 Melodious labour through the flying maze;
 And the deep base his strong sound rolls
 away,
 Majestically sweet—Yet, Handel, raise,
 Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:
 The name of ages, the supreme of things,
 The great Messiah asks it; He whose hand
 Led into form yon everlasting orbs,
 The harmony of nature—He whose hand
 Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space thy beau-
 teous ball,
 Whose spirit breathes through all his smil-
 ing works
 Music and love—yet Handel raise the strain.
 Hark, what angelic sounds, what voice
 divine
 Breathes through the ravish'd air! my rapt
 ear feels
 The harmony of Heaven. Hail sacred choir!
 Immortal spirits, hail! if haply those
 That erst in favour'd Palestine proclaim'd
 Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,
 Her piny mountains, and her golden vales
 Re-echo'd peace—But, oh! suspend the
 strain—
 The swelling joy's too much for mortal
 bounds!
 'Tis transport even to pain.
 Yet, hark! what pleasing sounds invite
 mine ear
 So venerably sweet? 'Tis Sion's lute.
 Behold her! hero! from his valiant brow
 Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword
 Of vanquish'd Apollonius—the shrill trump
 Through Bethoron proclaims th' approaching
 fight.
 I see the brave youth lead his little band,
 With toil and hunger faint; yet from his
 arm
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,
 The British Henry, with his way-worn troop,
 Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder
 blows
 The martial clangor; lo Nicanor's host!
 With threat'ning turrets crown'd, flowly
 advance
 The ponderous elephants—
 The blazing sun, from many a golden shield
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
 How shall thy force, thy little force sustain
 The dreadful shock!

1 Judas Maccabæus.

The hero comes—'Tis boundless mirth and
 And dance and triumph; every labouring
 And voice, and breathing shell in concert

To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

O master of the passions and the soul,
 Seraphic Handel! How shall words describe
 Thy music's countless graces, nameless pow-
 ers?

When² he of Gaza, blind, and sunk in
 chains,
 On female treachery looks greatly down,
 How the breast burns indignant! in thy
 strain,

When sweet-voic'd piety resigns to heaven,
 Glows not each bosom with the flame of
 virtue?

O'er Jephtha's votive maid when the soft
 lute

Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,
 What youthful breast but melts with tender
 pity?

What parent bleeds not with a parent's
 woe?

O longer than this worthy lay can live!
 Will fame and music sooth the human ear!
 Be this thy praise: to led the polish'd mind
 To virtue's noblest heights; to light the
 flame

Of British freedom, rouse the generous
 thought,

Refine the passions, and exalt the soul
 To love, to heaven, to harmony and thee.

MONODY.

1759.

AH scenes belov'd! ah conscious shades,
 That wave these parent-vales along!
 Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful
 maids,

Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
 Teach your wild echoes to complain
 In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds
 of pain.

For her I mourn,
 Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless
 urn—

For her bewail these strains of woe,
 For her these filial sorrows flow;
 Source of my life, that led my tender
 years,

With all a parent's pious fears.
 That nurs'd my infant thoughts, and taught
 my mind to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
 Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:

¹ Chorus of Youths in Judas Maccabæus.

² See the Oratorio of Samson.

She taught the struggling passions to sub-
 side,
 Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
 In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms
 of day.

Lamented goodness! yet I see
 The fond affection melting in her eye:
 She bends its tearful orb on me,
 And heaves the tender sigh;
 As, thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
 That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
 And for her children feels again
 All, all that love can fear, and all that fear
 can feign.

O best of parents! let me pour
 My sorrow o'er thy silent bed:
 There early strew the vernal flower,
 The parting tear at evening shed—
 Alas! are these the only meed
 Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
 These fruitless offerings that embalm the
 dead?

Then, fairy-seated Hope, forbear—
 No more thy fond illusion spread:
 Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
 Thy visionary prospects fled;
 With her they fled, at whose lamented
 shrine,
 Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
 Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
 Nor hopeful more to soothe her long de-
 clining years.

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! grateful for the gift of minds
 Duteous I bend before thy holy shrine;
 To other hands be fortune's goods assign'd,
 And thou, more bounteous, grant me only
 thine.

Bring, gentlest love, bring fancy to my
 breast;
 And if wild genius, in his devious way,
 Would sometimes deign to be my evening
 guest,
 Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray:

I ask no more! for happier gifts than
 these
 The sufferer, man, was never born to
 prove;
 But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
 If lost to genius, fancy, and to love!

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY.¹

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE. 1768.

LET others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know, and known, to
hide,
With vain disguise from nature's dictates
part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verse, the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear, silent partner of those happier
hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blag-
don's bowers,
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;
If yet that pity which, of life possest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through
thy breast;
If yet that tender thought, and generous
care,
The gloomy power of endless night may
spare;
Oh, while my soul for thee, for thee com-
plains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding
strains.

Wild, wretched wish, can pray'r, with
feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of
death?
Let Patience pray, let Hope aspire to
pray'r!
And leave me the strong language of de-
spair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lyttletons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to
prove

The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known, how souls to souls im-
part

Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the
heart!
Not like the streams that down the moun-
tain's side,
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that sighs at evening
hour

On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents
borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning an-
guish torn.

The voice of seas, the winds that rouse
the deep,
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountains
steep;

¹ Wife of the author. She was daughter to Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnshire.

Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the
beating waves—

This soothes my soul—'tis nature's mournful
breath,

'Tis nature struggling in the arms of death!—
See the last aid of her expiring state,
See Love, e'en Love, has lent his darts to
Fate!¹

Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy
day,

Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial
flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen
strew'd;

And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he
view'd,

There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight love, fancy, pleasure, genius fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pi-
nions wave,

We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd
grave;

For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,
And wear, with you, th' uncolour'd hours
away.

Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
Where Resignation folds her arms, and
smiles;

Where holy Faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn, where fair Constantia²
sleeps,

There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

ODE

TO THE RIVER EDEN.³ 1759.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of memory say,
(When, led by fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way)

¹ The Lady died in child-bed.

² The fables of Flora.

³ In the county of Westmoreland.

Farewell the walk along the woodland vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn
away!

Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale,
And the dear glories of the closing day!

The nameless charms of high, poetic
thought,

That Spring's green hours to Fancy's chil-
dren bore;

The words divine, imagination wrote
On Slumber's light leaf, by the murmuring
shore.

All, all adieu! from Autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful
reign;

Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the glories of her
train.

Yet Autumn yield her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er the golden ruins as we stray,
Sweet Melancholy soothes the music mind,
And Nature's charms, delightful in decay.

All bounteous power, whom happy worlds
adore,

With every scene some grateful change she
brings—

In winter's wild snows, autumn's golden
store,

In glowing summers, and in blooming
springs.

O most lov'd! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! may still thy lover find
Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the spring of smiling youth is
o'er;

When summer's glories yields to autumn's
sway;

When golden autumn sinks in winter's hoar;
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling
light:

Remembrance sweet shall sooth my last re-
pose,

And my soul bless thee in eternal night.

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

LIFE of the world, Immortal Mind;
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast;

Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee,
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise!
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through Error's maze, through Folly's night,
The lamp of Reason lends me light.
When stern Affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted, and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart;
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

AS DUTEOUS to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls.

So fair each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power lov'd and fear'd.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game:

That, far from Envy's lurid eye,
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small, but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The evening primrose shuns the day;
Blossoms only to the Western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale, an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought he cries,
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
"The hamlet's little train behold;
"Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
"When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
"When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
"For flowers he rifles all the meads,
"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous
bloom

"On night's chill shade, that fragrant
breath,

"Let smiling suns those gems illumine!
"Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

Live unseen!
By moon-light shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing Day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien,
Of gentle Evening fair, and her star-trained
queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
Guard thy emblematic flower.

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD
ROSE.

AS DEE, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,
Darts swiftly through the stagnant mass,
His waters trembling as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unsullied as they flow—
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could Thought and Fancy glide;
Could Hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not last—
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of Hope is cold;
And Fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before,
We turn the former prospect o'er;
And find in Mem'ry's faithful eye,
Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come then, thy kind recesses ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come with thy visionary train,
And bring my morning scenes again!

To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—

Or where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through solitary meads;
And only feeds the desert flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumb'ring
hour;

Or rous'd by Stainmore's wint'ry sky,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear
Her deeply—wounded banks declare—

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
Or Brokley's alder-shaded cave,
Or winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To sound his holy slumbers near.—

To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
O Memory! bear me once again!
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'Tis simple nature charms at last.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent pow'r his pray'r approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd rose could fade,
Restor'd him to the scenes he lov'd.

A rose, the poet's fav'rite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom in Esher's bower
No Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could Fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair:
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades, a nation's love,

With awe the village maid admires
How Waldgrave looks, how Waldgrave
moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's shade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the splendid rose display'd
Her swelling breast, and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine complain'd.—

"Mistaken youth," with sighs she said,
"From nature and from me to stray!
"The bard, by splendid forms betray'd,
"No more shall frame the purer ray.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting rose,
"And gay the brilliant strains may be,
"But far in beauty, far from those,
"That flowed to nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond surprise,
The truths the sylvan critic told;
And "though this courtly rose," he cries,
"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
"Wild sweetness which no words express,
"And charms in thy simplicity,
"That dwell not in the pride of dress."

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

WOLCOT.

JOHN WOLCOT, better known as Peter Pindar, was born at Dodbrook, in Devonshire, in 1732. He was apprenticed to his Uncle, an apothecary at Truro, who died and left him all his property. He then took his degree as M.D., and accompanied Sir William Trelawney to Jamaica, as physician. On arriving there he took orders and was presented with a living. On his return to England he resided at Truro, whence he removed to Helstone. His works have lost much of their interest, owing to the temporal and personal nature of their subjects; but they possess much humor, often imitated but seldom equalled.

In his latter years he became blind. Among his most finished works are "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians", and "The Lousiad." He died January 14, 1819.

THE GLOWWORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendour given!
Oh! could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy
train
Amid the gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened
blade;
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight
shade?

Oh! may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!

Oh, may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming force thee from thy dewy
seat;
Nor tempest tear thee from thy green re-
treat,

And 'bid thee 'mid the humming myriads
die!

Queen of the insect world, what leaves de-
light?

Of such these willing hands a bower shall
form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of
night,

And hide thee from the wild wing of the
storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'mid the awful
calm

Of pausing nature thou art pleased to
dwell,

In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,

And shed through life a lustre round thy
cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and
strife,

Who courts the storm that tears and darkens
life!

Blest when the passions wild the soul in-
vade!

How nobler far to bid these whirlwinds
cease,

To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,

And shine in solitude and shade!

MADRIGAL.

WHEN Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the shepherd's song!
How happy, too, the rural maid!
How light the minutes wing'd along!
But Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly, stealing, see, from scene to scene,
The watchful Jealousy appear;
And pale distrust with troubled mien,
The rolling eye and list'ning ear!
For Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,
That wafted rapture on its wing!
With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,
That prattled from its crystal spring?
Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart,
In anguish I move from the fair;
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair?

Love frowns,—and how dark is the hour!
Of rapture, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of death.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her
hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet *once more* let me dwell,—
One look! (the last comfort!) be mine;
O pleasure, and Delia, farewell!
Now, sorrow, I ever am thine!

SONG.

O NYMPH! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flattering tongue;
She lures thee to the haunts of care,
Where sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
Can those the host of care control?
The splendor which thine eyes behold,
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To love alone thy homage pay,
The queen of ev'ry true delight;
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A KNIGHT lived in the west not long ago,
Like knights in general, not o'erwise, I
trow—
This knight's great barn was visited by
rats,
In spite of poison, gins, and owls, and
cats:

Like millers taking toll of the sweet corn,
Caroused they happily from night to morn.
So, waxing wrath that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the
rats;

'I'll nab them by a scheme, by Heavens,'
quoth he:

So of his neighbourhood he roused the mob,
Farmers and farmer boys, to do his job;
His servants too of high and low degree:
And eke the tribes of dog, by sound of horn,
To kill the rats that dared to taste the corn.
This done, the knight, resolved with godlike
ire,

Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran,
Much like the Macedonian and fair punk,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.
Now, 'midst the dwelling flew the blazing
stick:

Soon, from the flames rushed forth the rats
so thick:

Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite,—
The conquered rats lie sprawling on the
ground,

The knight, with eyes triumphant, stares
around,

Surveys the carnage and enjoys the fight.
Not e'en Achilles saw, so blest, his blade
Dismiss whole legions to th' infernal shade!
But, lo! at length by this rat-driving flame,
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thun-
dering came;

The meaning of it was not far to learn—
When turning up those billiard-balls, his
eyes,

That held a pretty portion of surprise,
'Zounds! what a blockhead; I have burnt
the barn!

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT.

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to
dwell,

The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of Nature melts from grove to
grove,

Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where—but where is scowling Guilt's
abode?

The spectred heath, and Danger's caverned
road:

The shuffling monster treads with panting
breath—

The cloud-wrapped storm insulting roars
around,

Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing.

Are these the pictures? Then I need not
muse,

Nor gape, nor ponder, which to choose:
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—
What but the greatest fool would be a
knave?

TO A FLY, TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Al! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant
wave;

Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the
bowl;

Lost to the world, thou busy, sweet-lipped
soul—

Thus Death as well as Pleasure dwells with
punch.

Now let me take thee out and moralize.—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,

For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though Fate, with all his legions, be at
hand,

The beasts the draught of Circe can't with-
stand,

But in goes every nose—they must, will
sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed!
When Prudence mounts there backs to ride
them mild,

They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise
inflamed,

Insisting on their own sole will so wild.
Gadsbud! my sprawling friend, thou art not
dead;

The fates, so kind, have not yet snipped thy
thread;

By Heavens, thou mov'st a leg, and now its
brother,

And kicking, lo, again, thou mov'st another!
And now thy little drunken eyes uncloze;

And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,

Much as to say, 'I'm glad I'm here again.'
And well may'st thou rejoice—'tis very
plain,

That near wert thou to Death's unsocial
lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—

Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,

Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now fluttering Nectar from thy silken
wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to
 find,
 And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
 And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
 Preparing now to leave me—farewell, fly!
 Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
 And rapture to thy family afford—
 There wilt thou meet a mistress or a wife,
 That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the
 stream;
 Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding
 scream,
 And now sits groaning for thy precious life.
 Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
 And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.
 Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
 These will delight, and feed, and work no
 harm,
 Whilst Punch, the grinning, merry imp of
 sin,
 Invites the unwary wanderer to a kiss,
 Smiles in his face, as though he meant him
 bliss,
 Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

A RAZOR-SELLER, AND COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

A FELLOW in a market town,
 Most musical, cried Razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for *eighteen-pence*:
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap;
 As every man would buy, with cash and
 sense.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard;
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a thick black
 beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
 nose:
 With cheerfulness the *eighteen-pence* he
 paid;
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 "This rascal stole the Razors, I suppose:

"No matter if the Fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the Razors *shave*:
 It *sartinly* will be a monstrous Prize."
 So home the Clown, with his good fortune,
 went
 Smiling, in heart and soul content.
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to
 grub,
 Just like a Hedger cutting Furze:
 'Twas a vile Razor!—Then the rest he tried—
 All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
 "I wish my *eighteen-pence* within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the
 Graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd,
 and swore;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd,
 and made wry faces,
 And cur'sd each Razor's body o'er and o'er.
 His Muzzle, form'd of Opposition stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
 So kept it, laughing at the Steel and Suds.
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry
 jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd
 claws,
 On the vile Cheat that sold the goods.
 "Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,
 Not fit, to scrape a Hog."

Hodge sought the Fellow, found him, and
 begun:
 "Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis
 fun
 That people flay themselves out of their
 lives:
 You rascal, for an hour have I been grub-
 bing,
 Giving my scoundred Whiskers here a
 scrubbing,
 With Razors just like Oyster-knives.
 Sirrah! I tell you, you 're a knave,
 To cry up Razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the Razor-man, "I am no
 knave:
 As for the Razors you have bought,
 Upon my soul, I never thought
 That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge,
 with wondering eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
 "What were they made for then, you dog?"
 he cries.—
 "Madel!" quoth the Fellow with a smile,—
 "to sell."

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of Sinners, for no good,
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in Wax, Stone, Wood,
 And in a fair white Wig look'd wondrous
 fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to
 travel,
 With something in their shoes much worse
 than gravel:
 In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
 The Priest had order'd *peas* into their
 shoes;

And on the label of the stuff,
 He wrote this verse,
 Which one would think was clear enough,
 And terse:
 "When taken
 "To be well shaken."
 Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's dwelling goes
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had;
 It was indeed a sorry hack,
 But that 's of course,
 For what 's expected from a horse,
 With an apothecary on his back?
 Bolus arriving, gave a trembling tap,
 Between a single and a double rap:
 Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to
 dance;
 By Fiddlers, and by Opera singers,
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in with dismal face;
 Long as a courtier, out of place—
 Portending some disaster;—
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and
 grim,
 As if the Man of Drugs had physic'd him,
 And not his master.
 "Well, how 's the patient?" Bolus said.
 John shook his head.
 "Indeed!—hum! ha!—that 's very odd!
 "He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.
 "Well—how?—what then, speak out, you
 dunce."—
 "Why then," says John "we shook him
 once."
 "Shook him! how?" Bolus stammer'd out:
 "We jolted him about."
 "Zounds! shake a patient man?—a shake
 wont do."
 "No, Sir,—and so we gave him two."
 "Two shakes! odds curse!
 "Twould make the patient worse."
 "It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."
 "Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my
 master died."

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

SORE troubled by the toothache, Lubin
 ran
 To get the murd'rer of his quiet drawn—
 An artist, in an instant, whips it out,
 "Well, Master Snag, what Ize to pay?"
 "A shilling." "Zounds! a shilling do ye
 say?"
 With a long staring face, replies the lout;
 Lord, why Ize did not feel it—'twas not in it;
 You know you wern't about it half a minute:

To gie so much Ize cursedly unwilling;
 Lord, for a tooth! but yesterday, old Slop
 Did drag one by the tooth all round his
 shop
 Three times, and only ax'd a shilling."

THE PETIT-MAITRE AND THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris some time since, a murdering
 man,
 A German, and a most unlucky chap,
 Sad stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
 Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The Bungler was condemn'd to grace the
 Wheel,
 On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;
 His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
 Amidst ten thousand people perhaps or
 more:
 Whenever Monsieur Ketch applied a stroke,
 The Culprit, like a Bullock made a roar.

A flippant *Petit Maître* skipping by,
 Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his
 cry.—
 "Bah!" quoth the German "an't I 'pon de
 wheel?
 D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel?"—
 "Sir," quoth the Beau, "don't, don't be in a
 passion;
 I've nought to say about your Situation:
 But making such a hideous noise in France,
 Fellow, is contrary to *bienséance*."

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have sought thee long;
 Invoked thee oft, in prose and song;
 Through half Old England woo'd thee:
 Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
 Through Afric's howling, burning sands,
 But, ah! *in vain* pursued thee.

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind;
 And now I'll plainly speak my mind:
 I care not straws about thee.
 For Delia's hand alone I toil'd;
 Unbribed by wealth the Nymph has smiled;
 And bliss is ours *without thee*.

ELEGY

ON MY DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
When Whim and harmless Folly ruled the
hour;

Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at
last?

These eyes with tears thy dying looks de-
vour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life sup-
ply.

O Peter! blest would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless
eye.

But wherefore wish? Thy lot is that of all:
Thy Friend who mourns, must yield to Na-
ture's law;

Like thee must sink, and o'er each darken-
ing ball

Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain
draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu;
And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read:
"Faint is thy Servant, and his moments few.

"With thee no longer, blest, the lanes I
tread:

Those times so happy, are for ever o'er.

Ah! why should Fate so cruel cut our
thread,

And part a Friendship that must meet no
more?

"Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of
Fate),

Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid
Mid that loved field which saw us oft of
late;

Beneath our favorite Willow's ample shade.

"And if my Master chance to wander nigh,
Beside the spot where Peter's bones repose;
Oh! let your Servant claim one little sigh:
Grant this: and, blest, these eyes for ever
close."—

Yes, thou poor Spirit, yes; *thy* wish is mine:
Yes, be thy Grave beneath the Willow's
gloom.

There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be
thine;

And there the brightest flower of Spring
shall bloom.

Oft to the field as Health my footsteps
draws,

Thy turf shall surely catch thy Master's eye;

There on thy Sleep of Death shall friend-
ship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a
sigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful
hours,

When Innocence upon our actions smil'd—
What though Ambition scorn'd our humble
pow'rs,

Thou a wild Cub, and I a Cub as wild?

Pleased will I tell how oft we used to
roam;

How oft we wander'd at the peep of Morn;
Till Night would wrap the World in spec-
tred gloom,

And Silence listen'd to the Beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy,
The various trophies by the fleetness won;
And boast that I, thy Playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by *namesake* Peter done.

Yes, yes, (for Grief must yield at times to
Glee,)

Amid my Friends I oft will tell our tale;
When lo, those Friends will rush thy sod
to see,

And call the peaceful region, Peter's Vale.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone Companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep.
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and
hark,

Hell's Genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the
deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale Moon hurry-
ing flies;

Now blacken'd, and now flashing through
her skies.

But all is silence here; beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise;
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's
stream?

Who would not live in Songs of distant
days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shak-
speare's page,

I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands
sublime;

A Column in the melancholy Waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),

Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour:
Yes, let the tears of purest Friendship
show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A Form that wakes my deepest sigh,
A Form that feels of death the leaden sleep.
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting Maid;
I see the Virtues o'er their Favourite weep.
Ah! could the Muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare;
A World should echo with her name.—

Art thou departing too, my trembling
Friend?

Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy fame Fate too shall fix her seal.
Oh, let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay:
How fast that frame, so tender, wears
away!

How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas, thy thread of life!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles; all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering;
now, no more!

Thus shall the Suns of Science sink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the fairest Flower;
For where's the giant who to Time shall
say,

"Destructive Tyrant! I arrest thy power?"

THE DIAMOND PIN AND THE FARTHING CANDLE.

A FABLE.

UPON a Lady's toilet, full of lustre
A Diamond Pin one night began to bluster;
Full of conceit, like some young flirting
girl,
Her senses lost in Vanity's wild whirl:—

Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
Left by the Lady of the Broom,
Named Susan; slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to handle.

"You nasty tallow thing," exclaim'd Miss
Pin,

"Pray keep your distance: don't stay here,
and wink;

I loath ye, you and all your greasy kin.
Good Heavens, how horribly you look and
stink."

"Good Lord, Miss Pin!" Miss Candle quick
replied,

"Soften a little that ungrateful pride.
You *shine* indeed, to this I must agree;
Yes, Miss, you make a very pretty blaze;
But let me tell ye, that your wondrous rays
Owe all their boasted brilliancy to *me*."

"How, Madame Impudence!" rejoin'd Miss
Pin,
First with a frown, and then a scornful grin:
"I should not have dreamt of that,
Miss Fat."

"Susan," Miss Candle bawl'd, "Susan, come
here;

Such saucy language I'll no longer bear:
Susan, come, satisfy the *lady's* doubt;
Take me away, I say, or blow me out."

Susan, who listening heard the great dis-
pute,

By no means could refuse Miss Candle's
suit;

So into darkness Susan blew her beam.

"Now," with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
"Now," quoth Miss Candle, "now, my Dear,
Where is of radiance now your boasted
stream?"

"Where are your keen and fascinating rays,
Ten thousand of them, such a mighty
blaze?"—

Miss Diamond stared, and stared, and stared
again,

To find departed radiance; but in vain:—

Quite vanish'd; not a single ray display'd;
Each Sparkle swallowed in the depth of
Shade:

Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,
The bones of her high pride disjointed.

"I fear," quoth Pin, "I much *mistake* my
nature."

"True," answered Candle; "true, my dear
Miss Pin:

Lift not, in future, quite so high your chin;
But show some reverence for your *blaze-
creator*."

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old Shepherd's Dog, like his Master,
was grey:

His teeth all departed, and feeble his
tongue;

Yet, where'er Corin went, he was followed
by Tray:

Thus happy through life did they hobble
along.

When, fatigued, on the grass the old Shep-
herd would lie,
For a nap in the sun; 'midst his slumbers
so sweet,
His faithful Companion crawl'd constantly
nigh;
Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at
his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the
plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the
wind;

If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and
rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney be-
hind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last
bed;

For vain, against Death, is the stoutest en-
deavour:

To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak
head,

Then fell back, closed his eyes, and, ah!
closed them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the Shepherd re-
main,

Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow
would bend;

And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the
poor Swain,

"O bury me, Neighbours, beside my old
Friend!"

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my
doors!

A willing balm thy wounded heart shall
find;

And lo, thy guiding Dog my care implores!
Oh haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling
wind.

Alas! shall Misery seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding
tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
I am *thy* debtor, much to *thee* I owe;
For learn,—the greatest blessing is, to bless.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quivering lip, to fancy seem to say,
"A more than *common* beggar we bespeak;
A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
And, press'd by weight of years, thy palsied
head,

Though silent, speak with tongues that
must be heard;

Nay, must *command*, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the Village-lads the soften'd
soul,

To aid the victims of life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them
roll;

Teach them, that Poverty may Merit
shroud;

And teach, that Virtue may from misery
spring;

Flame like the Lightning from the frowning
cloud,

That spreads on Nature's smile its raven
wing.

Oh! let *me* own the heart which pants to
bless;

That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the Poor.

When Heaven on man is pleased its wealth
to show'r,

Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven be-
stow;

To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead Despondence from the tomb of
Woe!

Lo, not the little Birds shall chirp in vain,
And, hovering round me, vainly court my
care:

While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your
share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's re-
turn,

And hear while Summer spreads her golden
store;

Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids you
mourn,

Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd*
before!

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *some* flowers the road of life
for *me*,

Ah! can humanity desert my mind?
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and
snow,

And warring elements, to warmth and
peace;

Nay, thy Companion too shall comfort
 know,
Who shivering shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his Master turns his gladden'd
 eyes;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of
 fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him
 lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a sheltering grove :
A Hermit there, exalt to Heaven thy
 praise ;
There shall the Village Children show their
 love,
And hear from thee the tales of other
 days.

There shall our feather'd Friend, the Bird
 of Morn,
Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;
And there the Red-breast on the leafless
 thorn,
At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of
 woe,
Thy friends around shall watch thy closing
 eyes ;
With tears, behold thy gentle Spirit go,
And wish to join its passage to the skies.

THE WORLD.

THIS World's a charming World, I do de-
clare:
The man who *understands* it, I suppose,
May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,
Convert with ease each Thorn into a Rose.

But folks *become* such idiots, or are *born*,
They change life's fragrant Rose into a
Thorn;
On every smile of Sunshine fling a Cloud,
And then on *cruel* Fortune cry aloud.

CORIN'S PROFESSION; OR, THE SONG
OF CONSTANCY.

Now, Joan, we are married; and now let
me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth
will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear Joan,
I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and some-
times a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken
my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it
away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon
thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be
mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and
consume;
For luxury 's but a short road to the
tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur; for trust me,
my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a
throne.

When finish'd the day by the fire we'll re-
gale,
And treat a good neighbour at ere with our
ale;
For, Joan, who would wish for self only to
live?
One blessing of life, my dear Girl is to
give.

Even the Red-breast and Wren shall not
seek us in vain,
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a
grain:
Not only their songs will they pour from
the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of
love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth
I'll remember;
That thy *May* was my own, when thou
showest *December*;
And when age to my *head* shall his winter
impart,
The summer of Love shall reside in my
heart.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER
CHILDREN, JUST BEFORE HER
EXECUTION.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FROM my prison with joy could I go,
And with smiles meet the savage decree,
Were it only to sleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for me.

But from you, O my Children, to part!
Oh! a coward, I melt at my doom:
Ye draw me to earth; and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

List, list not to Calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears;
And when at my fate ye will sigh,
My Ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah! take my last breath.
Dear Babes of my bosom, adieu!
May the Cloud be dispers'd by my death,
And open a Sunshine for you!

THE YOUNG FLY AND THE OLD SPIDER.

FRESH was the breath of Morn: the busy breeze,
As Poets tell us, whisper'd through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light.
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country house and spire;
And smiling put on his best looks so bright.
On this fair morn, a Spider who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art, upon a spangled thorn;
At length, with gravely-squinting longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young fly,
Humming her little orisons to Morn.

"Good Morrow, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant Grim.—

"Good Morrow, Sir," replied Miss Fly to him.—

"Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about."—

"I'm much obliged t' ye, Sir," Miss Fly rejoined:

"My eyes are both so very good, I find,
"That I can plainly see the whole *without*."—

"Fine weather, Miss."—"Yes, *very very fine*,"

Quoth Miss; "prodigious fine indeed."—

"But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline

To put within my bower your pretty head?"—

"Tis simply this,"

Quoth cautious Miss:

"I fear you'd like my *pretty head* so well,
You'd keep it for *yourself*, Sir: who can tell?"

"Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my Dear,

And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain."—

"I've a sore finger, Sir; nay more, I fear
You really would not let it go again."—

"Poh, poh, Child! pray dismiss your idle dread:

I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head.
Well then, with one kind kiss of *friendship*
meet me."—

"La, Sir!" quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,

"I fear our salutation would be *long*;
So *loving* too, I fear that you would *eat*
me."

So saying with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

AN EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

THOUGH here in death thy relics lie,
Thy worth shall live in Memory's eye;
Who oft at night's pale moon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn;
With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a Brother's doom.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A MIGHTY Sultan of the East,
On every dainty used to feast:
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)

He drank too Burgundy, I ween;
For every thing *in style* was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a throne.

It chanced that War, all-powerful War
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
And change the Master to the humble Slave,

Fix'd on the Sultan his steel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words, hard words*, instead of *victuals*,
gave.

The King was beat; to prison sent, in short;
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort;
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner.

Enter a Dog; who, while the King
Was musing on some *lofty thing*,
Stole slyly to the milk, the thievish sinner;
Forced in his head, and lapp'd each drop,
no doubt,

But could not get his head felonious out.

So off, with his *jugg'd jowl*, the rascal ran.
The Monarch, smiling, mark'd the theft;
And, of his dinner though bereft,
With much good-humour thus began:—

"Fortune's a fickle dame: but yesterday
A hundred Camels scarce could bear
My quantities of kitchen-ware;
And now a Cur can carry it away."

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom every heart must love,
And every eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove:
Ah, were she fair alone for me!

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her Form from memory part:
That Form, still dwells on Memory's eye,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In every rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus, let me rove the World around,
Whatever Beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the Idol I have lost.

ELEGY.

FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are
o'er;
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer
mine:
Since Julia, once my Idol, lives no more,
To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove:
In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
"We know not of inconstancy in love."

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness, suits my
soul!
The haunts of spectres let me court, to
weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows
roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the
deep.

Thou tellest me, that Time a balm will
bring,
Sooth every sigh and calm my keenest
woes.—
Go, seek in Winter's wild the blooms of
Spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge repose.

Love, injured Love, a sure revenge can
boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's
despair:

"Bleed victim, bleed," he cries, "thy all is
lost;
Such be their portion who deceive the
fair!"

I thought that grandeur with a liberal
hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest
flow'rs;
That Wealth omnipotent could Time com-
mand,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest
hours.

Constant in Memory's eye her form ap-
pears:

Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In every rill methinks I see her tears,
And hear her sigh in every passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to be-
guile,
Away ye dreams of grandeur, wealth,
away;
Who cannot give my cheek one little
smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be gay!

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

FOLK be too fond of mounting Fortune's
wheel;
And, though she humbleth thousands in the
muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms
feel:
Pardie! they must crawl up, and try their
luck.

But, when aloft, themselves they scarcely
know,
Despiteful squinting on the world below:
So, when they tumble, none lament their
thrall;
But grin, and point their finger to their
fall.

To show that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Esop guise:

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A CROW upon a lofty tree
Did build her sticky nest;
And younglings did she build to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling Crow,
And spied upon a brambling bush
Some youngling Wrens below.

These simple Wrens in happy glee,
Did spread their little wing;
And, lightsome, hopp'd from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

"Poor humble creatures!" cried the Crows;
Eche is a beggar wight:
Look up to us, and see our state;
Our house's lofty height.

"We look into the beamy skies,
While you through hedges wade:
We gaze upon the morning sun,
While ye are lost in shade.

"Poor imps, depart nor here offend;
Take of eche selie face:
This hill was only made for Crows
Then do not us disgrace."

Short time had pass'd when suddenly
Grim Boreas 'gan howl:
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flash'd,
And frightened Man and Fowl.

While dreadful thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flash;
The limb whereon the crows were perch'd
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb and with it down
Did tumble each young Crow:

Some broke their legs, and some their
wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas now the time for Wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the Crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting, an arch Wren began:
"Sir Crows of high renowne,
Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
All in a hurry down:—

"And by the looke of all your limbs,
And feather's sous'd with rain,
It will be some small time before
Your graces mount again.

"Proud fooles, how selie ye descend
From skies to dirty fens!
Thank Heaven, with hedges we're content,
And happy to be Wrens."

LINES TO LORD NELSON,

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S NIGHT-CAP, THAT CAUGHT
FIRE ON THE POET'S HEAD, AT A CANDLE, AS
HE WAS READING IN BED AT MERTON.

TAKE your Night-cap again, my good Lord,
I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute:
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's
a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

CAREY.

HENRY CAREY, an English musician and poet. The period of his birth is unknown. His poems were printed by subscription in 1737; and his dramatic works in 1743. Of his dramas "Chrononhotonthologos", the "Contrivances", "Thomas and Sally", and the "Dragon of Wantley", are most known. He chiefly excelled in Ballads, the best of which is "Sally in our Alley". He died by his own hand in 1743.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter her enemies:
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour:
Long may she reign!
May she protect our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing,
God save the Queen!

O grant her long to see
Friendship and amity
Always increase.
May she her sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, Huzza!
God save the Queen!

THE TRUE TAR.

A KNAVE 's a knave,
Though ne'er so brave,
Though diamonds round him shine;
What though he's great,
Takes mighty state,
And thinks himself divine:
His ill-got wealth
Can't give him health,
Or future ills prevent:
An honest tar
Is richer far,
If he enjoys content.

A soul sincere
Scorns fraud or fear,
Within itself secure;
For vice will blast,
But virtue last,
While truth and time endure.
Blow high, blow low,
Frown fate or foe,
He scorns to tuck about;
But to his trust
Is strictly just,
And nobly stems it out.

THE SAILOR BOY.

THE sea was calm, the sky serene,
And gently blew the eastern gale;
When Anna, seated on a rock,
Watch'd the Lovina's less'ning sail.
To heaven she thus her prayer address'd...
"Thou who canst save, or canst destroy,
From each surrounding danger guard,
My much lov'd little sailor boy.
When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
And even sailors shrink with dread,
Be some protecting angel near,
To hover round my William's head:

He was belov'd by all the plain,
His father's pride, his mother's joy.
Then safely to their arms restore
Their much lov'd little sailor boy."

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then how happy shall we be,
But not live in our alley.

Glare formidably bright, and shine with
 death;
 In fiery storms descends a murd'rous
 show'r,
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thun-
 ders roar:
 As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above,
 Thro' the sing'd air with unresisted sway
 The forky vengeance rends its flaming
 way,
 And while the firmament with thunder
 roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial
 tow'rs;
 So rush the globes with many a fiery
 round,
 Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast
 mound;
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her
 prey
 Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood
 her way;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the
 ground,
 The shape of half bury'd in the wound.
 And lo! while in the shock of war they
 close,
 While swords meet swords and foes en-
 counter foes,
 The treach'rous earth beneath their foot-
 steps cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom
 heaves;
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.
 Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a
 thund'ring sound,
 Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving
 ground;
 Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the
 sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die.
 See, thro' th' incumber'd air the pond'rous
 bomb
 Bears magazines of death within its womb!
 The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
 And darts bright horror thro' th' ethereal
 plain;
 It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous
 sound¹
 Wheels down the heavens and thunders
 o'er the ground!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a
 blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives a thousand
 ways;

1

VARIATIONS.

Ev'n the stern souls of heroes fell dismay,
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way;
 Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight;
 It sinks, it falls; earth groans beneath its weight!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
 The mighty bleed; heaps crush'd on heaps expire!

Earth floats with blood, while spreading
 flames arise¹
 From palaces and domes, and kindle half
 the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to
 pole:
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and
 from their hair
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and
 war.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the
 plain,
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of
 slain,
 Serene, while engines from the hostile
 tow'r
 Rain from their brazy mouths an iron
 show'r,
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
 Hews thro' the deathful breach his desp'rate
 way?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial
 toil!

Or is it Marlborough or the great Argyle?
 Thus when the Grecians, furious to de-
 stroy,

Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy,
 Here angry Neptune² hurl'd his vengeful
 mace,
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost
 base;
 Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd
 the odds:
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with
 gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? in deep
 array
 The squadrons form; aloft the standards
 play;
 The captains draw the sword; on ev'ry
 brow
 Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets
 blow.

See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd
 ground
 Thro' the hard entrails of the stubborn
 mound,
 And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades
 Thro' dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
 In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted
 lies;
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the
 skies!

Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd re-
 pose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
 Like the Cadmaean host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sound-
 ing arms,

¹ The barriers burst, wide spreading flames arise.

² Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
 Fundamenta quatit, etc. VIRG. ÆN.

And, pouring war and slaughter from be-
neath,
Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood,
in death!

So some fam'd torrent dives within the
caves
Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his
waves:

High o'er the latent stream the shepherd
feeds
His wand'ring flock, and tunes the sprightly
reeds,

Till from some rifted chasm the billows
rise,
And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies;
Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd
plain,

Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the
main.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler
scenes,

To shady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds
alarms,

Nor martial din is heard nor clash of
arms.

Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and
floods!

Ye flow'ry meads! ye vales! and mazy
woods!

Ye 'limpid floods! that ever murm'ring
flow,

Ye verdant meads! where flow'rs eternal
blow,

Ye shady vales! where zephyrs ever play,
Ye woods! where little warblers tune their
lay.

Here grant me, Heav'n! to end my peace-
ful days,

And steal myself from life by flow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate gar-
den yields,

From fruit or herb, the bounty of the
fields;

Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death:

With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;

While gently with one sigh this mortal
frame

Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a

groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds un-
known.

Ye gloomy grotts! ye awful solemn cells!
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation

dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome
state,

That pompous misery of being great!
Happy if by the wise and learn'd belov'd,
But happiest above all if self approv'd!

Content with ease, ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity and glorious vice!

Come thou, chaste Maid! here ever let me
stray,

While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd
away;

Here court the Muses, while the sun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires
the sky;

Or while the night's dark wings this globe
surround,

And the pale moon begins her solemn
round,

Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient
air,

And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way;

Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,

Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;

Fall'n realms and empires in description
view,

Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds
anew;

Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of Fame, who liv'd in ancient
days.

And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior
treads!

Stern legislators frowning lift their heads!
I see proud victors in triumphal cars,

Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seem'd with
glorious scars!

Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye Sacred Leaves¹ with loftier
themes,

With op'ning heavens, and angels rob'd in
flames:

Ye restless passions! while I read be aw'd:
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!

Here I behold how infant Time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into

man;

Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy

grove:

There tread on hallow'd ground where
angels trod,

And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends
with God;

Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets
giv'n,

Or gaze on visions from the throne of
heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes ad-
vance!

Why leap the mountains? why the forests
dance?

¹ The Holy Scriptures.

Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
Rejoice, O Earth! a God! a God appears!
A God! a God! descending angels sing,
And mighty seraphs shout, Behold your
King!

Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind! your
eyes;

Sing, O ye dumb! and, O ye dead! arise;
Tremble, ye gates of hell! in noblest
strains

Tell it aloud, ye heav'ns! the Saviour
reigns!

Thus lonely thoughtful may I run the
race

Of transient life in no unuseful ease!

Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the
day;

Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels
friends;

And thou, fair Peace! from the wild floods
of war

Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive
bear.

Tell me, ye victors! what strange charms
ye find

In conquest, that destruction of mankind?

Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphan's
tears!

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
And pour in millions from her frozen
skies;

Thou, gentle Thames! flow thou in peace-
ful streams;

Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial
flames:

In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlborough!
stay,

There charm the thoughts of conquer'd
worlds away.

Guardian of England! born to scourge her
foes,

Speak, and thy word gives half the world
repose.

Sink down, ye hills! eternal rocks, subside!
Vanish, ye forts! thou, Ocean! drain thy
tide;

We safety boast, defended by thy fame,
And armies—in the terror of thy name!

Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor
blade;

War, be thou chain'd! ye streams of blood,
be stay'd!

Tho' wild Ambition her just vengeance
feels,

She wars to save, and where she strikes she
heals.

So Pallas with her javelin smote the
ground,
And peaceful olives flourish from the
wound.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.

His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air:
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.

The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
And sing of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water.

Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their vot'ries, but a laurel wreath.

But Love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care.
Alas! fond youth! your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil.

Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain:
Coy Daphne flies; and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name!
Great recompense! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars
Gets empty praise and aching scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And, starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND
MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

"Calentem
"Debita sparges lacrima favillam
"Vatis amici." HOR.

AS WHEN the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down some brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
A while we view him in full glory drest:
But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy way.
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.
Yet hadst thou all that virtue can bestow,
All the good practise, and the learned know,
Such holy rapture as not warms, but fires,
While the soul seems retiring, or retires:
Such transports as those saints in vision share,
Who know not whether they are rapt thro' air,
Or bring down Heaven to meet them in a pray'r.
O early lost! yet steadfast to survey
Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
Serene, the sting of pain¹ thy thoughts be-
guile,
And make afflictions, objects of a smile:
So the fam'd patriarch on his couch of stone
Enjoy'd bright visions from the eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can please,
Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace;
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessels to the shores.
O may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong more thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble, yet learn'd; tho' innocent, yet gay;
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe;

¹ The gout.

Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deem'd'st mean the pageantry of kings;
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband or a glitt'ring stone,
Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise;
To live to mortals' empty fame a foe,
And pity human joy and human woe;
To view ev'n splendid vice with gen'rous hate;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate;
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phoebus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.
Where now, Oh! where shall I true friend-ship find
Among the treach'rous race of base man-kind?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame or praise?
O friend! Oh! falling in thy strength of years,
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
O woods! O wilds! O ev'ry bow'ry shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds—far other sounds! re-
turn,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for saints and God?
Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
A thousand wonders glorious to behold,
And here or there as the machine extends
A hero rises, or a god descends;
But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.
Where were ye, Muses! by what fountain side,
What river, sporting when your fav'rite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high themes¹ to tune the string,
To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing:

¹ Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Unlike those bards who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay,
Each line display'd united strength and
ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and
please.

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flow'r and salutary juice;
And while each plant a smiling grace re-
veals,

Usefully gay, at once it charms and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great! in
show,

Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe:
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal
cries,

And bribe unwilling drops from venal
eyes:

While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears;
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve.

As some fond sire whose only son lies
dead,

All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief de-
plores,

And bathes his clay-cold cheeks with co-
pious show'rs;

Such hart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air, but common water tears:
The proud relentless weep in state, and
show

Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's
hands,

With imitated life, an image stands;
From rocky entrails thro' his stony eyes
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise
Unconscious, while aloft the waters flow,
The gazer's wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent visits
tell,

Thou court where God himself delights to
dwell;

Thou Mystic Table and thou holy Feast!
How often have ye seen the sacred guest?
How oft' his soul with heavenly manna
fed,

His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead?
While list'ning angels heard such raptures
rise

As when they hymn th' Almighty charms
the skies.

But where, now where, without the body's
aid,

New to the heav'ns, subsists thy gently
shade?

Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd high o'er stars from world to world
to fly,

And fearless marks the comet's dreadful
blaze

While monarchs quake and trembling na-
tions gaze?

Or holds deep converse with the mighty
death,

Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,

Where hymning seraphs sound their golden
lyres,

Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns in
wreath,

Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin and
death?

O may the thought his friend's devotion
raise!

O may he imitate as well as praise!

Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the
sky,

And ask the certain way to raise as high.

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF A GENTLEMAN
WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

AWAKE, sweet Babe! the sun's emerging
ray

That gave you birth renews the happy day:
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like
you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch
thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall
produce,

And yield not barren ornament, but use!
E'en now thy spring a rich increase pre-
pares

To crown thy riper growth and manly years.

Thus in the kernels intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinth by just degrees,
Stretch their swol'n cells, replete with fu-
ture trees;

By time evolv'd the spreading branches
rise,

Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the
skies.

O lovely babe! what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty when so bright thy
morn?

Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future
day!

With nobler aims instruct thy soul to
glow

Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and
show.

May valour, wisdom, learning crown thy
days!

Those fools admire—these heav'n and angels
praise.¹

With riches blest, to heav'n those riches
lend,

The poor man's guardian, and the good
man's friend:

Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd Merit
cheer,

And o'er Affliction pour the gen'rous tear.
Some, wildly lib'ral, squander, not bestow,
And give unprais'd, because they give for
show.

To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy.
Thus off'rings from th' unjust pollute the
skies;

The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a fav'rite draught,
The structures rise responsive to the
thought,

A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a god a temple stands:

Such is thy rising frame, by heav'n de-
sign'd

A temple worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely
boy!

Spare them, ye Pains! and age alone de-
stroy!

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boast to look like
thee!

When young Julius' form he deign'd to
wear,

Such were his smiles, and such his winning
air.

E'en Venus might mistake thee for her
own,

Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her
son;

Thence all the lightning of thy mother's
flies,

A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes!

Yet ah! how short a date the Pow'rs
decree

To that bright frame of beauties and to
thee!

1

ADDITION.

To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote.
Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds;
And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdu'd,
Lies wildly barren or but gaily rude:
Yet as some Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
Adorns a rock with graces not his own,
And calls a Venus from the ragged stone;
So culture aids the human soul to rise,
To scorn the sordid earth, and mount the skies,
Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

Pass a few days, and all thy beauties fly!
Pass a few years, and thou, alas! shalt die;
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall
see,

With tears, what now thou art, and they
must be;

A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore:
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no
more!

But oh! when ripe for death, Fate calls
thee hence,

Sure lot of ev'ry mortal excellence;
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming
earth

Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise cloath'd with beauties that shall never
die,

A saint on earth, an angel in the sky!

THE ROSEBUD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

The beauties of thy leaves disclose;

The winter's past, the tempests fly,

Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;

The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,

Salutes the gay return of spring;

The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,

Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;

The joyous fields, the shady woods,

Are cloth'd with green, or swell with
buds:

Then haste thy beauties to disclose,

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flow'r! a welcome guest!

Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,

Shalt grace her hand and deck her hair,

The flow'r most sweet! the nymph most
fair!

Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!

Arise, ye flow'ry race! arise,

And haste thy beauties to disclose,

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair Nymph! thyself survey

In this sweet offspring of a day.

That miracle of face must fail;

Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:

Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly;

At morn they bloom, at ev'ning they die.

Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,

Yet time destroys what sickness spares.

Now Helen lives alone in fame,

And Cleopatra's but a name.

Time must indent that heav'nly brow,

And thou must be what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,

Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ κατθανεῖν,
τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O FOR Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
See! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral
stones,

In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns
she kills.

Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleam-
ing burns,

O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mould-
'ring urns;

While flowing stoles, black plumes, and
scutcheons,

An idle pomp around the silent dead.

Unaw'd by pow'r, in common heaps she
flings

The scrips of beggars and the crowns of
kings.

Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmur-
ing flow:

The mournful yew with solemn horror
waves,

His baleful branches sadd'ning e'en the
graves:

Around all birds obscene, loud screaming
fly,

Clang their black wings, and shriek along
the sky:

The ground preverse, tho' bare and barren
breeds

All poisons foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But blasted frequent by th' unwholesome
sky,

Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die!

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old Age half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores;
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags, with many
a groan,

The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd
band,

Intemp'rance and Disease walk hand in
hand;

These Torment, whirling with remorseless
sway

A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild ex-
tremes,

Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven
blasphemes:

There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,

Writhes his convulsive limbs and wrings
his hands;

There Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
And Care still tosses on his iron bed.

Or musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms, with ev'ry breath a
sigh:

Hydrops unwieldy wallows in the flood,
And Murder rages, red with human blood:
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!
These and a thousand more the fiend sur-
round,

Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans
resound.

O heav'ns! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man your fa-
v'rite dies?

Oh for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day!

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was
dead;

I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
And all must bear that breathe beneath the
sun.

When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of
air,

And, swifter than on wings of lightning
driv'n,

And once seems here and there, in earth
and heaven!

A dazzling brightness, in refulgent streams,
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny
beams;

His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven
display,

And from his eyes dart glories more than
day;

A robe of light condens'd around him
shone,

And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone;
And while the list'ning winds lay hush'd to
hear,

Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!

"Vain man! wouldst thou escape the com-
mon lot,

"To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?

"Look back on ancient times, primeval
years,

"All, all are past! a mighty void appears!

"Heroes and kings, those gods of earth,
whose fame

"Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!

"The great in arts of arms, the wise, the
just,

"Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!

"E'en saints and prophets the same paths
have trod,

"Ambassadors of heav'n, and friends of
God!

"And thou, wouldst thou the gen'ral sen-
tence fly!

"Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die

"Mortal! in all thy acts regard thy end;
 "Live well the time thou liv'st, and Death's
 thy friend.
 "Then curb each rebel thought against the
 sky,
 "And die resign'd, O man! ordain'd to die."
 He added not, but spread his wings in
 flight,
 And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.
 Abash'd, asham'd, I cry: "Eternal Pow'r!
 "I yield, I wait resign'd th' appointed
 hour."
 Man, foolish man! no more thy soul de-
 ceive;
 To die is but the surest way to live.
 When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
 And pray our time of suff'ring may be
 long;
 The nauseous draught and dregs of life to
 drain,
 And feel infirmity and length of pain.
 What art thou, Life! that we should court
 thy stay?
 A breath one single gasp must puff away!
 And short-liv'd flow'r, that with the day
 must fade!
 A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
 A stream that silently but swiftly glides,
 To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!
 A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
 A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
 Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
 Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
 E'en while I write, the transient now is
 past,
 And death more near this sentence than
 the last!
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas di-
 vides,
 Beat by rude waves and sapp'd by rushing
 tides,
 Torn from its base, no more their fury
 bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears:
 Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the
 past:
 To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,
 It sinks, the frail possession of a day!
 As some fond boy, in sport, along the
 shore
 Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour,
 Proud of his spacious walls and stately
 rooms,
 He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,
 The little monarch swells with fancy'd
 sway,
 Till some wind rising puffs the dome away;
 So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe!
 The lord of earth and ocean! swells in
 show!
 He plants, he builds; aloft the walls arise;
 The noble plan he finishes, and — dies:

Swept from the earth, he shares the com-
 mon fate,
 His sole distinction now to rot in state!
 Thus busy to no end, and out of breath,
 Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in
 death!
 Then bless'd the man whom gracious
 heaven has led
 Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal
 dead!
 Who safely landed on the blissful shore,
 Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more!
 O Death! thou cure of all our idle strife,
 End of the gay or serious farce of life!
 Wish of the just, and refuge of the op-
 prest!
 Where poverty and where e'en kings find
 rest!
 Safe from the frowns of pow'r, calm thought-
 ful hate,
 And the rude insults of the scornful great,
 The grave is sacred! Wrath and Malice
 dread
 To violate its peace and wrong the dead.
 But, Life! thy name is Woe! to death we
 fly
 To grow immortal—into life we die!
 Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
 The happier dead, lest none should stay be-
 hind.
 What tho' the path be dark that must be
 trod,
 Tho' man be blotted from the works of
 God,
 Tho' the four winds his scatter'd atoms
 bear
 To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanse of
 air?
 Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
 He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
 So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal
 plain,
 Extinct his splendors in the whelming
 main,
 A transient night, earth, air, and heav'n,
 invades,
 Eclipsed in horrors of surrounding shades,
 But soon emerging with a fresher ray
 He starts exultant and renews the day.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

BARON OF EYRE, WARDEN, CHIEF JUSTICE, AND
 JUSTICE IN EYRE OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S FOR-
 ESTS, CHASES, PARKS, AND WARRENS ON THE
 SOUTH SIDE OF TRENT.

Δῶρόν τοι τοῦτο δίδωμι
 Μνήμῃ. ODYSSEY, Lib. XV.

O THOU! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
 O great without the vices of the great!

Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act, with elegance and ease! ¹
Say, wilt thou listen, while I tune the string,
And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to
sing?

Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds'
vows,

And gracious what his suppliants ask be-
stows:

So by thy favour may the muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful
ground;

The grateful muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a
flow'r

Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' incli-
ment show'r,

And when the fury of the storm is laid,
Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot who when they long
endure

The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure!
Like ships in storm o'er liquid mountains
tost,

Ere they are sav'd must almost first be
lost;

But you with speed forbid distress to
grieve:

He gives by halves ² who hesitates to give.

Thus when an angel views mankind dis-
trest

He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the
skies,

And pleas'd to save on wings of lightning
flies. ³

Some the vain promises of courts be-
tray,

And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to
stray;

The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their
eyes,

Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:

As perspectives present the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,

¹ ADDITION.

Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
Say, etc.

² The Lord Cornwallis in a most obliging manner
recommended the author to the Rectory of Pulham.

³ ADDITION.

Few know to ask, or decently receive,
And fewer still with dignity to give;
If earn'd by flatt'ry, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain,
Nor are they gen'rous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surely pride and boist'rous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive;
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient
shades,

Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusions
play,

But the false guide shines only to betray;
Swift he pursues, but still the path mis-
takes,

O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny
brakes;

Yet obstinate in wrong, he toils to stray
With many a weary stride o'er many a
painful way.

So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his appointment with his pain:

At length when years invidiously destroy
The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,

Then Fortune envious sheds her golden
show'rs,

Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.
Thus o'er the urns of friends departed
weep

The mournful kindred, and fond vigils
keep;

Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead;

And when no more avail the world's de-
lights,

The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless
tombs,

And waste profusely floods of vain per-
fumes.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS, 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise
And speaking marble to record their praise,

Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame un-
known,

The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals, subject to Death's total
sway,

Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day;
'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy
praise,

A monument which worth alone can raise;
Sure to survive when time shall whelm in
dust

The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer
die,

When sink together, in the world's last
fires,

What heaven created and what heaven in-
spires.

PARAPHRASED.

Queen of the gay attendants of the night;

den'd rain;

The stony tempest with a rushing sound
Beats the firm glebe resulting from the
ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading
blades;

While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy
heads,
Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy winter from the frozen
north
Borne on his icy chariots issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride re-
sign,

And billows harden'd into crystal shine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing
winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-
plate binds;

Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains
rise,

And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies,
While gulfs below and slipp'ry vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the
eye:

But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
The genial show'r revives the cheerful
plain,

And the huge hills flow down into the
main.

When the seas rage and loud the ocean
roars,

When foaming billows lash the sounding
shores,

If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep:

Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming
ray,

And all the broad expansion flames with
day;

In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted and a downward sky.

They who advent'rous plough the wat'ry
way

The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
Familiar with the storms their sails un-
bind,

Tempt the rough blast, and bound before
the wind:

Now high they mount, now shoot into a
vale,

Now smooth their course, and scud before
the gale.

There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and dash round the
tide;

There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And thro' the waves a living island roves;

In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight sup-
ports;

Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempest and he spouts a
tide.

Thus, Lord! the wonders of earth, sea,
and air,

Thy boundless wisdom and thy power de-
clare:

Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, un-
seen,

Should men and angels join in songs to
raise

A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise out-
shine,

Tho' men and angels in the song should
join;

For though this earth with skill divine is
wrought,

Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies,

New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds
arise:

There other orbs round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic
dance;

And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from ev'ry sand;

And though vain man arraign thy high
decree,

Still this is just! what is, that ought to be.¹

A PASTORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON HER LEAVING AND RETURN
TO THE COUNTRY.

DAMON. SAY, while each scene so beauti-
ful appears,

Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy
tears?

See from the clouds the spring descends in
show'rs,

The painted vallies laugh with rising
flow'rs;

Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the
vernal airs;

The spring, flow'rs, floods, conspire to
charm our cares.

FLORUS. But vain the pleasure with the
season yields,

The laughing vallies or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow,

Smile not, ye flow'rs, no more soft breezes
blow!

¹ Evidently wrong, but so in edit. 1779. The
line is not in edit. 1750.

Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves
The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAM. Ah! now I know why late the
op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the
woods;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride,
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and
dy'd.

FLOR. See where yon vine in soft em-
braces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtles
leaves;
There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly
lay,
Both to the rising and the falling day:
But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
Nor greets the falling nor the rising day.

DAM. Say, O ye winds, that range the
distant skies,
Now swell'd to tempests by my rising
sighs,
Say, while my Rosalind deserts these
shores,

How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

FLOR. Ye murm'ring fountains, and ye
wand'ring floods,
That visit various lands thro' various roads,
Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say how my tears increase your swelling
tides.

DAM. Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan
swains,
Who range the mazy grove or flow'ry
plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy
bow'r,

Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour?

FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the skipping
fawns,
By the fleet roes that bound along the
lawns,
Soft tread, ye virgin-daughters of the
grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping
love.

FLOR. Return, O virgin! and if proud
disdain

Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain:
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's
cares,

Thick rise, ye sighs! in floods descend, ye
tears!

DAM. Ah! shield her, heav'n! your rage,
ye beasts, forbear!

Those are not limbs for savages to tear!

Adieu, ye meads! with her thro' wilds I
go,

O'er burning sands or everlasting snow;
With her I wander thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLOR. Come, Rosalind! before the wintry
clouds

Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in
floods;

Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen
plain;

Thy charms may suffer by the storms or
rain.

DAM. Come, Rosalind! O come! then in-
fant flow'rs

Shall bloom and smile, and form their
charms by yours;

By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the

rose;

Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful
wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah! forbear the urge thy
homeward way

While sultry suns infest the glowing day:

The sultry suns thy beauties may impair—

Yet haste away, for thou art now too
fair.

DAM. Hark! from your bow'r what airs
soft-warbled play!

My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting
lay.

Silence, ye nightingales!—attend the voice;
While thus it warbles all our songs are
noise.

FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majes-
tic moves,

And smoothly gliding, shines along the
groves!

Say, comes a goddess from the golden
spheres?

A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

DAM. Shine forth, thou sun! bright ruler
of the day!

And where she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the
way:

Rejoice, ye groves, my heart, dismiss thy
cares;

My goddess comes! my Rosalind appears!

MELANCHOLY,

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A BELOVED

DAUGHTER, 1723.

ADIEU, vain myrth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!

Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train.

If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone;

Come, blissful Mourner! wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care, my hours employ;
Sorrow! be thou henceforth my joy.

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb!
Thou earth, conceal me in thy womb;
And you, ye worms! this frame confound,
Ye brother-reptiles of the ground.

O life! frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r it flies:
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies!

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath;
While round, stern ministers of fate!
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow, wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
The glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he brows
A walking hospital of woes!

O happiness! thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold! but shining earth?
Thou, common fame! but common breath?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise.
Ev'n victors are by conquest curst:
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show:
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toyshop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow!
Lo! sad and serious I pursue
Thy steps—Adieu, vain world! adieu!

DIBDIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN, a dramatist, poet, and actor, was born at Southampton, March 15, 1745. With the view of his entering the church, he was placed at the College of Winchester, where his love of music first manifested itself. He abandoned his ecclesiastical studies and devoted himself wholly to his favorite pursuit, resolving to depend on it as his means of subsistence. He became candidate for the place of organist at Waltham, in Hampshire, but was rejected—as he says, on account of his youth. He then took up his abode in London. In 1762 he composed the poetry and music of a little pastoral drama, called "The Shepherd's Artifice." He soon after made his first appearance as a performer. In 1767 he wrote the greater part of the music in "Love in the city." He did not shine as an actor, although as a writer of light dramatic pieces and musical compositions he was very successful. He invented a new kind of monodramatic entertainment, consisting of music, songs, and recitations, of which he was the sole author and performer. He produced 1400 songs and 30 dramatic pieces; besides which he wrote "A history of the Stage"; his "Professional Life"; "A Musical Tour", three novels, etc. He entered into many unfortunate speculations which reduced him to extreme indigence; an annuity was then purchased for him by public subscription. In his professional pursuits, he was active, industrious, and fertile in expedients; but very improvident in his expenditure. He was by no means of intemperate habits, but failed, in the want of an ordinary economy in his affairs. He was of a kind and benevolent nature and possessed the principles of religion and morality. His writings are replete with purity of sentiment, and high and generous feeling, which indicate an ardent love of virtue. Some of his songs seem odd and confused in their rhythm and measure; but these must be sung, not read. He died in 1814.

AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

AS FORTUNE'S billows heav'd me,
When shipwreck'd on this shore,

A little bark received me,
Without or mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,
Hope, love, and life my freight,

While ev'ry effort trying
To baffle with my fate.

This store, so dearly cherish'd,
One single breaker cross'd:
I sunk! my cargo perish'd—
Hope, love, and life were lost.

THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

LOWLY FELICITY.

HAPPY the nymph who ne'er can know
Distractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate,
One fountain is her mirror and her drink,
And if she's pleased, what others think
It matters not—of joy secure,
Bless'd in the little heav'n has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor,—
Poor but content.

WEDDING RING.

RESIGNATION.

THE poor exile, leaving his friends and his
home,
Leaves more than his life, more than
fortune or fame,
Is doom'd, without hope, thus unpitied to
roam,
This sufferings unmourn'd, and forgotten
his name.
But justice condemn'd him, his sentence is
past,
His fate is pronounc'd, and he must be
resign'd;
With fortune he struggles, indeed—but, at
last,
To her rigid will learns to fashion his mind.

WEDDING RING.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

YE free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea!
On every shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,—
The lads who dare be free.

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea!
Assist, uphold your Church and State,

Your great men good, your good men great;
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in faction's spite;—
Then, then, my friends, you're free!

TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

NOW SAFE moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea.

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,—
When our time's come, we must go.

TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

IF WE MUST DIE.

IF we must die, why die we must—
'Tis a berth in which all must belay, mun,
When the debt's due, for Death won't
trust;—
All hands be ready, then, to pay, mun.
As to life's striking its flag, ne'er fear,
Our cruize is out, that's all, my brother;
In this world we've luff'd it up far and
near,—
So ship ourselves off to another, etc.

HARK! THE BOATSWAIN.

HARK! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,
boys;
Down top-gallants, down be hawling;
Down your stay-sails,—hand, boys—hand,
boys!

Now set the braces—
Don't make wry faces—
But the lee topsail sheet let go.
Starboard here, larboard there;
Turn your quid, take a—yo, yo, yo.

As the tide flows, so time passes;—
Life's too short to lose a day, boys:
Load your guns, lads,—charge your glasses;
Point your bumpers—fire away, boys!
A full broadside pour
To those girls on shore,
Who let sailors take them in tow.
Starboard here, etc.

Though the tempest swells the billows,
Clear the decks—come, drink about, boys;

The virtuous maid and constant youth,
 Their mutual wishes free obtain;
 And love, and innocence, and truth,
 In undisturb'd enjoyment reign.

The ready sailor quits the shore,
 His sov'reign's honour to maintain;
 And when the dang'rous toil is o'er,
 Partakes the blessings of the plain,
 Where mirth, amid the rural throngs,
 The triumphs of his pow'r imparts,
 And carols from a thousand tongues
 Speak lively thoughts and grateful hearts.

THE SERAGLIO.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT lost, each other treasure
 To ease the mind essays in vain;
 Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
 And mis'ry leads the splendid train.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
 Feasting the senses, not the mind,
 In vague pursuits our time employing,
 We grasp at all and nothing find.

THE GIPSIES.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

(This, the first, and one of the most celebrated of Dibdin's Sea songs, was written in a gale of wind, on a thirteen hours' passage from Calais, whither he had been on a party of pleasure with some friends. "It arose," he says, "out of reflections that I was on my return to her, who has since lent inspiration to so many similar sentiments, of which this was a specimen.")

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The mainmast by the board;
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love, well-stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that send along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be,
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song:
 Blow high, blow low, etc.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,

I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be:
 Blow high, blow low, etc.

THE MOON.

How BEAUTIFUL, and how serene,
 Shines, yonder, Night's resplendent Queen,
 Kindly to comfort those who roam,
 And light the trav'ler to his home!
 Oh! thou, whose beams so sweetly play,
 Bestow one kind, one cheering ray;
 One sympathetic gleam impart,
 To heal the anguish in my heart.

THE SERAGLIO.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

This life is like a troubled sea,
 Where, helm a-weather or a-be,
 The ship will neither stay nor wear,
 But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear:
 All seamanship in vain we try,—
 We cannot keep her steadily;
 But, just as Fortune's wind may blow,
 The vessel's tosticated to and fro:
 Yet, come but Love on board,
 Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
 No storm can overwhelm.
 Still blows in vain
 The hurricane,
 While he is at the helm.

HAPPY BRITAIN.

HAPPY Britain! watchless isle,
 Whose natives, like the sturdy oak,
 Secure in inborn force, may smile,
 And mock the tempest's heaviest stroke.

Whilst smiling peace shall bless the land,
 Her couching lion shall in dalliance sport;
 Arts and fair science, hand in hand;
 Their monarch's patronage shall court.

But, rous'd by war, shall dreadful move
 Britannia's vengeance on her foes; to prove,
 Where'er again her banners are unfurl'd,
 The dread and envy of the wond'ring world.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

FILIAL LOVE.

'Twas not her eyes, though orient mines
 Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
 Her lips, where the deep ruby shines;
 Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose;

At ev'ry point resembles life, —
 Hard work for little gain.
 The anchor 's weighed, smooth is the flood,
 Serene seems every form,
 But soon, alas! comes on the scud,
 That speaks the threat'ning storm.
 The tow'ring masts in splinters shiv'ring!
 The useless sails in latters quiv'ring!
 Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
 Waves in horrid tumult dashing
 Foam along the dreary shore!
 Still, while tars sit round so jolly,
 The sprightly flute calls care a folly.
 Aloft, alow, afloat, aground,
 Let but the smiling grog go round,
 And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
 The wind is seldom fair;—
 Though to the straits of pleasure bound
 Too oft we touch at care.
 Impervious dangers we explore;
 False friends, some faithless she:
 Pirates and sharks are found on shore
 As often as at sea.
 A low'ring storm, from envy brewing,
 Shall at a distance menace ruin;
 While slander, malice, and detraction,
 A host of fiends shall bring in action,
 And plant care's thorns at every pore.
 Yet, rous'd to sweet domestic duty,
 Some manly imp, or infant beauty,
 Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,—
 Each thorn 's pluck'd out, pain 's turn'd to
 ease,
 And storms are heard no more.

The ship tow'rs gayly on the main,
 To fight its country's cause,
 And bids th' obedient world maintain
 Its honours and its laws;
 Nor from surrounding dangers shrinks,
 Till, sacrifice to fame,
 Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
 Only to live in name.
 And so the man—his ample measure
 Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
 Till, long in age and honour living,
 Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving
 To those he leaves his well-got store.
 Mild hope and resignation greeting,
 The playful soul, in circles fleeting,
 Makes onward to its native skies;
 While gasping nature pants and dies,
 And storms are heard no more.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

SINCE custom commands us to give
 Some wish to our friends at this season,
 And of those by the public who live
 Is requir'd all they can give in reason—

For me, I'd bestow every good
 That can fall on child, woman, and man;—
 But since I can't give what I would,
 You 'll permit me to give what I can;
 And while your protection my mind nobly
 lifts,
 Like friends let us give and receive new-
 year's gifts.

If I could, I'd to lovers impart
 That condition, so sweet and delicious,
 That as they hold honour at heart,
 So might all their hopes be propitious:
 To those who to merit are blind,
 Common sense should recover the sight;
 And in those who distress human kind,
 Remorse should turn crime to delight;
 'Twas for this noble end that the mind no-
 bly lifts,
 Sprung the custom to give and receive new-
 year's gifts.

Public speakers, a sound pair of lungs;
 To guttlers, a choice of rich dishes:
 To the ladies, the sweet gift of tongues;
 And to placemen, the loaves and the
 fishes:

I'd give prudence to those who to sail
 Down the torrent of folly are bent;
 And on those who at Providence rail,
 I'd bestow the sweet balm of content.

'Twas for this, etc.

As to us, while discussion and wars
 By the roots we're effectually grubbing,
 Old England's brave soldiers and tars
 Shall the Spaniards and French give a
 drubbing;

And who knows, since in dignified ire
 Our banners are nobly unfurl'd,
 We, before the new-year shall expire,
 May give freedom and peace to the world.

'Twas for this etc.

HOPE.

LOVELY Hope! the child of Pleasure!
 That well can banish ev'ry care;
 The sick man's health, the poor man's trea-
 sure;
 That mocks at grief, and kills despair;
 Come! with joy my mind possessing,
 Teach me with misery to cope,
 To feel that ev'ry blessing
 Lies within the pow'r of Hope.

Yet let me not do ill to others,
 Envy desert, or covet pelf;
 With mind content, all men are brothers,
 And serving them, I serve myself:—

But let me rather thy protection
Worthily court through Reason's scope;
Eager to prove, on sweet reflection,
A worthy votary of Hope.

FRIENDSHIP.

Of the various passions such joys that im-
part,
Sweet Friendship most worthily int'rests
the heart:
Love's flame never equal, but wav'ring
burns;
Love often capricious and turbulent turns;
Neither Fear nor yet Hope a delicious
dream,
Neither founded in reason, nor built on
esteem;
But on Friendship so many perfections
attend,
That the rational comfort of life is a Friend.

Each joy and content to its aid it can call;
Best of passions! or rather essence of all:
It can Fear turn to Hope, and to Bliss con-
vert Care,

Soft'n Misery to Pleasure, and banish De-
spair:

Possessing all others, a pow'r from above,
It can e'en to tranquillity regulate Love;
Nor can wedlock's delights in disgust ever
end,

When husband and wife add the title of
Friend.

ALL THE WORLD'S A SONG.

WHILE truth upon his accents hang,
The bard of Avon sweetly sung
That all the world's a stage;
And, even from infancy's first dawn
To seventy, when the grave shall yawn,
Men act from age to age.
Songs epitomes of plays;
And equal merit, equal praise,
In place, to both belong;
And, this position made appear,
No axiom ever was more clear,
That all the world's a song.

From earliest melodies of birds,
It needs but little stretch of words
Its ancient claim to prove:
Echo repeated to the plains
The various pleasures, various pains,
That shepherds sung of love;
Love Persian beauties paints like snakes;
The rose the fond Sicilian takes,

To show his passion strong;
At length appear'd the sacred Nine;
And, whether love, war, hunting, wine,
All poetry was song.

To fields of death when heroes come,
The clanging trumpet, rattling drum,
The song can tune and brace,—
Can cheer the hound, and wind the horn,
When Echo calls the rosy morn
To urge the fleeting chase.
Wine has produc'd a wit more keen
Than Helicon and Hippocrene!
What can the time prolong?
What lift mere mortal, plodding clods,
To emulate the joys of gods,
Like a convivial song?

As centres broadly scatter rays,
Hence spreading in a thousand ways,
Times, manners, customs, men;
Lottery-tickets, party jars,
The pangs of love, or feats of tars,
Employ the lyric pen.

For me, inoffensive mirth,
True to the land that gave me birth—
Heav'n only knows how long—
An honest public zeal I'll pay,
To show that vile men act a play,
Their actions are a song.

A SONG OF DEATH.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth,
and the skies,

Now bright with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear ten-
der ties!

Our race of existence is run:

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's
gloomy foe,

Go, frighten the coward and slave,—
Go, teach then tremble, fell tyrant! but
know,

No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant: he sinks
in the dark

Nor leaves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious
mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the fields of proud honour, our swords
in our hands,

Our king and our country to save,
Whilst victory shines on life's last-ebbing
sands,

Oh! who would not die with the brave?

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he 'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he 's gone aloft.
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many 's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

FERGUSSON.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, a poet, was born at Edinburgh, in 1751, and educated at Edinburgh, Dundree, and St. Andrews. He was intended for the ministry but his love of poetry and dissipation rendered him unfit for that holy office; he, therefore, obtained a humble situation in the Sheriff Clerk's Office at Edinburgh. His poems written in the Scottish dialect, manifest great talent; but his English compositions are below mediocrity. He possessed great conversational powers. The excesses into which he was led impaired his naturally feeble constitution, and he died, an inmate of the Edinburgh lunatic asylum in 1774.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

WHEN gloamin grey out owre the welkin
keeks;¹
When Batie ca's his owsen² to the byre;
When thrasher John, sair dung,³ his barn
door steeks,⁴
An' lusty lasses at the dightin⁵ 'tire;
What bangs⁶ fu'leal the e'enin 's coming
cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in
vain;
Gars⁷ dowie mortals look baith blithe an'
bauld,
Nor fley'd⁸ wi' a' the poortith o' the
plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely
strain.
Frae the big stack, weel winnow 't on the
hill,
Wi' divots theekit⁹ frae the weet an' drift;

Sods, peats, and heathery turfs the chimley¹
fill,
An' gar their thickening smeeke² salute the
lift.
The gudeman, new come hame is blithe to
find,
Whan he out owre the hallan³ flings
his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a 'his housie looks sae cosh⁴ an'
clean;
For cleanly house loes he, though e'er
sae mean.
Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs
require,
A heartsome meltith,⁵ an' refreshin 'synd⁶
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin 'fire:
Sair wark an' pootith downa⁷ weel be
join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle⁸
reeks;

- 1 Peeps.
- 2 Oxen.
- 3 Fatigued.
- 4 Shuts.
- 5 Cleansing.
- 6 What shuts out most comfortably.
- 7 Makes.
- 8 Frightened.
- 9 Thatched with turf.

- 1 Chimney.
- 2 Smoke.
- 3 The inner wall of a cottage.
- 4 Comfortable.
- 5 Meal.
- 6 Drink.
- 7 Should not.
- 8 A flat iron for toasting cakes.

I' the far nook the bowie¹ briskly reams;
The readied kail² stands by the chimley
cheeks,
An' hand the riggin' het wi' welcome
streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen³ nicer
seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs⁴ a lesen lear:
Wad they to labouring lend an eident⁵
hand,
They 'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest
fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand,
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day;
At night, in calmest slumbers dose
fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,⁶
Nor 'dregs their noddle and their sense
confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hind-
most wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies⁷ frae the dawn to set o' sun.
'Twas this that braced their gardies⁸ stiff
an' strang;
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird⁹ alang;
Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman
bays;
For near our crest their heads they dought
na raise.

The fient a cheep¹⁰ 's amang the bairnies
now;
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger
gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mon,
Grumble an' greet, an mak an uneo
maen.¹¹
In rangles¹² round, before the ingle's low,
Frae gudame's¹³ mouth auld warld tales
they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow:¹⁴
O' ghaists, that win¹⁵ in glen an kirkyard
drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an'gars them
shake wi' fear!

- 1 Beer-barrel.
- 2 Broth with greens.
- 3 Kitchen here means what is eat with bread;
there is no English word for it; *obsonium* is the Latin.
- 4 Palates.
- 5 Assiduous.
- 6 Foretell.
- 7 In contests.
- 8 Arms.
- 9 Earth.
- 10 Not a whimper.
- 11 Moan.
- 12 Circles.
- 13 Grandame.
- 14 Scare-crow.
- 15 Abide.

For weel she trows, that fiend an' fairies be
Sent frae the dail to fleetch¹ us to our ill;
That ky hae tint² their milk wi' evil ee;
An' corn been scowder'd³ on the glowin'
kiln.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather
mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason
clear;
Wi' eild⁴ our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly⁵
fear;
The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is
near.
Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest
days,
Though Age her sair dow'd front wi'
runcles wave;
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
Her e'enin stent⁶ reels she as weel's the
lave.⁷
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit
braw,
Shall heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy;⁸
Careless though death shou'd mak the feast
her foy.⁹
In its auld lerroch¹⁰ yet the deas¹¹ remains,
Where the gudeman aft streaks¹² him at
his ease.
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' labourers doylt upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will bandrins¹³ an' the collie
come,
To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee,
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbuck¹⁴ whang'd, an' dainty fadge¹⁵
to prie;¹⁶
This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the
fee.
Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak:
What stacks he wants to thrash; what
rigs to till;
How big a birn¹⁷ maun lie on bassie's¹⁸
back,
For meal an' muter to the thirlin' mill.

- 1 Entice.
- 2 Lost.
- 3 Scorched.
- 4 Age.
- 5 Childish.
- 6 Task.
- 7 The rest.
- 8 Granchild.
- 9 Her farewell entertainment.
- 10 Corner.
- 11 Bench.
- 12 Stretches.
- 13 The cat.
- 14 Young cheese.
- 15 Loaf.
- 16 To taste.
- 17 Burthen.
- 18 The horse.

Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
Glow'r through the byre, an' see the haw-
kies ¹ bound;

Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,²
An' ca' the laiglen's³ treasure on the
ground;

Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow
pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green,
 Their joins to slack frae industry a while;
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
 An' hafflins stecks them frae their daily
 toil:

The cruizy,⁵ too, can only blink and bleer;
The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,

1 The miller's perquisite.

2 Cows.

3 Fits.

4 The milk-pail.

5 To long.

Upo' the cod ¹ to clear their drunly pow,²
Till wanken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' his tribe,
Whase care tells a' our wants frae year
to year!

Lang may his sock³ and con'ter turn the
gleyb,⁴

An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
Her yellow har'sts frae scoury blasts de-
creed!

May a' her tenants sit fu' sung an' bien ⁵
 Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith
 freed;

An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours
succeed? 6

1 The Lamp.

2. Pillow.

3 Thick heads.

4 Ploughshare.

5 Soil.

6 Comfortable.

CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born November 20, 1732, at Bristol. He was the son of the sexton of Redcliff church and was educated at a charity-school, where nothing was taught, but reading, writing, and arithmetic. He is the most remarkable instance that perhaps ever appeared, of precocious talent. He was articled at fourteen years of age to an attorney at Bristol; but taking a dislike to his profession, he went to London and wrote for several periodicals. He then produced some manuscripts which he professed to have received from his Father. These he palmed on the world as the poems of Rowley, a priest of Bristol in the fifteenth century; and so well was the forgery executed, that it is even now presumed rather than proved. His general disposition was grave and pensive; though at times he was exceedingly cheerful. He met with much neglect in London, and distress overtaking him he swallowed arsenic, which terminated his existence on August 25, 1770, and he was buried in a shell, in a burying-ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse, Holborn. The number and variety of his compositions are astonishing. Imagination, pathos, vivid description, and sublime imagery are all to be found in the works of this gifted youth.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALMIGHTY Framers of the skies!

O let our pure devotion rise,

Like Incense in thy Sight!

Wrapt in impenetrable Shade

The Texture of our Souls were made

Till thy Command gave Light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the Ray,

Refin'd the Darkness into Day,

And bid the Vapors fly :

Impell'd by his eternal Love

He left his Palaces above
To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly Lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise
And hail'd Salvation's Morn!

A humble Form the Godhead wore,
The Pains of Poverty he bore,
To gaudy Pomp unknown:

THE ADVICE.

REVOLVING in their destined sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away),
So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble Muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name;
Though tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame:

Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd reverence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced;
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond simile you 're fair;
Free, affable, serene;
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine—
Sincerity, I mean.

Though numerous swains before you fall,
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how insincere the strains
Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see,
Maria can be true:
No more from fools or empty beaux,
Heaven's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his generous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His Muse, with tatter'd fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.

PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

WHEN autumn, bleak, and sun-burnt do ap-
pear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,

Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the riped sheaf;
When all the hills with woody seed are
white,
When levying fires, and lemes, do meet
from far the sight:
When the fair apple, ruddy as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air and call the eyne around;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with
some care.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Rudborne bank twa pynynge maydens
sate,
Their tears faste dryppeynge to the waterre
cleere,
Ecchone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who at Seyncte Albonus shouke the morth-
ynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dyde speke acroole, wythe languishment
of eyne.
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the
quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in
stele;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose
payncte,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte wathe Syrre
Robert wele.
Moke moe thaune deathe in phantaisie I
feele,
See! see! upon the ground he bleedyng
lies
Inhildso me joice of lyffe, or else mie deare
love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholy broods, we wylle la-
mente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and even
danke:
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche for letteun halles of merrimente,
Whose gastlie Mitches holde the train of
fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake
the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moethe myskynette shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and
morryce plaie;

No more amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
 I'll seek the foreste all the lyve-long daie;
 All nete among the grave chyrche glebe
 wy 'll goe,
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie
 tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the
 leme
 Of leden moon, yun sylver mantels dyghte;
 The tryppeyne faeries weve the golden
 dreme
 Of selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the
 nyghte;
 Then (botte the synctes forbydde!) gif to a
 spryte
 Syrr Bycharde forme ys lyped, I'll hold
 dystraughte
 Hys bledeynge claie cold corse, and die eche
 daie yun thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah-woe bementynge wordes: what wordes
 can shew!
 Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie
 bleede
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie
 waterres flowe,
 And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme
 indeede!
 Haste, gentle Jaga, tryppe ytte oere the
 meade,
 To knowe, or wheder we must waile agayne,
 Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be mended
 on the plain.
 Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
 Or twayne of cloude that holdeth stormie
 rayne;
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes re-
 mayne.
 There dyd theye fynde that bothe their
 knyghtes were slayne,
 Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rud-
 bornes syde,
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the
 waves, and dyde.

THE MYNSTRELLES SONGE, FROM:
 AELLA.

O! SYNGE untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare with mee,
 Daunce ne moe at hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree:

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte
 Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cald he lyes ynn the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quicke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
 Defe hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flaps his wynges,
 In the briered delle belowe;
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie;
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere upon mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the barren fleurs be layde,
 Nee on hallie seyncte to save
 Al the celness of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie houde I'll dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
 Heere my bodie still schalle be.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe and ytts goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes
 Bere noe to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

AELLA, ATTE WATCHETTE.

A FRAGMENT.

CURSE onne mie tardie wondes! brynge mee
a stede!

I wylle awaie to BIRTHA bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul do
blede,

I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle wynges
forflyghte,

Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys
stronge.

The Danes have wrought mee myckle woe
ynne fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA's armes so
longe,

O! what a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie loudes
goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper
formed!

Some tymes the samme thyng wyll both
bane and blesse?

On tyme encalede, yanne bie the same
thyng warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybroghten
less.

'Tys BIRTHA's loss whyche doe mie thoughts
possesse;

I wylle, I must awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare adrese,

Whyche couracyrs yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I must awaie to BIRTHA's eyne

For ynn her looks I fynde mie beyng doe
entwyne.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF
CHARITE.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sungan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy
spraie,

The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the
yeare,

And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose
defte aumeree.

The sun was gleemeing in the middle of
daie,

Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken
blue,

When from the sea arist in dreare arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,

The which full fast unto the woodlands drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetic face,

And the blacke tempeste swolne and ga-
thered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, fast by a pathwaie
side

Which did unto Seyncte Godwine's covente
lede,

A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,

Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hailstone coulde the almer
flie?

He had no housen theere, ne ani covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte
there scanne;

Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd
deade!

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ashrewed
manne!

Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure
bedde,

Cale, as the claie which will gre on thie
hedde,

Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and
themselves.

The gathered storm is rype; the bigge drops
falle;

The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche
the raine;

The comynge ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the
plaine;

Dashde from the cloudes the waters flotte
again:

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the bot fierie smothe in the wide
lowings dies.

Liste; now the thunder's rattling clym-
mynge sound

Sheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the high spyre, and losst, dispended,
drown'd,

Still on the galland eare of terroure
hanges;

The winds are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,

And the full cloudes are braste attenes in
stonen showers.

Spurreygne his palfrie ore thee watrie
plaine,

The abbatte of Seyncte Godwine's covente
came;

His chapournette was drented with the
reine,

And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle
shame;

He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the
same;

The storm encreasen, and he drew aside;
With the mistalmes craver neere to the
holme to bide.

CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754. His Grandfather was a burghess of Aldborough, and became, in his latter days, collector of the customs in that port, but must have died in narrow circumstances; since his son, named also George, and originally educated for trade, appears to have been, very early in life, the keeper of a parochial school in the porch of the church of Oxford. From this place he removed to Norton, near Loddon, in Norfolk, where he united the humble offices of schoolmaster and parish clerk. He, at length, returned to Aldborough, where, after acting for many years as warehouse-keeper and deputy collector, he rose to be collector of the salt-duties, or Salt-master. He married a widow of the name of Loddock, a woman of the most amiable disposition, mild, patient, affectionate, and deeply religious in her turn of mind; she was the Mother of George Crabbe the poet. He was, in a great measure, self-educated. After he had learned to read, he devoured without restraint whatever books came into his hands. He was then sent to school at Bungay, on the borders of Norfolk. In his twelfth year, it was decided he should follow the profession of a surgeon, and he was removed to a superior school kept by Mr. Richard Haddon, a skilful mathematician, at Stowmarket, in the same county. In 1768 he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Wickham-Brook, a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. In 1775 his term of apprenticeship was completed and he returned to Aldborough; hoping to find the means to repair to the metropolis to complete his professional education. But his Father's affairs would not allow him to gratify his son's inclination, and George who had been accustomed to far different pursuits and habits, was obliged to return to the labours of the warehouse on Slangden quay. After some time his Father made an effort to send him to London. He returned once more to Aldborough and commenced practice for himself. After suffering many reverses he "determined to renounce his profession and go to London and venture all." He had the good fortune to receive the early patronage of Edmund Burke, which led to many other valuable introductions, of whom Dr. Johnson was one. In 1781 on the 21st of December, he was admitted to deacon's orders, by the Bishop of Norwich, who ordained him a priest in August of the following year, in his own cathedral. He eventually received church preferment at the hands of the Duke of Rutland, and was rector of Troubridge, Wilts. He wrote, "The Library;" "the Village;" "Tales of the Hall;" "The Register;" etc., etc. His poems exhibit an accurate knowledge of human nature and are distinguished for minuteness of description and close analysis in depicting human character, however dark or disgusting; still, they are replete with pathos, vigour, and originality. He died in 1832.

BOOKS AFFORD CONSOLATION TO
THE TROUBLED MIND.

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief oppress'd,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain;
Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain:
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove, and murmurs in the stream;
For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air:

No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas,—
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus, in the calms of life, we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales and gently clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,
Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.
Not Hope herself, with all her flattering art,

Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart:
 The soul disdains each comfort she pre-
 pares,
 And anxious searches for congenial cares;
 Those lenient cares, which, with our own
 combined,
 By mix'd sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
 And steal our grief away, and leave their
 own behind;
 A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
 Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure.
 But what strange art, what magic can dis-
 pose
 The troubled mind to change its native
 woes?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than
 we?
 This, *Books* can do;—nor this alone; they
 give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live;
 They soothe the grieved; the stubborn they
 chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
 Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud;
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant
 crowd;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But show to subjects, what they show to
 kings.
 Come, Child of Care! to make thy soul se-
 rene;
 Approach the treasures of this tranquil
 scene;
 Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
 The soul's best cure, in all her cares, be-
 hold!
 Where mental wealth the poor in thought
 may find
 And mental physic the diseased in mind;
 See here the balms that passion's wounds
 assuage;
 See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage;
 Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees control
 The chronic habits of the sickly soul;
 And round the heart and o'er the aching
 head,
 Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
 Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
 And view composed this silent multitude:—
 Silent they are—but, though deprived of
 sound,
 Here all the living languages abound;
 Here all that live no more; preserved they
 lie,
 In tombs that open to the curious eye.

THE LIBRARY.

ON DIVINITY.

To THEE, *Divinity!* to thee, the light
 And guide of mortals, through their mental
 night;
 By whom we learn our hopes and fears to
 guide;
 To bear with pain, and to contend with
 pride;
 When grieved, to pray; when injured, to
 forgive;
 And with the world in charity to live.

CONTROVERSY.

Not truths like these inspired that numer-
 ous race,
 Whose pious labours fill this ample space;
 But questions nice, where doubt on doubt
 arose,
 Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
 For dubious meanings, learn'd polemics
 strove,
 And wars on faith, prevented works of
 love;
 The brands of discord far around were
 hurl'd,
 And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world:—
 Dull though impatient, peevish though de-
 vout,
 With wit disgusting, and despised without;
 Saints in design, in execution men,
 Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their
 pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
 Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight;
 Spirits who prompted every damning page,
 With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage:
 Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings
 around,
 And lash with furious strokes the trembling
 ground!
 They pray, they fight, they murder and they
 weep,—
 Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners
 sheep;
 Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
 Denouncing evil with a zealous heart.
 And each like Jonah, is displeased if God
 Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.

PHILOSOPHY.

Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
 We trace the moral bounds of wrong and
 right;
 Our guide through nature, from the sterile
 clay,
 To the bright orbs of yon celestial way!
 'Tis thine, the great, the golden chain to
 trace,

Which runs through all, connecting race
 with race;
 Save where those puzzling, stubborn links
 remain,
 Which thy inferior light pursues in vain:—
 How vice and virtue in the soul contend;
 How widely differ, yet how nearly blend;
 What various passions war on either part,
 And now confirm, now melt the yielding
 heart:
 How Fancy loves around the world to stray,
 While Judgment slowly picks his sober
 way;
 The stores of memory, and the flights su-
 blime
 Of genius, bound by neither space nor
 time;—
 All these divine Philosophy explores,
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
 From these, descending to the earth, she
 turns,
 And matter in its various form, discerns;
 She parts the beamy light with skill pro-
 found,
 Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying
 sound;
 'Tis hers the lightning from the clouds to
 call,
 And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
 Yet more her volumes teach,—on these
 we look
 As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger
 book:
 Here, first described, the torpid earth ap-
 pears,
 And next, the vegetable robe it wears;
 Where flow'ry tribes, in valleys, fields, and
 groves,
 Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent
 loves;
 Loves, where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss,
 nor pain,
 Warm the glad heart, or vex the labouring
 brain;
 But as the green blood moves along the
 blade,
 The bed of Flora on the branch is made;
 Where, without passion, love instinctive
 lives,
 And gives new life, unconscious that it
 gives.
 Advancing still in Nature's maze, we trace,
 In dens and burning plains, her savage
 race;
 With those tame tribes who on their lord
 attend,
 And find, in man, a master and a friend;
 Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders
 new,
 A moral world, that well demands our view.
 This world is here; for, of more lofty kind,
 These neighbouring volumes reason on the
 mind;

They paint the state of man ere yet endued
 With knowledge;—man, poor, ignorant, and
 rude;
 Then as his state improves, their pages
 swell,
 And all its cares, and all its comforts, tell:
 Here we behold how inexperience buys,
 At little price, the wisdom of the wise;
 Without the troubles of an active state,
 Without the cares and dangers of the great,
 Without the miseries of the poor, we know
 What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow;
 We see how reason calms the raging mind,
 And how contending passions urge man-
 kind:
 Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire;
 Some, lured by vice, indulge the low de-
 sire;
 Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
 The guilty chase, now keep the good in
 view;
 For ever wretched, with themselves at
 strife,
 They lead a puzzled, vex'd, uncertain life;
 For transient vice bequeaths a lingering
 pain,
 Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

TO LORD ROBERT MANNERS,
 THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE MARQUESS OF
 GRANBY.

As THE tall oak, whose vigorous branches
 form
 An ample shade and brave the wildest
 storm,
 High o'er the subject wood is seen to grow,
 The guard and glory of the trees below;
 Till on its head the fiery bolt descends,
 And o'er the plain the shatter'd trunk ex-
 tends;
 Yet then it lies, all wond'rous as before,
 And still the glory, though the guard no
 more:
 So *Thou*, when every virtue, every grace,
 Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face;
 When, though the son of *Granby*, thou
 wert
 Less by thy father's glory than thy own;
 When Honour loved and gave thee every
 charm,
 Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm;
 Then from our lofty hopes and longing
 eyes,
 Fate and thy virtues call'd thee to the
 skies;
 Yet still we wonder at thy tow'ring fame,
 And, losing thee, still dwell upon thy name.
 Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued! say,
 What verse can praise thee, or what work
 repay?

Yet verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days;—
Honours for thee thy country shall prepare,
Thee in their hearts, the good, the brave
shall bear;
To deeds like thine shall noblest chiefs
aspire,
The Muse shall mourn thee, and the world
admire.

In future times, when smit with Glory's
charms,
The untried youth first quits a Father's
arms;—
"Oh! be like him," the weeping sire shall
say;
"Like *Manners* walk, who walk'd in Ho-
nour's way;
"In danger foremost, yet in death sedate,
"Oh! be like him in all things, but his fate!"

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

ARRIVED at home, how then they gazed
around,
In every place,—where she,—no more, was
found,
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs
o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew she fill'd with all her
race,—
Each place of hers, was now a sacred place,
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still
to rise.

Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are
tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly
dare
To tell his Maker, he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are
sent,
And be my guide and not my punishment!
THE PARISH REGISTER.

REFLECTIONS.

WHEN all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth);
When the deluded soul, in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And how to spare, to spend, to give,
(Our prudence kind, our pity just,)
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Its weakness when the body feels,
Nor danger in contempt defies;
To reason when desire appeals,
When, on experience, hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend;
But use it, as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose,—
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold! we're near our journey's end
We've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade;
And, now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd:
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose?
For others, when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all their faults discern in those;
Relentless hatred, erring love,
We can for sacred truth forego;
We can the warmest friend reprove,
And bear to praise the fiercest foe:
To what effect? Our friends are gone
Beyond reproof, regard or care;
And of our foes remains there one,
The mild relenting thoughts to share?

Now 'tis our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage;
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage;
Ah! Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled:
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?
Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride,
And strong desire, and fierce disdain,
The giant-brood by thee defied,
Lo! Time's resistless strokes have slain.

Yet Time, who could that race subdue,
(O'erpowering strength, appeasing rage;)
Leaves yet a persevering crew,
To try the failing powers of age.
Vex'd by the constant call of these,
Virtue awhile for conquest tries;
But weary grown and fond of ease,
She makes with them a compromise:
Av'rice himself she gives to rest,
But rules him with her strict commands;
Bids Pity touch his torpid breast,
And Justice hold his eager hands.

Yet is there nothing men can do,
When chilling Age comes creeping on?
Cannot we yet some good pursue?
Are talents buried? genius gone?
If passions slumber in the breast,
If follies from the heart be fled;
Of laurels let us go in quest,
And place them on the poet's head.

Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,
And to neglected studies flee;
We'll build again the lofty rhyme,
Or live, Philosophy, with thee:
For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,
Eternal fame reward shall be;
And to what glorious heights we'll climb,
The admiring crowd shall envying see.
Begin the song! begin the theme!—

Alas! and is Invention dead?
Dream we no more the golden dream?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled?
Yes, 'tis too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate;
And thus the important point decides,
For laurels, 'tis, alas! too late.
What is possess'd we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.

Beware then, Age, that what was won,
If life's past labours, studies, views,
Be lost not, now the labour's done,
When all thy part is,—not to lose:
When thou canst toil or gain no more,
Destroy not what was gain'd before.

For, all that 's gain'd of all that 's good,
When time shall his weak frame destroy
(Their use then rightly understood,)
Shall man, in happier state, enjoy.
Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know the enjoyment will be thine,
In that renew'd, that endless life!

WOMAN!

MR. LEDYARD, AS QUOTED BY MUNGO PARKE IN
HIS TRAVELS INTO AFRICA:—

"To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like Men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I were dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,

Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggard face,
"So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
"With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
"Yet misery marks him of our kind
"We see him lost, alone, afraid;
"And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
"Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
"There are who in these forms delight;
"Whose milky features please them more,
"Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright;
"Of such may be his weeping wife,
"Such children for their sire may call,
"And if we spare his ebbing life,
"Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze:—
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
"Where joys like ours are never found;
"Let 's soothe him in our happy homes,
"Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

"Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
"To see the famish'd stranger fed;
"To milk for him the mother-deer,
"To smooth for him the furry bed.
"The powers above our Lapland bless
"With good no other people know;
"T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
"By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

In Mr. Crabbe's note book which contains the original draught of "woman", there occur also the following stanzas:—

A WEARY Traveller walk'd his way,
With grief and want and pain oppress:
His looks were sad, his locks were grey:
He sought for food, he sigh'd for rest.

A wealthy grazier pass'd—"Attend,"
The sufferer cried—"some aid allow:"
"Thou art not of my parish, Friend,
Nor am I in mine office now."

He dropt, and more impatient pray'd—
A mild adviser heard the word:
"Be patient, Friend!" he kindly said,
"And wait the leisure of the Lord."

Another comes!—"Turn, stranger, turn!"
"Not so!" replied a voice: "I mean
"The candle of the Lord to burn
"With mine own flock on Save-all Green."

"To war with Satan, thrust for thrust;
"To gain my lamb he led astray:
"The Spirit drives me: on I must—
"Yea, woe is me, if I delay!"

But *Woman* came! by Heaven design'd
To ease the heart that throbs with pain—
She gave relief—abundant—kind—
And bad him go in peace again.

THE SEA:

A SUMMER AND WINTER VIEW.

TURN to the watery world! but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the
Sea?

Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by
storms,

Its colours changing, when from clouds and
sun,

Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now
serene,

In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced
eye.

Be it the Summer-noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion
move;

(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,

Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and
slow.

Ships in the calm seem anchor'd; for they
glide

On the still sea, urged solely by the tide:
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no
more?

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to
make

The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep
sink down.

View now the Winter-storm! above, one
cloud,

Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-
shroud;

Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day be-
fore

Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd
his form,

Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads to
roam,

The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and
steep,

Breaking and sinking, and the sunken
swells,

Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells,
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;

May watch the mightiest till the shoal
they reach,

Then break and hurry to their utmost
stretch;

Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious
force,

And then re-flowing, take their grating
course,

Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.
Far off the Petrel in the troubled way

Swims with her brood, or flutters in the
spray;

She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous
main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the
reach

Of gunner's hope, vast flights of Wild-ducks,
stretch;

Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of Sea-gulls
 urge,
 And drop for prey within the sweeping surge,
 Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
 Far back, then turn, and all their force
 apply,
 While to the storm they give their weak
 complaining cry;
 Or clap the sleek white pinion to the
 breast,
 And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

THE LOVER'S JOURNEY.

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
 Present the object, but the Mind describes;
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool in-
 diff'rence rise:

When minds are joyful, then we look
 around,

And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
 Again they sicken, and on every view
 Cast their own dull and melancholy line;
 Or, if absorb'd by their peculiar cares,
 The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
 Our feelings still upon our views attend,
 And their own natures to the objects lend;
 Sorrow and joy are in their influence
 sure,

Long as the passion reigns th' effects en-
 dure;

But Love in minds his various changes
 makes,

And clothes each object with the change he
 takes;

His light and shade on every view he
 throws,

And on each object, what he feels, bestows.

Fair was the morning, and the month
 was June,

When rose a Lover;—love awakens soon:
 Brief his repose, yet much he dreamt the
 while

Of that day's meeting, and his Laura's
 smile;

Fancy and love that name assign'd to her,
 Call'd Susan in the parish-register;

And he no more was John—his Laura gave
 The name Orlando to her faithful slave.

Bright shone the glory of the rising day,
 When the fond traveller took his favorite
 way;

He mounted gaily, felt his bosom light,
 And all he saw was pleasing in his sight.

"Ye hours of expectation, quickly fly,
 And bring on hours of blest reality;

"When I shall Laura see, beside her stand,
 Hear her sweet voice, and press her yielded
 hand."

First, o'er a barren heath beside the coast
 Orlando rode, and joy began to boast.

"This neat low gorse", said he, "with
 golden bloom,

"Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;
 "And this gay ling, with all its purple
 flowers,

"A man at leisure might admire for hours;
 "This green-fringed cup-moss has a scarlet
 tip,

"That yields to nothing but my Laura's lip;
 "And then how fine this herbage! men may
 say

"A heath is barren; nothing is so gay;
 "Barren or bare to call such charming
 scene

"Argues a mind possess'd by care and
 spleen."

Onward he went, and fiercer grew the
 heat,

Dust rose in clouds before the horse's feet;
 For now he pass'd through lanes of burning
 sand,

Bounds to thin crops or yet uncultured
 land;

Where the dark poppy flourish'd on the dry
 And sterile soil, and mock'd the thin-set
 rye.

"How lovely this!" the rapt Orlando
 said;

"With what delight is labouring man re-
 paid!

"The very lane has sweets that all admire,
 "The rambling suckling, and the vigorous
 brier;

"See! wholesome wormwood grows beside
 the way,

"Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends
 the spray;

"Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the
 banks adorn,

"And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the
 thorn:

"No fostering hand they need, no sheltering
 wall,

"They spring uncultured, and they bloom
 for all."

The Lover rode as hasty lovers ride,
 And reach'd a common pasture wild and
 wide;

Small black legg'd sheep devour with
 hunger keen

The meagre herbage, fleshless, lank, and
 lean;

Such o'er the level turf, Newmarket! stray,
 And there, with other *black-legs* find their
 prey:

He saw some scatter'd hovels; turf was
 piled

In square brown stacks; a prospect bleak
 and wild!

A mill, indeed, was in the centre found,
 With short sear herbage withering all
 around;

A smith's black shed opposed a wright's
long shop,
And join'd an inn where humble travellers
stop.

"Ay, this is Nature," said the gentle
'Squire;

"This ease, peace, pleasure—who would not
admire?

"With what delight these sturdy children
play,

"And joyful rustics at the close of day;

"Sport follows labour, on this even space

"Will soon commence the wrestling and the
race;

"Then will the village-maidens leave their
home,

"And to the dance with buoyant spirits
come;

"No affectation in their looks is seen,

"Nor know they what disguise or flattery
mean;

"Nor aught to move an envious pang they
see,

"Easy their service and their love is free;

"Hence early springs that love, it long en-
dures,

"And life's first comfort, while they live,
ensures:

"They the low roof and rustic comforts
prize,

"Nor cast on prouder mansions envying
eyes:

"Sometimes the news at yonder town they
hear,

"And learn what busier mortals feel and
fear;

"Secure themselves, although by tales
amazed,

"Of towns bombarded and of cities razed;

"As if they doubted, in their still retreat,

"The very news that makes their quiet
sweet,

"And their days happy,—happier only
knows

"He on whom Laura her regard bestows."

On rode Orlando, counting all the while
The miles he pass'd, and every coming
mile,

Like all attracted things, he quicker flies,

The place approaching where th' attraction
lies;

When next appear'd a dam—so call the
place—

Where lies a road confined in narrow space;
A work of labour, for on either side

Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,

With dikes on either hand by ocean's self
supplied:

Far on the right the distant sea is seen,

And salt the springs that feed the marsh
between;

Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd
flood,

Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy
mud;

Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to th' opposing side;

The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flow'rets to the stream

below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress

slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to

bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are
spread

Partake the nature of their fenny bed;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,

Grows the salt lavender that lacks per-
fume.

Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil
harsh,

And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;

Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;

No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,

Birds, save a wat'ry tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter

waters run.¹

"Various as beauteous, Nature, is thy
face,"

Exclaim'd Orlando: "all that grows has grace;
"All are appropriate—bog, and marsh, and

fen,
"Are only poor to undiscerning men;

"Here may the nice and curious eye ex-
plore

"How Nature's hand adorns the rushy moor;
"Here the rare moss in secret shade is

found,
"Here the sweet myrtle of the shaking

ground;
"Beauties are these that from the view

retire,
"But well repay th' attention they require;

"For these, my Laura will her home forsake,
"And all the pleasures they afford partake."

Again, the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;

Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,

And there a Gipsy-tribe their tent had
rear'd;

'Twas open spread, to catch the morning
sun,

And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy

seat,
The early Trav'ler with their prayers to

greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,

He saw their sister on her duty stand;

¹ This picture of a fen is what few other artists would have thought of attempting, and no other than Mr. Crabbe could possibly have executed.—Jeffrey.

Some twelve years old, demure, affected,
 sly,
 Prepared the force of early powers to try;
 Sudden a look of languor he descries,
 And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes;
 Tram'd but yet savage, in her speaking
 face
 He mark'd the features of her vagrant race;
 When a light laugh and roguish leer ex-
 press'd
 The vice unplanted in her youthful breast:
 Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
 Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame
 The young designer, but could only trace
 The looks of pity in the Trav'lers face;
 Within, the Father, who from fences nigh
 Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
 Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood de-
 jected by:
 On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
 And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
 In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
 Reclined the Wife, an infant at her breast;
 In her wild face some touch of grace re-
 main'd,
 Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd;
 Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding
 mate
 Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her
 wants to state,
 Cursing his tardy aid—her Mother there
 With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair;
 Solemn and dull her look; with such she
 stands,
 And reads the milk-maid's fortunes in her
 hands,
 Tracing the lines of life; assumed through
 years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood
 wears:
 With hard and savage eye she views the
 food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding
 brood;
 Last in the group, the worn-out Grandsire
 sits
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits,
 Useless, despised, his worthless labours
 done,
 And half protected by the vicious Son,
 Who half supports him; he with heavy
 glance
 Views the young ruffians who around him
 dance;
 And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years:
 Through what strange course of misery,
 vice, deceit,
 Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat!
 What shame and grief, what punishment
 and pain,
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child
 sustain—

Ere they like him approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!
 But this Orlando felt not; "Rogues," said
 he,
 "Doubtless they are, but merry rogues they
 be;
 "They wander round the land, and be it
 true,
 "They break the laws—then let the laws
 pursue
 "The wanton idlers; for the life they live,
 "Acquit I cannot, but I can forgive."
 This said, a portion from his purse was
 thrown,
 And every heart seem'd happy like his own.

He hurried forth, for now the town was
 nigh—
 "The happiest man of mortal men am I."
 Thou art! but change in every state is near,
 (So while the wretched hope, the blest may
 fear):
 Say, where is Laura?—"That her word must
 show;"
 A lass replied; "read this, and thou shalt
 know!"—
 "What, gone!"—her friend insisted—forced
 to go:—
 "Is vex'd, was teased, could not refuse
 her!—No?"
 "But you can follow;" "Yes:" "The miles
 are few,
 "The way is pleasant; will you come?—
 Adieu!
 "Thy Laura!" No! I feel I must resign
 "The pleasing hope, thou hadst been here,
 if mine:
 "A lady was it?—Was no brother there?—
 "But why should I afflict me, if there were?"
 "The way is pleasant:" "What to me the
 way?
 "I cannot reach her till the close of day.
 "My dumb companion! is it thus we speed?
 "Not I from grief nor thou from toil art
 freed;
 "Still art thou doom'd to travel and to
 pine,
 "For my vexation—What a fate is mine!
 "Gone to a friend, she tells me;—I com-
 mend
 "Her purpose: means she to a female
 friend?
 "By Heaven, I wish she suffer'd half the
 pain
 "Of hope protracted through the day in
 vain:
 "Shall I persist to see th' ungrateful maid?
 "Yes, I will see her, slight her, and up-
 braid:
 "What! in the very hour? She knew the
 time,
 "And doubtless chose it to increase her
 crime."

Forth rode Orlando by a river's side,
Inland and winding, smooth, and full and
wide;
That roll'd majestic on, in one soft-flowing
tide;
The bottom gravel, flow'ry were the banks,
Tall willows, waving in their broken
ranks;
The road, now near, now distant, winding
led
By lovely meadows which the waters fed;
He pass'd the way-side inn, the village
spire,
Nor stopp'd to gaze, to question, or admire;
On either side the rural mansions stood,
With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crown'd
with wood,
And many a devious stream, that reach'd
the nobler flood.

"I hate these scenes," Orlando angry cried,
"And these proud farmers! yes, I hate their
pride:
"See! that sleek fellow, how he strides
along,
"Strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong;
"Can you close crops a single eye detain
"But he who counts the profits of the
grain?
"And these vile beans with deleterious
smell,
"Where is their beauty? can a mortal tell?
"These deep fat meadows I detest; it shocks
"One's feelings there to see the grazing
ox;—
"For slaughter fatted, as a lady's smile
"Rejoices man, and means his death the
while.
"Low! now the sons of labour! every day
"Employ'd in toil, and vex'd in every way;
"Theirs is but mirth assumed, and they
conceal,
"In their affected joys, the ills they feel:
"I hate these long green lanes; there's
nothing seen
"In this vile country but eternal green;
"Woods! waters! meadows! Will they never
end?
"Tis a vile prospect:—Gone to see a
friend!"—

Still on he rode! a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view—the pride of Loddon Hall:
Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing
steer,
The full-fed steed, and herds of bounding
deer:
On a clear stream the vivid sunbeams
play'd,
Through noble elms, and on the surface
made
That moving picture, checker'd light and
shade;

Th' attended children, there indulged to
stray,
Enjoy'd and gave new beauty to the day;
Whose happy parents from their room were
seen
Pleased with the sportive idlers on the
green.

"Well!" said Orlando, "and for one so
bless'd,
"A thousand reasoning wretches are dis-
tress'd;
"Nay, these so seeming glad, are grieving
like the rest:
"Man is a cheat—and all but strive to hide
"Their inward misery by their outward
pride.
"What do you lofty gates and walls con-
tain,
"But fruitless means to soothe unconquer'd
pain?
"The parents read each infant daughter's
smile,
"Formed to seduce, encouraged to beguile;
"They view the boys unconscious of their
fate,
"Sure to be tempted, sure to take the bait;
"These will be Lauras, sad Orlando's these—
"There's guilt and grief in all one hears and
sees."

Our Trav'ler, lab'ring up a hill, look'd
down
Upon a lively, busy, pleasant town;
All he beheld were there alert, alive,
The busiest bees that ever stock'd a hive:
A pair were married, and the bells aloud
Proclaim'd their joy, and joyful seem'd the
crowd;
And now proceeding on his way, he spied,
Bound by strong ties, the bridegroom and
the bride;
Each by some friends attended, near they
drew,
And spleen beheld them with prophetic
view.

"Married! nay, mad!" Orlando cried in
scorn,
"Another wretch on this unlucky morn:
"What are this foolish mirth, these idle
joys?
"Attempts to stifle doubt and fear by
noise:
"To me these robes, expressive of delight,
"Foreshow distress, and only grief excite;
"And for these cheerful friends, will they
behold
"Their wailing brood in sickness, want, and
cold;
"And his proud look, and her soft languid
air,
"Will—but I spare you—go, unhappy pair!"

And now approaching to the Journey's
end,
His anger fails, his thoughts to kindness
tend,
He less offended feels, and rather fears
t' offend:

Now gently rising, hope contends with
doubt,
And casts a sunshine on the views without;
And still reviving joy and lingering gloom
Alternate empire o'er his soul assume;
Till, long perplex'd, he now began to find
The softer thoughts engross the settling
mind:

He saw the mansion, and should quickly
see

His Laura's self—and angry could he be?
No! the resentment melted all away—

"For this my grief a single smile will pay,"
Our trav'ller cried;—"And why should it
offend,

"That one so good should have a pressing
friend,

"Grieve not, my heart! to find a favorite
guest

"Thy pride and boast—ye selfish sorrows,
rest;

"She will be kind, and I again be best."

While gentler passions thus his bosom
sway'd,

He reach'd the mansion, and he saw the
maid;

"My Laura!"—"My Orlando!—this is kind;

"In truth I came persuaded, not inclined:

"Our friends' amusement let us now pursue,

"And I to-morrow will return with you."

Like man entranced, the happy Lover
stood—

"As Laura wills, for she is kind and good;

"Ever the truest, gentlest, fairest, best—

"As Laura wills, I see her and am blest."

Home went the Lovers through that busy
place,

By Loddon Hall, the country's pride and
grace;

By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,
Through the green vale that form'd the
river's bed;

And by unnumber'd cottages and farms,
That have for musing minds unnumber'd
charms;

And how affected by the view of these
Was then Orlando—did they pain or
please?

Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield—
and why?

The mind was fill'd, was happy, and the eye
Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but ap-
pear'd to die.

Alone Orlando on the morrow paced
The well-known road; the gipsy-tent he
traced;
The dam high raised, the reedy dykes be-
tween,
The scatter'd hovels on the barren green,
The burning sand, the fields of thin-set rye,
Mock'd by the useless Flora, blooming by;
And last the heath with all its various
bloom,
And the close lanes that led the trav'ller
home.

Then could these scenes the former joys
renew?

Or was there now dejection in the view?—
Nor one or other would they yield—and
why?

The mind was absent, and the vacant eye
Wander'd o'er viewless scenes, that but ap-
pear'd to die.

YE GENTLE GALES.

WOODERIDGE, 1776.

YE gentle Gales, that softly move,
Go whisper to the Fair I love;
Tell her I languish and adore,
And pity in return implore.

But if she's cold to my request,
Ye louder Winds, proclaim the rest—
My sighs, my tears, my griefs proclaim,
And speak in strongest notes my flame.

Still if she rests in mute disdain,
And thinks I feel a common pain—
Wing'd with my woes, ye Tempests, fly,
And tell the haughty Fair I die.

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

MIRA.

ALDBOROUGH, 1777.

A WANTON chaos in my breast raged high,
A wanton transport darted in mine eye;
False pleasure urged, and ev'ry eager
care,

That swell the soul to guilt and to despair.
My Mira came! be ever blest the hour,
That drew my thoughts half way from folly's
power,

She first my soul with loftier notions
fired;

I saw their truth, and as I saw admired;
With greater force returning reason moved,
And as returning reason urged, I loved;
Till pain, reflection, hope, and love allied
My bliss precarious to a surer guide—

When, from the confines of the grave,
The body too shall rise;
No more precarious passion's slave,
Nor error's sacrifice.

'Tis but a sleep—and Sion's king
Will call the many dead;
'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing,
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes!—wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear,
And Nature has her types to show
Throughout the varying year.

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

ALDBOROUGH, Dec. 24, 1778.

THROUGH a dull tract of woe, of dread,
The toiling year has pass'd and fled:
And, lo! in sad and pensive strain,
I sing my birth-day date again.

Trembling and poor, I saw the light,
New waking from unconscious night:
Trembling and poor I still remain,
To meet unconscious night again.

Time in my pathway strews few flowers,
To cheer or cheat the weary hours;
And those few strangers, dear indeed,
Are choked, are cheek'd, by many a weed.

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

LIFE.

ALDBOROUGH, 1779.

THINK ye the joys that fill our early day,
Are the poor prelude to some full repast?
Think you they *promise*?—ah! believe they
pay;

The purest ever, they are oft the last.
The jovial swain that yokes the morning
team,

And all the verdure of the field enjoys,
See him, how languid! when the noontide
beam

Plays on his brow, and all his force de-
stroys.

So 'tis with us, when, love and pleasure
fled,

We at the summit of our hill arrive:
Lo! the gay lights of Youth are past—are
dead,

But what still deepening clouds of Care
survive!

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

THE SACRAMENT.

ALDBOROUGH, 1779.

O! SACRED gift of God to Man,
A faith that looks above
And sees the deep amazing plan
Of sanctifying love.

Thou dear and yet tremendous God,
Whose glory pride reviles;
How didst thou change thy awful rod
To pard'ning grace and smiles!

Shut up with sin, with shame, below,
I trust, this bondage past,
A great, a glorious change to know,
And to be bless'd at last.

I *do* believe, that, God of light!
Thou didst to earth descend,
With Satan and with Sin to fight—
Our great, our only friend.

I *know* thou didst ordain for me,
Thy creature, bread and wine;
The depth of grace I cannot see,
But worship the design.

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

NIGHT.

ALDBOROUGH, 1779.

THE sober stillness of the night
That fills the silent air,
And all that breathes along the shore
Invite to solemn prayer.

Vouchsafe to me that spirit, Lord!
Which points the sacred way,
And let the creatures here below
Instruct me how to pray.

EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

LINES IN LAURA'S ALBUM.

*These lines were written at the desire of a
young lady, who requested some verses on
a cameo in her possession.*

SEE with what ease the child-like god
Assumes his reins, and shakes his rod;
How gaily, like a smiling boy,
He seems his triumph to enjoy,
And looks as innocently mild
As if he were indeed a child!
But in that meekness who shall tell,
What vengeance sleeps, what terrors dwell?

By him are tamed the fierce;—the bold
And haughty are by him controll'd;
The hero of th' ensanguined field
Finds there is neither sword nor shield

Availing here. Amid his books
The student thinks how Laura looks;
The miser's self, with heart of lead,
With all the nobler feelings fled,
Has thrown his darling treasures by,
And sigh'd for something worth a sigh.

Love over gentle natures reigns
A gentle master; yet his pains
Are felt by them, are felt by all,
The bitter sweet, the honied gall,
Soft pleasing tears, heart-soothing sighs,
Sweet pain and joys that agonise.
Against a power like this, what arts,
What virtues, can secure our hearts?
In vain are both—The good, the wise,
Have tender thoughts and wandering eyes:
And then, to banish Virtue's fear,
Like Virtue's self will Love appear;
Bid every anxious feeling cease,
And all be confidence and peace.

He such insidious method takes,
He seems to heal the wound he makes,
Till, master of the human breast,
He shows himself the foe of rest,
Pours in his doubts, his dread, his pains,
And now a very tyrant reigns.

If, then, his power we cannot shun,
And must endure—what can be done?
To whom, thus bound, can we apply?
To Prudence, as our best ally:
For she, like Pallas, for the fight
Can arm our eye with clearer sight;
Can teach the happy art that gains
A captive who will grace our chains;
And, as we must the dart endure,
To bear the wound we cannot cure.

STORM AND CALM.

FROM THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS OF
RUTLAND.

At sea when threatening tempests rise,
When angry winds the waves deform,
The seaman lifts to Heaven his eyes,
And deprecates the dreaded storm.
"Ye furious powers, no more contend;
"Ye winds and seas, your conflict end;
"And on the mild subsiding deep,
"Let Fear repose and Terror sleep!"

At length the waves are hush'd in peace,
O'er flying clouds the sun prevails;
The weary winds their efforts cease,
And fill no more the flagging sails;
Fix'd to the deep the vessel rides
Obedient to the changing tides;
No helm she feels, no course she keeps,
But on the liquid marble sleeps.

Sick of a Calm the sailor lies,
And views the still, reflecting seas;
Or, whistling to the burning skies,
He hopes to wake the slumbering breeze:
The silent noon, the solemn night,
The same dull round of thoughts excite,
Till, tired of the revolving train,
He wishes for the Storm again.

Thus, when I felt the force of Love,
When all the passion fill'd my breast,—
When, trembling, with the storm I strove,
And pray'd, but vainly pray'd, for rest;
'Twas tempest all, a dreadful strife
For ease, for joy, for more than life:
'Twas every hour to groan and sigh
In grief, in fear, in jealousy.

I suffer'd much, but found at length
Composure in my wounded heart;
The mind attain'd its former strength,
And bade the lingering hopes depart;
Then Beauty smiled, and I was gay,
I view'd her as the cheerful day;
And if she frown'd, the clouded sky
Had greater terrors for mine eye.

I slept, I waked, and, morn and eve,
The noon, the night appear'd the same;
No thought arose the soul to grieve,
To me no thought of pleasure came;
Doom'd the dull comforts to receive
Of wearied passions still and tame.—
"Alas!" I cried, when years had flown—
"Must no awakening joy be known?
"Must never Hope's inspiring breeze
"Sweep off this dull and torpid ease—
"Must never Love's all-cheering ray
"Upon the frozen fancy play—
"Unless they seize the passive soul,
"And with resistless power control?
"Then let me all their force sustain,
"And bring me back the Storm again."

INFANCY.

A FRAGMENT.

Who on the new-born light can back re-
turn,
And the first-efforts of the soul discern—
Waked by some sweet maternal smile, no
more
To sleep so long or fondly as before?
No! Memory cannot reach, with all her
power,
To that new birth, that life-awakening hour.
No! all the traces of her first employ
Are keen perceptions of the senses' joy,
And their distaste—what then could they
impart?—
That figs were luscious, and that rods had
smart.

But, though the Memory in that dubious
way
Recalls the dawn and twilight of her day,
And thus encounters, in the doubtful view
With imperfection and distortion too;
Can she not tell us, as she looks around,
Of good and evil, which the most abound?

Alas! and what is earthly good? 'tis lent
Evil to hide, to soften, to prevent,
By scenes and shows that cheat the wan-
dering eye,
While the more pompous misery passes by;
Shifts and amusements that awhile succeed,
And heads are turn'd, that bosoms may not
bleed:

For what is Pleasure, that we toil to gain?
'Tis but the slow or rapid flight of Pain.
Set Pleasure by, and there would yet re-
main,
For every nerve and sense the sting of
Pain:

Set Pain aside, and fear no more the sting,
And whence your hopes and pleasures can
ye bring?

No! there is not a joy beneath the skies,
That from no grief nor trouble shall arise.

Yes! looking back as early as I can,
I see the griefs that seize their subject Man,
That in the weeping Child their early reign
began:

Yes! though Pain softens, and is absent
since,

He still controls me like my lawful prince.
Joys I remember, like phosphoric light,
Or squibs and crackers on a gala night.
Joys are like oil; if thrown upon the tide
Of flowing life, they mix not, nor subside:
Griefs are like waters on the river thrown,
They mix entirely, and become its own,
Of all the good that grew of early date,
I can but parts and incidents relate:

A quest arriving, or a borrow'd day
From school, or schoolboy triumph at some
play:

And these from Pain may be deduced; for
these
Removed some ill, and hence their power
to please.

But it was Misery stung me in the day
Death of an infant sister made a prey;
For then first met and moved my early
fears,

A father's terrors, and a mother's tears.
Though greater anguish I have since en-
dured,—

Some heal'd in part, some never to be cured;
Yet was there something in that first-born
ill,

So new, so strange, that memory feels it
still!

That my first grief: but, oh! in after-years
Were other deaths, that call'd for other
tears.

No! that I cannot, that I dare not, paint—
That patient sufferer, that enduring saint,
Holy and lovely—but all words are faint.
But here I dwell not—let me, while I can,
Go to the Child, and lose the suffering Man.

Sweet was the morning's breath, the inland
tide,

And our boat gliding, where alone could
glide
Small craft—and they oft touch'd on either
side.

It was my first-born joy. I heard them say,
"Let the child go; he will enjoy the day."
For children ever feel delighted when
They take their portion, and enjoy with men.
Give him the pastime that the old partake,
And he will quickly top and taw forsake.

The linnet chirp'd upon the furze as well,
To my young sense, as sings the nightin-
gale.

Without was paradise—because within
Was a keen relish, without taint of sin.

A town appear'd,—and where an infant
went,

Could they determine, on themselves intent?
I lost my way, and my companions me,
And all, their comforts and tranquility.
Mid-day it was, and, as the sun declined,
The good, found early, I no more could
find:

The men drank much, to whet the appetite;
And, growing heavy, drank to make them
light;
Then drank to relish joy, then further to
excite.
Their cheerfulness did but a moment last;
Something fell short, or something over-
past.

The lads play'd idly with the helm and oar,
And nervous women would be set on shore,
Till "civil dudgeon" grew, and peace would
smile no more.

Now on the colder water faintly shone
The sloping light—the cheerful day was
gone;

Frown'd every cloud, and from the gather'd
frown

The thunder burst, and rain came pattering
down.

My torpid senses now my fears obey'd,
When the fierce lightning on the eye-balls
play'd.

Now, all the freshness of the morning fled,
My spirits burden'd, and my heart was dead;
The female servants show'd a child their
fear,

And men, full wearied, wanted strength to cheer;
 And when, at length, the dreaded storm
 went past,
 And there was peace and quietness at last,
 'Twas not the morning's quiet—it was not
 Pleasure revived, but Misery forgot:
 It was not Joy that now commenced her
 reign,
 But mere relief from wretchedness and Pain.

So many a day, in life's advance, I knew;
 So they commenced, and so they ended too.
 All Promise they—all Joy as they began!
 But Joy grew less, and vanish'd as they
 ran!

Errors and evils came in many a form,—
 The mind's delusion, and the passions' storm.

The promised joy, that like this morning
 rose,
 Broke on my view, then clouded at its
 close;

E'en Love himself, that promiser of bliss,
 Made his best days of pleasure end like this:
 He mix'd his bitters in the cup of joy
 Nor gave a bliss uninjured by alloy.

ON A DRAWING OF THE ELM TREE, UNDER WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON STOOD SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Is THERE one heart that beats on English
 ground
 One grateful spirit in the kingdoms round:
 One who had traced the progress of the foe,
 And does not hail the field of Waterloo?
 Who o'er that field, if but in thought, has
 gone,
 Without a grateful wish for Wellington?

Within that field of glory rose a Tree
 (Which a fair hand has given us here to
 see),
 A noble tree, that, pierced by many a ball,
 Fell not—decreed in time of peace to fall:
 Nor shall it die unsung; for there shall be
 In many a noble verse the praise of thee,
 With that heroic chief—renown'd and glo-
 rious tree!—

Men shall divide thee, and thy smallest part
 Shall be to warm and stir the English heart;
 Form'd into shapes as fancy may design,
 In all, fair fame and honour shall be thine,
 The noblest ladies in the land with joy
 Shall own thy value in the slightest toy;
 Preserved through life, it shall a treasure
 prove,
 And left to friends, a legacy of love.

And thou, fair semblance of that tree sub-
 lime,
 Shalt a memorial be to distant time;
 Shalt wake a grateful sense in every heart,
 And noble thoughts to opening minds im-
 part;
 Who shall hereafter learn what deeds were
 done,
 What nations freed by Heaven and Wel-
 lington.

Heroic tree we surely this may call—
 Wounded it fell, and numbers mourn'd its
 fall;
 It fell for many here, but there it stood for
 all.

ON RECEIVING FROM A LADY A PRESENT OF A RING.

A RING to me Cecilia sends—
 And what to show?—that we are friends;
 That she with favour reads my lays,
 And sends a token of her praise;
 Such as the nun, with heart of snow,
 Might on her confessor bestow;
 Or which some favorite nymph would pay,
 Upon her grandsire's natal day,
 And to his trembling hand impart
 The offering of a feeling heart.

And what shall I return the fair
 And flattering nymph?—A verse?—a
 prayer?
 For were a Ring my present too,
 I see the smile that must ensue;—
 The smile that pleases though it stings,
 And says—“No more of giving rings:
 Remember, thirty years are gone,
 Old friend! since you presented one!”

Well! one there is, or one shall be,
 To give a ring instead of me;
 And with it sacred vows for life
 To love the fair—the angel—wife;
 In that one act may every grace,
 And every blessing have their place—
 And give to future hours the bliss,
 The charm of life, derived from this;
 And when even love no more supplies—
 When weary nature sinks to rest;—
 May brighter, steadier light arise,
 And make the parting moment blest!

STORY OF A BETROTHED PAIR IN HUMBLE LIFE.

YES, there are real mourners; I have seen
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene

(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight, pale Envy to convulse,
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wint'ry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.
"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKIN, ESQ.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected
friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;
What Aikin in a cottage would have
been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween!
November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher
thro',
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an'
glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's
smile,

The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an'
his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
fleet;

Each tells the unco's that he sees or
hears.

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new;—

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's com-
mand,

The youngers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or
play:

"An', O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn, and night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel an' assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the
Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the
 same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her
 hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her
 cheek;

Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
 name,

While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strapping youth; he takes the mother's
 eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
 joy,

But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel be-
 have;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can
 spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
 grave;

Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected
 like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond com-
 pare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this de-
 clare—

“If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender
 tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 the ev'ning gale!”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
 truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betrays sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
 smooth!

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth

Points to the parents, fondling o'er their
 child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis-
 traction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple
 board,

The healsome parritch, chief of Scotia's
 food;

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
 cood:

The dame brings forth, in complimental
 mood,

To grace the lad her weel-hain'd kebbuck,
 fell,

An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he a's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i'
 the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And “Let us worship GOD!” he says, with
 solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
 guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim:

Perhaps “Dundee's” wild-warbling measures
 rise,

Or plaintive “Martyrs,” worthy of the
 name;

Or noble “Elgin” beets the heav'n-ward
 flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
 Compar'd with these, Italian thrills are tame;

The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
 raise,

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
 praise!

The priest-like father reads the sacred
 page,

How Abram was the friend of God on
 high;

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny:

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
 ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
 lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was
 shed;

How He, who bore in Heav'n the second
 name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounc'd by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETER-
NAL KING!

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays;
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant
wing,

That thus they all shall meet in future
days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will de-
sert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
the soul;

And in His book of life the inmates poor
enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm re-
quest,

That He, who stills the rav'n's clam'rous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones pro-
vide:

But chiefly, in their hearts with grace di-
vine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's gran-
deur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,

"An honest man 's the noblest work of
GOD;"

And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far be-
hind.

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness re-
fin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven
is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives pre-
vent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunt-
ed heart:

Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

JANUARY, 1784.

WHILE winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,

I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug,

I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:

I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;

But hanker and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,

To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,

While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;

But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,

We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:
 "Mair spiar na, nor fear na,"
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile:
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal'?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune:
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank:
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest:
 It's no in makin' muckle mair;
 It's no in books; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang:
 The heart ay's the part ay's
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless, and fearless

Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming and deeming,
 Its a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel';
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.

Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less would wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest,)
 This life has joys for you, and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part;
 And I my darling Jean!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

O, all ye pow'rs who rule above!
 O Thou, whose very self art love!
 Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow!
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man?"

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride:
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return,
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want—oh! ill-match'd pair!—
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
But Nature's law design'd,—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?"

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin' an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve,
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
'Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art not thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim, backward, as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro'
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end 's deny'd,

Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same;
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream;
While praising, and raising,
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he needs not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam

Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
 And teach the sportive youngers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not—Art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Wast thou thy cottager or king?
 Peer or peasant?—no such thing!
 Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
 To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
 Say, "To be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid Self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base."

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break.
 'Till future life—future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before!

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
 Quoth the beadsman of Nith-side.

STANZAS TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
 IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
 shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod, or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the 'share' uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
 MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords, that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

Of all the numerous ills that hur our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with
anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
This sting is added—"Blamethy foolish
self,"
Or, worser far, the pangs of kee remorse—
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of
guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we e involved
others,
The young, the innocent, who ndly lov'd
us,
Nay, more—that very love the cause of
ruin!
Oh, burning hell! in all thy stre of tor-
ments,
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who while his
heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to
peace?
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHART,

AFTER HIS MARRIAGE WRITTEN ON THE LANK
LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEM
PRESENTED TO THE LADY.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still reme'er'd
dear;
Sweet early object of my youthful ws!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm sin-
cere,—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now aw.
And when you read the simple, aess
rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he ash
more,—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid clis,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic ro

VERSES TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRAY.

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal
lives
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers
join'd,
Accept the gift;—tho' humble he who
gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.
So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!
Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain en-
dears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

TO A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When ling'ring lips no more must join;
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and
attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear re-
mains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's
side."

ON ROBERT AIKIN, ESQ.

KNOW thou, o stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent;
And, if it please thee, Heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or deny'd,
Lord, bless us with content!—Amen!

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fell;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee:
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wastel o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joylid more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise:
For if you o but taste his blood,
'Twill mke your courage rise;

'Twill mak a man forget his woe;
'Twill hghten all his joy:
'Twill mak the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' thtear were in her eye.

Then let's toast John Barleycorn,
Each run a glass in hand;
And mayis great posterity
Ne'er il in old Scotland.

ELIZA.

Frothee, Eliza, I must go,
Al from my native shore;
Theruel Fates between us throw
Boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Twween my love and me,
Th never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
Aoding voice is in mine ear,
Ve part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

MARY.

ANGELS celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,

While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care;
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels! O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home!

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How PLEASANT the banks of the clear wind-
 ing Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers
 blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the
 Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of
 the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing
 flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the
 dew!
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal show-
 er,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to
 renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the
 dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that
 seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and
 lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her
 proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green val-
 leys,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering
 flows.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here;
 My heart 's in the Highlands a chasing the
 deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the
 roe—
 My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
 North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of
 worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd
 with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys
 below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
 woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
 floods.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here,
 My heart 's in the Highlands a chasing the
 deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the
 roe—
 My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent:
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling
 bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!
 Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine!
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween:

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing
storms.

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?

Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
arms:

I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging
rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul of-
fence!"

Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dis-
pense,

Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
Again in folly's path might go astray;

Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heav'nly mercy
pray,

Who act so counter Heav'nly mercy's
plan?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to
temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!

If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make a tempest cease to
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n
me,

Those headlong furious passions to con-
fine,

For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,

To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;

O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence
Divine!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees,
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he, whose blossom buds in guilt,
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? That God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!

Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,"
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born at Honington, in Suffolk, in 1766, and was the son of a tailor, but lost his father very early. His mother kept a village school, and taught him to read, and this was his only education. At the age of eleven, he was employed in husbandry labour; but, his health being delicate, he was afterwards apprenticed to the trade of shoemaking. His leisure hours were spent in reading and the composition of verses. His poem of the "Farmer's Boy" was published through the benevolent exertions of Capel Loft. He wrote several other poems among which are "Wild flowers," and the "Banks of the Wye." His latter days were clouded with ill health and misfortune, and he died in 1823, almost on the verge of insanity.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

O COME, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round
my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling
joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,
No *Alpine* wonders thunder through my
verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd
mine eyes,
Nor Science led me through the boundless
skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom
glow!
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy
dwells,
But mould to Truth's fair form what Me-
mory tells.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

REAPING.

HERE, midst the boldest triumphs, of her
worth,
Nature herself invites the *Reapers* forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's
rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumpy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all be-
stows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now
rips along:
Each sturdy Mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and
sweet.
Come, HEALTH! come *Jollity*! light-footed,
come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your
home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its
own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear
a frown:
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants
stray'd;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the FIELD, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the FARMER quits his elbow-
chair,
His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his
ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly
sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to
rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous
grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws
down;
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut
eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse
knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

TWILIGHT.

STILL Twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet
art thou!

Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's
thick brow:

The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the
sight

Flash from its bulging sides, where dark-
ness lours,

In Fancy's eye, a chair of mould'ring tow'rs;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'ins dire, and darts of streaming
blue.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

A THUNDER-STORM.

ANON tir'd labourers bless their shelt'ring
home,

When MIDNIGHT, and the frightful TEMPEST
come.

The Farmer wakes, and sees, with silent
dread,

The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round
his bed;

The bursting cloud re-iterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted
doors:

The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled
skies

Spreads its dark course; the wind begins to
rise;

And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade
by day,

With mimic thunder give its fury way:
Sounds in his chimney-top a doleful peal,
Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling
hail;

With tenfold danger low the tempest
bends,

And quick and strong the sulph'rous flame
descends:

The frighten'd mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door, with piteous
cries—

Where now's the trifler? where the child
of pride?

These are the moments when the heart is
try'd!

Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so
clear,

But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,

When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to
rest.

Still, welcome beats the long-continued
show'r,

And sleep protracted, comes with double
pow'r;

Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning
sun,

For every barn is fill'd, and HARVEST *done*!

THE FARMER'S BOY.

HARVEST-HOME.

Now, ere sweet SUMMER bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom

grew,

The bustling day and jovial night must
come,

The long-accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,

Can give the philosophic mind delight;

No triumph please, while rage and death
destroy:

Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.

And where the joy, if rightly understood,

Like cheerful praise for universal good?

The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish
knows,

But free and pure the grateful current flows.

Behold the sound oak table's massy
frame

Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful
dame

And gen'rous host invite their friends
around;

While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the
ground,

Are guests by right of custom:—old and
young;

And many a neighbouring yeoman join the
throng,

With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams

play'd.

Yet plenty reigns, and from her bound-
less hoard,

Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can

crave;

With all that made our great forefathers
brave,

Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours
try'd,

And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic

lore

The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,

As quick the frothing horn performs its
round;

Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys im-
parts

To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce

lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter
rise;

And crackling Music, with the frequent
Song,
 Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction low'rs its
 crest,
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,
 Are equal all; and round the happy ring
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
 And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his
 place,

With sun-burnt hands, and ale-enliven'd
 face,
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
 To serve at once the master and the friend;
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his
 tale,

His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE MAD GIRL.

THE pride of such a party, Nature's pride,
 Was lovely Poll¹; who innocently try'd,
 With hat of airy shape and ribbons gay,
 Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way;
 But, ere her *twentieth* Summer could ex-

pand,
 Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,
 Her mind's serenity was lost and gone,
 Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone;
 Yet causeless seem'd her grief; for quick
 restrain'd,

Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd:
 Whims wild and simple led her from her
 home,

The heath, the common, or the fields to
 roam:

Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours;
 Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless
 flow'rs;

Now pluck'd a tender twig from every
 bough,

To whip the hov'ring demons from her
 brow.

Ill-fated Maid! thy guiding spark is fled,
 And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—
 Thy bed of straw! for mark, where even
 now

O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow;
 Their woe she knows not, but perversely
 coy,

Inverted customs yield her sullen joy;
 Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
 Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising
 breaks

Through night's dark gloom—oh how much
 more forlorn

Her night, that knows of no returning
 morn!—

¹ Mary Rayner, of Ixworth Thorp.

Slow from the threshold, once her infant
 seat,

O'er the cold earth she crawls to her re-
 treat;

Quitting the cot's warm walls, unhous'd to
 lie,

Or share the swine's impure and narrow
 sty;

The damp night air her shiv'ring limbs
 assails:

In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs
 bewails.

When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd
 than she,

When pendent drops fall glitt'ring from the
 tree;

But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,
 Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming
 tears.

Her matted locks unornamented flow;
 Claspings her knees, and waving to and
 fro;—

Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to
 hide;—

A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
 Some tufted molehill through the livelong
 day

She calls her throne; there weeps her life
 away:

And oft the gaily passing stranger stays
 His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,
 Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
 And pangs quick springing muster round
 his heart;

And soft he treads with other gazers round,
 And fain would catch her sorrow's plain-
 tive sound:

One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
 One short, pathetic, simple word,—“*Oh,*
dear!”

A thousand times repeated to the wind,
 That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang be-
 hind!

For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
 She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing
 nigh;

Nor quite unconscious of her wretched
 plight,

Gives one sad look, and hurries out of
 sight.—

Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial
 bliss,

Health's gallant hopes,—and are ye sunk to
 this?

For in life's road though thorns abundant
 grow,

There still are joys poor Poll can never
 know;

Joys which the gay companions of her
 prime

Sip, as they drift along the stream of time;
 At eve to hear beside their tranquil home

The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come:

That love matur'd, next playful on the knee
To press the velvet lip of infancy;
To stay the tottering step, the features
trace;—

Inestimable sweets of social peace!

O THOU, who bidst the vernal juices rise!
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage
flies!

Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart
grow cold,

Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

WELCOME, *Cold*; welcome, ye *snowy* nights!
Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure
delights,

And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain:
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,

But bless THE POWER that rules the *changing*
year;

Assur'd,—tho' horrors round his cottage
reign,—

That *Spring* will come, and Nature smile
again.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

CONCLUSION.

ETERNAL Power! from whom those blessings
flow,

Teach me still more to wonder, more to
know:

Seed-time and *Harvest* let me see again;
Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen*
plain:

Let the first Flower, corn-waving Field,
Plain, Tree,

Here round my home, still lift my soul to
THEE;

And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise!

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!

Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,

Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,

On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:

Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain:

While thus I spin, and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:

Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,

And jog along thy destin'd way;
But when I glean the sultry fields,

When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,

Thou 'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:

Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day

Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flower:—

Companion of the lonely hour,
I 'll turn thee up again.

ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING, o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,

Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:

A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam:

The stranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away:
With me her glowing image stay'd:

I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.

I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme

grew;
Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,

Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

With others match'd in spirit and in size,
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their
 eyes.
 That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:
 And, hark, that laugh is his, that jovial
 cry;—
 He hears the ball, and trundling hoop brush
 by,
 And runs the giddy course with all his
 might,
 A very child in every thing but sight;
 With circumscribed, but not abated powers,
 Play, the great object of his infant hours.
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,
 And shows the native gladness of his heart.
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
 The new suggestion and the quick assent;
 The grove invites, delight fills every
 breast—
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
 Away they start; leave balls and hoops be-
 hind,
 And one companion leave—the boy is
 blind!
 His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
 That childish fortitude awhile gives way:
 He feels his dreadful loss;—yet short the
 pain,
 Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,
 Pondering how best his moments to employ,
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an
 hour,
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow
 flower;
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his
 knees,
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
 Along the homeward path then feels his
 way,
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

THE lawns were dry in Euston-park;
 (Here truth inspires my tale)—
 The lonely foot path, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame
 And fearful haste she made,
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But followed faster still;
 And echoed to the darksome copse
 That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely
 hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopled shade;
 And many a wing the foliage brushed,
 And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
 That sought the shades by day,
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped!—nought could she
 see
 Upon the gloomy plain!
 But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
 For, where the path was bare,
 The trotting ghost kept on the same;
 She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
 She tried what sight could do;
 When through the cheating glooms of
 night
 A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It followed down the plain;
 She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
 And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,
 The white park-gate in view;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
 Her heart-strings like to crack;
 For much she feared the grisly ghost
 Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
 As it had done before;
 Her strength and resolution spent,
 She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised;
 Out came her daughter dear:
 Good-natured souls! all unadvised
 Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the
 night,
 Some short space o'er the green;
 And there the little trotting sprite
 Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam,
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became;
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true.

ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

THOUGH Winter's frowns had damp'd the
beaming eye,
Through twelve successive Summers heav'd
the sigh,
The unaccomplish'd wish was still the
same;
Till May in new and sudden glories came!
My heart was rous'd; and Fancy on the
wing,
Thus heard the language of enchanting
Spring:—

"Come to thy native groves and fruitful
fields!
"Thou know'st the fragrance that the
wild-flow'r yields;
"Inhale the breeze that bends the purple
bud,
"And plays along the margin of the wood.
"I 've cloth'd them all; the very woods
where thou

"In Infancy learn'd'st praise from every
bough.

"Wouldst thou behold again the vernal
day?

"My reign is short;—this instant come
away:

"Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn;
"She hails the green, but not the rip'ning
corn.

"Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow
flow'rs:

"Come now; with heart as jocund as the
hours."

Who could resist the call?—that Giles
had done,
Nor heard the birds, nor seen the rising
Sun;
Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,
And Greatness stoop'd, indulgent to dis-
play
Praise which does surely not to Giles be-
long,
But to the objects that inspir'd his song.
Immediate pleasure from those praises
flow'd:

Remoter bliss within his bosom glow'd!
Now tasted all:—for I have heard and
seen

The long-remember'd voice, the church, the
green;

And oft by Friendship's gentle hand been
led

Where many a hospitable board was
spread.

These would I name—but each, and all can
feel

What the full heart would willingly reveal:
Nor needs be told; that at each season's
birth,

Still the enamell'd, or the scorching Earth
Gave, as each morn or weary night would
come,

Ideal sweetness to my distant home:—
Ideal no more;—for, to my view

Spring's promise rose, how admirably true!
The early chorus of the cheerful grove

Gave point to Gratitude, and fire to Love.
O Memory! shield me from the world's

poor strife;

And give those scenes thine everlasting
life!

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, an eminent poet, essayist, and moral philosopher, was born at Bristol, in 1770, where he received his early education. He was afterwards sent to Christ's Hospital, London, and completed his studies at Jesus College, Cambridge, where, in 1792, he obtained the gold medal for the best Greek ode. His perusal of Lisle Bowle's Sonnets and his intimacy with such men as Southey and Wordsworth (which commenced early in life) produced a taste for poetry. He added to his merit as a poet, that of a writer on morals, philosophy, and politics; and as a public lecturer he was almost without a rival: his powers as an argumentative debater were such, that he rivetted the attention of his audience by the charm of his eloquence, and astounded them by the depth of his reasoning. He was zealously religious and very active in the inculcation of sound principles to others. His chief works are, "Sibylline Leaves", a collection of poems; "Biographia Literaria", or biographical sketches of his life and opinions; "Aids to Reflection in the formation of a manly character, etc.," and "The Friend", a series of Essays in three volumes besides a variety of minor poems. He died at Highgate in 1834.

DEDICATION TO THE REVD. GEORGE COLERIDGE

OF

OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at
length,
With cares that move, not agitate the
heart,
To the same dwelling where his Father
dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees, and climb that
lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest
Friend!
Thine and thy Brothers' favorable lot.
At distance did ye climb Life's upland
road,
Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal
love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your
days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!
To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dis-
pens'd
A different fortune and more different
mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to
light,
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had
fix'd
Its first domestic loves; and hence through
life

Chasing chance-started Friendships. A
brief while
Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting
ills;
But, like a Tree with leaves of feeble
stem,
If the clouds lasted, or a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at
once
Dropt the collected shower: and some most
false,
False and fair-foliag'd as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their
shade
E'en amid the storm; then breathing sub-
tlest damps,
Mix'd their own venom with the rain from
heaven
That I woke poison'd! But (the praise be
His
Who gives us all things) more have yielded
me
Permanent shelter: and beside one Friend,
I, as beneath the covert of an Oak,
Have rais'd a lowly shed, and know the
names
Of Husband and of Father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering
voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer
years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!
Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through
life
Still most a stranger, most with naked
heart

At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly
 then,
 When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!
 Thee, who didst watch my boy-hood and my
 youth;
 Didst trace my wanderings with a father's
 eye;
 And boding evil yet still hoping good
 Rebuk'd each fault and wept o'er all my
 woes.
 Who counts the beatings of the lonely
 heart,
 That Being knows, how I have lov'd thee
 ever,
 Lov'd as a Brother, as a Son rever'd thee!
 O 'tis to me an ever new delight,
 To talk of thee and thine; or when the
 blast
 Of the shrill winter, ratt'ling our rude
 sash,
 Endears the cleanly hearth and social
 bowl;
 Or when, as now, on some delicious eve,
 We in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot
 Sit on the tree crook'd earth-ward; whose
 old boughs,
 That hang above us in an arborous roof,
 Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May,
 Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our
 heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those
 hours,
 When with the joy of hope thou gav'st
 thine ear
 To my wild firstling lays. Since then my
 song
 Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
 Or that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind;
 Or the high raptures of prophetic Faith;
 Or such, as tun'd to these tumultuous
 times
 Cope with the tempest's swell!
 These various songs,
 Which I have fram'd in many a various
 mood,
 Accept, my Brother; and (for some per-
 chance
 Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
 If aught of Error or intemperate Truth
 Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper
 Age
 Will calm it down, and let thy Love forgive
 it!

May 26, 1797.

Nether Stowey, Somerset.

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his faery reign began,
 Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;

While Peace the present hour beguil'd,
 And all the lovely Prospect smil'd;
 Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
 I heav'd the painless *Sigh* for thee.

And when, as toss'd on waves of woe,
 My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know
 The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
 And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
 Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea
 I heav'd an anguish'd *Sigh* for thee!

But soon Reflection's power imprest
 A stiller sadness on my breast;
 And sickly *Hope* with waning eye
 Was well content to droop and die:
 I yielded to the stern decree,
 Yet heav'd a languid *Sigh* for thee!

And tho' in distant climes to roam,
 A Wanderer from my native home,
 I fain would sooth the sense of care
 And lull to sleep the joys, that were!
 Thy Image may not banish'd be—
 Still, Mary! still I *sigh* for thee.

ABSENCE.

-A FAREWELL ODE.

WHERE grac'd with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
 I haste to urge the learned toil
 That sternly chide my love-lorn song:
 Ah me! too mindful of the days
 Illum'd by passion's orient rays,
 When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
 Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights! that o'er my soul
 On Mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly!
 Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
 While Innocence stood smiling by!—
 But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan,
 Those hours, on rapid pinions flown,
 Shall yet return, by *Absence* crown'd,
 And scatter livelier roses round.

The Sun, who ne'er remits his fires
 On heedless eyes may pour the day:
 The Moon, that oft from Heav'n retires,
 Endears her renovated ray.
 What tho' she leave the sky unblest
 To mourn awhile in murky vest?
 When she relumes her lovely light,
 We *bless* the Wanderer of the Night.

TO AN INFANT.

Ah, cease thy Tears and Sobs, my little
Life!

I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife:
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish
cry!

Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to
know!

Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire:
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill af-
fright!

Untaught, yet wise! mid all thy brief
alarms

Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy
rest!

Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me
sigh—

A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,
Break Friendship's Mirror, with a tetchy
blow,

Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's
altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to
thee,

Meek Nurse of Souls thro' their long In-
fancy!

EPITAPH

ON AN INFANT.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd
And bade it blossom there.

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native Brook! wild streamlet of the
West!

How many various-fated years have past,
What blissful and what anguish'd hours,
since last

I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy
breast,

Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep
imprest

Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that
mine eyes

I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But strait with all their tints thy waters
rise,

Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy
maze,

And bedded sand that vein'd with various
dies

Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to
the gaze!

Visions of Childhood! oft have ye be-
guil'd

Lone Manhood's cares, yet waking fondest
sighs,

Ah! that once more I were a careless
Child!

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD splendor of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!

I watch thy gliding, while with wat'ry
light

Thy weak eye glimmers thro' a fleecy
veil;

And when thou lovest thy pale orb to
shroud

Behind the gather'd blackness lost on
high;

And when thou dartest from the wind-rent
cloud

Thy placid lightning o'er th' awakened
sky.

Ah such is *Hope*! as changeful and as fair!

Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;

Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:

But soon emerging in her radiant might

She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care

Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A
MELANCHOLY LETTER.

AWAY, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring
sigh,

The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!

Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's
power,

When the blind Gamester throws a luckless
die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam

Behind those broken clouds, his stormy
train:

To-morrow shall the many-color'd main
 In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!
 Wild, as th' autumnal gust, the hand of
 Time
 Flies o'er his mystic lyre! in shadowy
 dance
 Th' alternate groups of Joy and Grief ad-
 vance
 Responsive to his varying strains sublime!
 Bears on its wing each hour a load of
 Fate,
 The Swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild
 murmurs, led
 His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
 To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.
 Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful
 smile
 Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,
 And haply hurl the Pageant from his height
 Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's
 frown
 Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple
 vest;
 And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal
 jest!
 Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

THE FINAL HAPPINESS OF MAN.

BELIEVE thou, O my soul,
 Life is a vision shadowy of Truth!
 And vice, and anguish, and the wormy
 grave,
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling cloud re-
 tire,
 And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
 Wraps in one Light earth, heaven, and
 deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
 With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount
 Ebullient with creative Deity!
 And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd
 Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
 In organizing surge! Holies of God!
 (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?)
 I haply journeying my immortal course
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir!
 Till then

I discipline my young novice thought
 In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
 And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing.
 Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
 Of *Love*, omnific, omnipresent *Love*,
 Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
 As the great Sun, when he his influence

Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad
 stream
 Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No CLOUD, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
 A balmy night! and though the stars be
 dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall
 find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
 "Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
 A melancholy bird? O idle thought,
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 —But some night wand'ring man, whose
 heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with
 himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the
 tale
 Of his own sorrows,) he and such as he
 First named these notes a melancholy
 strain:
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;
 Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his
 limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest dell,
 By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
 Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
 Should share in nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved, like nature!—But 'twill not be
 so;
 And youths and maidens most poetical
 Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the
 spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their
 sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
 My friend, and my friend's sister! we have
 learnt
 A different lore: we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices always full of love
 And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,

With fast thick warble, his delicious notes?
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and dis-burthen his full
soul

Of all its music! and I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling under-
wood,

And the trim walks are broken up, and
grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the
paths.

But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's
songs—

With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than
all—

Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That, should you close your eyes, you might
almost

Forget it was not day.

A most gentle maid
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the
grove)

Glides through the pathways; she knows all
their notes,

That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's
space,

What time the moon was lost behind a
cloud,

Hath heard a pause of silence; till the
moon

Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful
birds

Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had
swept

A hundred airy harps! And she hath
watched

Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On blossom'd twig still swinging from the
breeze,

And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short
farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly.
And now for our dear homes.—That strain
again!

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,

How he would place his hand beside his
ear,

His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows
well

The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's
dream)

I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at
once

Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt
tears

Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam!
Well—

It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall
grow up

Familiar with these songs, that with the
night

He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends,
farewell!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE,
IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and
saw

Woods crowding upon woods, hills over
hills,

A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way

Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves
ever more,

Where bright green moss heaves in se-
pulchral forms

Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom
heard,

The sweet bird's song became a hollow
sound;

And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most dis-
tinct

From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet
stones

The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat

Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved
on

In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still re-
ceive

Their finer influence from the life within:
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love too will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive,
 And, bending o'er with soul transfusing
 eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half sup-
 plies:
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first
 gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtasked at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give
 way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's
 strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience nothing
 loath,
 And both supporting, does the work of
 both.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
 Through city-crowds must push his way,
 To stroll alone through fields and woods,
 And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
 Sincere, affectionate and gay,
 One's own dear children feasting round
 To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
 Who having long been doomed to roam,
 Throws off the bundle from his back,
 Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
 This feel I hourly more and more:
 There's healing only in thy wings,
 Thou breeze that play'st on Albion's shore!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY
NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
 And were a little feathery bird,
 To you I'd fly, my dear!
 But thoughts like these are idle things,
 And I stay here!

But in my sleep to you I fly:
 I'm always with you in my sleep!
 The world is all one's own.

But then one wakes, and where am I?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
 So I love to wake ere break of day:
 For though my sleep be gone,
 Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
 And still dreams on.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN
THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT
TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad,
 when first
 I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
 For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
 All I had been, and all my child might be!
 But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
 And hanging at her bosom (she the while
 Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
 Then I was thrilled and melted, and most
 warm
 Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
 Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
 I seemed to see an angel form appear—
 'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
 So for the mother's sake the child was
 dear;
 And dearer was the mother for the child.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
 Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long
 unharm'd
 May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
 The small round basin, which this jutting
 stone
 Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may
 the Spring,
 Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
 Send up cold waters to the traveller
 With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
 Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
 Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
 As merry and no taller, dances still,
 Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the
 Fount.

Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade;
 Thou mayst toil far and find no second tree.
 Drink, Pilgrim, here: Here rest! and if thy
 heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as be-
fore.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and

wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and
wood,

With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.

Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling
Spirit

By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft
How oft, at school, with most believing
mind,

Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as
oft

With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-
tower,

Whose bells, the poor man's only music,
rang

From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-
day,

So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted
me

With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to
come!

So gazed I, till the soothing things I
dreamt

Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my
dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine
eye

Fixed with mock study on my swimming
book:

Save if the door half opened, and I
snatched

A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped
up,

For still I hoped to see the stranger's
face,

Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,

My play-mate when we both were clothed
alike.

Dear Babe that sleepest cradled by my
side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this
deep calm,

Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!

My Babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,

And think that thou shalt learn far other
lore

And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,

And saw nought lovely but the sky and
stars.

But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a
breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the
crag

Of ancient mountain, and beneath the
clouds,

Which image in their bulk both lakes and
shores

And mountain crags: so shalt thou see
and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God

Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.

Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to
thee,

Whether the summer clothe the general
earth

With greenness, or the redbreast sit and
sing

Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare
branch

Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-
drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost

Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary
blast—

That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,

Oft with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly
glass'd,

Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer
past,

And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling
 way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks de-
 fine,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant
 array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy
 twine.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The spar-
row, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I
love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so
strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a
loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny
warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back
together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and
love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky
above,

That he sings, and he sings; and for ever
sings he—
“I love my Love, and my Love loves me!”

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that, she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears, that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

NIGHT.

THE night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up to the
sky.

CHRISTABEL.

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

MARK this holy chapel well!
The birth-place, this, of William Tell.¹
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

Here first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed, as mothers used to pray:

"Vouchsafe him health, O God, and give
The child, thy servant, still to live!"
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed
power.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,—
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent oft
His soul found wings and soared aloft!
The straining oar and chamois' chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and
grace:

On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery,—the which he broke!

¹ "Tell," a celebrated Swiss patriot who roused his countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE
VALE OF CHAMOUNY.¹

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-
star
In his steep course? So long he seems to
pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!²
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly! but thou, most awful
form!
Risest from forth the silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal
shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon
thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced
in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to
it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with
my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing—then,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to
heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,
awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of
the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the
night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they
sink;
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely
glad?
Who called you forth from night and utter
death?
From dark and icy caverns called you
forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged
rocks,

For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence
came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
Ye ice-falls! ye that rave from the moun-
tain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest
plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of
heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade
the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with
living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your
feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of na-
tions,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with glad-
some voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of
snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,
God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-
storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with
praise!
Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-
pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the
pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy
breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain!
thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused
with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the
earth!

¹ "Chamouny," a beautiful valley in Savoy.

² "Blanc," Mount Blanc, the highest of the Euro-
pean Mountains.

Thou kingly Spirit, throned among the hills,
 Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in 1770, at Cocksouth, and studied at Cambridge. He was intended for the Church, but his love of poetry induced him to resign the idea of devoting himself to that profession. In 1793 he published his first work entitled "An Evening Walk," and "Descriptive Sketches". In 1798 he produced some "Lyrical Ballads" in conjunction with Coleridge. His greatest work is "The Excursion"; he has also written "The Egyptian Maid"; "The Romance of the Wales Lily," etc. His description of scenery is exquisite; and although his style is plain and simple, its tenderness appeals to the heart and every line shows that he possesses noble philanthropy, true devout morality, the affections of an amiable man, and the benevolence of a sincere Christian. In 1843 he was made Poet Laureate, and after attaining the extraordinary age of eighty years, he expired on the 23rd of April, 1850.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

A MONTH, sweet little ones, is past
 Since your dear mother went away,—
 And she to-morrow will return;
 To-morrow is the happy day.
 O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
 The eldest heard with steady glee;
 Silent he stood; then laugh'd amain,—
 And shouted, "Mother come to me!"
 Louder and louder did he shout
 With witless hope to bring her near;
 "Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
 Your tender mother cannot hear."
 I told of hills, and far-off towns,
 And long, long vales to travel through;—
 He listens, puzzled, sore perplex'd,
 But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
 She wars not with the mystery
 Of time and distance, night and day,
 The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
 Of kitten, bird, or summerfly;
 She dances, runs without an aim,
 She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
 And echoes back his sister's glee;
 They hug the infant in my arms,
 As if to force his sympathy.

Then settling into fond discourse,
 We rested in the garden bower;
 While sweetly shone the evening sun,
 In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
 Our rambles by the swift brook's side
 Far as the willow-skirted pool,
 Where two fair swans together glide.

We talk'd of change, of winter gone,
 Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
 Of birds that build their nests and sing,
 And, "all since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,
 To her our new-born tribes will show,
 The goslings green, the ass's colt,
 The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes forth!
 To bed the children must depart;

A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race;
I too, infected by their mood,
I could have join'd the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and oh the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

LUCY GRAY;

OR SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You, to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!
'Tis scarcely after noon—
The minister-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapp'd a fagot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wander'd up and down:
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they cross'd:
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she drips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead
Their spirits are in Heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threat'ning clouds the moon had
drown'd;
When suddenly I seem'd to hear
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound—and more and more:
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy call'd out;
He stopp'd his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The horses scamper'd through the rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
"What can it be, this piteous moan?"
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" the word was last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobb'd, "Look
here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke;
Her help she lent, and with good heed
Together we released the cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham" answer'd she half wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sate like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She check'd herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tatter'd cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;
I heard a voice: it said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I
espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden
at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all
alone,
And by a slender cord was tether'd to a
stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little
maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his
supper took,
Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his
tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my
own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child
of beauty rare!
I watch'd them with delight; they were a
lovely pair.
Now with her empty can, the maiden turn'd
away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps
did she stay.

Towards the lamb she look'd; and from the
shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of
her face;

If Nature to her tongue could measured
numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid
might sing—

"Wath ails thee, young one? What? Why
pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed
and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass
can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that
aileth thee?"

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is
wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beauti-
ful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers
they have no peers;
And that green corn, all day, is rustling in
thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch
thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms, the like thou
need'st not fear;—
The rain and storm are things which scarcely
can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast for-
got the day
When my father found thee first in places
far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert own'd by none;
And thy mother from thy side for ever-
more was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst
thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did
thee yeon
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could
have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever
ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is
wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it
is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as
they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony
in the plough;

And yet he neither droop'd nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor Blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small, like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange,
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills,
And drinks up all the pretty rills,
And rivers large and strong;

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns on errand still the same:
This did it when the earth was new,
And this for ever more will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships, that sweetly ride
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The Blind Boy always had his share;

Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirr'd,
When, from the water-side he heard
The shouting and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners,
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For he must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship or fisher's boat
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: "My son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side,
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He's in a vessel of his own
And the swift water hurrying down
Towards the mighty sea.

In such a vessel, never more
May human creature leave the shore!—
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright,
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those sea-faring men
Spread round that heaven in the glen:
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
And to the boy they all were known;
He knew and prized them all.

And one, the rarest, was a shell
Which he, poor child, had studied well;
The shell of a green turtle, thin
And hollow; you might sit therein,
It was so wide and deep.

'Twas even the largest of its kind,
Large, thin, and light, as birch-tree rind,
So light a shell that it would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little Blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange, yet true,
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English boy, O thought of bliss!
Had stoutly launch'd from shore;

Launch'd from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian isles, where lay
His father's ship, and had sail'd far
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come,
One day, when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarr'd.

While there he sat, alone and blind,
That story flash'd upon his mind,—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it in his arms,

And with the happy burthen hied,
And push'd it from Loch Leven's side, —
Stepp'd into it; and, without dread,
Following the fancies in his head,
He paddled up and down.

A while he stood upon his feet;
He felt the motion—took his seat;
And dallied thus, till from the shore
The tide retreating more and more
Had suck'd, and suck'd him in.

And there he is, in face of heaven,—
How rapidly the child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile I ween
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me,
What shrieking and what misery!
For many saw: among the rest
His mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor Blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so bless'd.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay!
For, if good angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,

The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly, with a silent crew,
A boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running lake
They follow the Blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the fowler chase,
Or Grasmere's clear unruffled breast,
A youngling of the wild duck's nest,
With deftly lifted oar.

Or, as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell,
Erewhile, within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near;
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha!*"—then did he cry,
"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha!*"—most eagerly;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, "Keep away,
And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands—
You've often heard of magic wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright,
All vanish'd;—'twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice
With which the very hills rejoice:
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly,
Had watch'd the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the banks
Of that great water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart
The Blind Boy's little dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all his mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when, waking, she espies
The child; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the Blind Boy.

She led him home and wept amain,
When he was in the house again:
Tears flow'd in torrents from her eyes;
She could not blame him or chastise:
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the turtle shell:
And long the story will repeat
Of the Blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED
UPON LEAVING SCHOOL.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look, alone on you.

Thus, when the sun, prepared for rest,
Hath gain'd the precincts of the west,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

General sketch of the Lake.

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to
rove
Through bare grey dell, high wood, and
pastoral cove;
His wizard course where hoary Derwent
takes,
Through crags and forest glooms and
opening lakes,
Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar

That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lo-
dore;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island
leads,
To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald
meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cot-
tagged grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland
bounds;
Where bosom'd deep the shy Winander
peeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled
steeps;
Where twilight glens endear my Esth-
waite's shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a happy
child,
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild;
Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand,
In youth's wild eye the livelong day was
bright,
The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
Alike when first the vales the bittern fills,
Or the first woodcocks roam'd the moon-
light hills.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
For then, even then, the little heart would
beat

At times, while young Content forsook her
seat,
And wild Impatience, pointing upward,
show'd,
Where, tipp'd with gold, the mountain
summits glow'd.

Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
With hope reflection blends her social
rays,
To gild the total tablet of his days:
Yet still, the sport of some malignant
power,
He knows but from its shade the present
hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
To show her yet some joys to me remain,
Say, will my friend, with soft affection's ear,
The history of a poet's evening hear?

When, in the south, the wan noon, brood-
ing still,
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring
hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were
seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights be-
tween;

Lost in the thicken'd darkness, glimmers
 hoar;
 And towering from the sullen dark-brown
 mere,
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps
 appear.
 —Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we
 feel
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil
 mind.
 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear
 retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light
 to thread
 Silent the hedge, or steaming rivulet's bed,
 From his grey re-appearing tower shall
 soon
 Salute with boding note the rising moon,
 Frosting with hoary light the pearly
 ground,
 And pouring deeper blue to æther's bound;
 And pleased, her solemn pomp of clouds to
 fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

See o'er the eastern hill, where darkness
 broods
 O'er all its vanish'd dells, and lawns, and
 woods;
 Where but a mass of shade the sight can
 trace,
 She lifts in silence up her lovely face;
 Above the gloomy valley flings her light,
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets
 white;
 And gives, where woods the chequer'd up-
 land strew,
 To the green corn of summer, autumn's
 hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed
 horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own
 morn,
 Till higher mounted, strives in vain to
 cheer
 The weary hills, impervious, blackening
 near;
 Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the
 while
 On darling spots remote her tempting
 smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant
 scene,
 (For dark and broad the gulf of time
 between),

Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my
 way;
 How fair its lawns and sheltering woods
 appear!
 How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine
 ear!)
 Where we, my friend, to happy days shall
 rise,
 Till our small share of hardly-paining
 sighs
 (For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
 Creep hush'd into the tranquil breast of
 death.

JUVENILE PIECES.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little nook of mountain
 ground,
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
 Of that magnificent temple which doth
 bound
 One side of our whole vale with grandeur
 rare;
 Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever
 found,
 Farewell! — we leave thee to Heav'n's peace-
 ful care
 Thee, and the cottage which thou dost sur-
 round.
 Our boat is safely anchor'd by the shore,
 And safely she will ride when we are
 gone;
 The flowering shrubs that decorate our
 door
 Will prosper, though untended and alone:
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have
 none;
 These narrow bounds contain our private
 store
 Of things earth makes and sun doth shine
 upon,
 Here are they in our sight—we have no
 more.
 Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and
 bell!
 For two months now in vain we shall be
 sought!
 We leave you here in solitude to dwell
 With these our latest gifts of tender
 thought;
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat
 Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, fare-
 well!
 Whom from the borders of the lake we
 brought,
 And placed together near our rocky well.

We go for one to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this bower, this Indian
shed,
Our own contrivance, building without
peer!

—A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful
cheer,

She'll come to you,—to you herself will
wed,—

And love the blessed life which we lead
here.

Dear spot! which we have watch'd with
tender heed,

Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms
blown

Among the distant mountains, flower and
weed,

Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,
Making all kindness register'd and known;
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child
indeed,

Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle place,
That hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost
show

To them who look not daily in thy face;
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost
know,

And say'st when we forsake thee, "Let them
go!"

Thou easy-hearted thing, with thy wild
race

Of weeds and flowers, till we return be
slow,—

And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring the best beloved and
best.

Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.

Here, throng'd with primroses, the steep
rock's breast

Glitter'd at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sung one song that will not die.

O happy garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of
flowers,

And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers;
Two burning months let summer overleap,
And, coming back with her who will be ours,
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

POEMS ON THE AFFECTIONS.

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
If welcomed once, thou count'st it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor car'st if thou be sot at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art, indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He need but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink, out of an humbler urn,
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going:

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the day's begun
 As morning-leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Dear thou shalt be to future men,
As in old time;—thou not in vain,
 Art Nature's favourite.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"
Exclaim'd a thundering voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A falling Water swoln with snows
Thus spake to a poor Brier-rose,
That, all bespatter'd with his foam,
And dancing high, and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off! off! or, puny thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Brier suffer'd long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past:
But, seeing no relief, at last
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the Brier, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this, our natal spot,
Once lived a happy life!
You stirr'd me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread!
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshen'd and bedew'd;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When Spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And, in the sultry summer hours,
I shelter'd you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your
 breast—
What grief is mine you see.
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter's day,
A happy Eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell:
The torrent thunder'd down the dell
With unabating haste:
I listen'd, nor ought else could hear;
The Brier quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy;
Thou unassuming common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
 Which love makes for thee!

Oft do I sit by thee at ease,
And weave a web of similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies dress'd;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy—

That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over.
The shape will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar;—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest;
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER,
ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH
OLD ON THAT DAY.

—HAST thou then survived,
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn, one life of that bright
star,
The second glory of the heavens? Thou
hast—
Already hast survived that great decay;
That transformation through the wide earth
felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the race of human kind pro-
ceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday;
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory?
Neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet hail
to thee,
Frail, feeble monthling? by that name, me-
thinks,
Thy scanty breathing-time is portion'd out
Not idly. Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
Couch'd on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the
night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorn'd,

Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wander'd with thee. Mo-
ther's love,
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm clad and warmly
housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
Th' affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless
tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnize thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the regions of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
And first; thy sinless progress, through a
world,
By sorrow darken'd and by care disturb'd,
Apt likeness bears to hers through gather'd
clouds
Moving untouch'd in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant
gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from
stain:
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
With brightness!—leaving her to post along,
And range about—disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
babe,
That will suffice thee; and it seems that
now
Thou hast foreknowledge that such task is
thine;
Thou travell'st so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sullied
o'er
By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope—and a renovation without end.
—That smile forbids the thought;—for on
thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of
dawn,
To shoot and circulate; smiles have there
been seen,—
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness; or shall those smiles be
call'd
Feelers of love,—put forth as if t' explore

This untried world, and to prepare thy way
Through a strait passage intricate and dim?
Such are they,—and the same are tokens,
signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And reason's godlike power be proud to
own.

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

—THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whiten'd by the moon,
Which through that vale is indistinctly seen,
A dull contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground, from rock, plant,
tree, or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller as he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds
are split
Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There in a black, blue vault she sails along,
Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives. How fast they wheel
away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent; still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturb'd by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING
LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,

DEAR child of nature, let them rail!
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,

And pleasure were thy trade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not;
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And thou, if they should totter, teach them
to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain:
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
Full oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task imposed from day to day;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh! let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let
 me live!

SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

SONNET.

"WEAK is the will of man, his judgment
 blind;
 Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
 Heavy is woe; and joy, for human kind,
 A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
 Who wants the glorious faculty assign'd
 To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient
 rays.
 Imagination is that sacred power,
 Imagination lofty and refined:
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples
 bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest
 shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest
 wind.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER FORENOON.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted
 high:
 Southward, the landscape indistinctly glar-
 ed
 Through a pale steam; but all the northern
 downs,
 In clearest air ascending, show'd far off
 A surface dappled o'er with shadows, flung
 From many a brooding cloud; far as the
 sight
 Could reach, those many shadows lay in
 spots

Determined and unmoved, with steady
 beams
 Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;
 Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss
 Extends his careless limbs along the front
 Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling
 casts
 A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
 Where the wren warbles; while the dream-
 ing man,
 Half conscious of the soothing melody,
 With sidelong eye looks out upon the scene.
 By that impending covert made more soft,
 More low and distant! Other lot was mine;
 Yet with good hope that soon I should ob-
 tain
 As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy.
 Across a bare wide common I was toiling
 With languid feet, which by the slippery
 ground
 Were baffled; nor could my weak arm dis-
 perse
 The host of insects gathering round my
 face,
 And ever with me as I paced along.

THE EXCURSION.

AN ACTIVE PRINCIPLE PERVADES THE UNIVERSE.

ITS NOBLEST SEAT THE HUMAN SOUL.

"To EVERY form of being is assign'd,"
 Thus calmly spake the venerable sage,
 "An *active* principle: howe'er removed
 From sense and observation, it subsists
 In all things, in all natures, in the stars
 Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
 In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
 That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
 The moving waters, and the invisible air.
 Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
 Beyond itself, communicating good,
 A simple blessing, or with evil mix'd;
 Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
 No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
 It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.
 This is the freedom of the universe,
 Unfolded still the more, more visible,
 The more we know, and yet is revered
 least,
 And least respected in the human mind
 Its most apparent home. The food of hope
 Is meditated action; robb'd of this,
 Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
 We perish also; for we live by hope
 And by desire; we see by the glad light
 And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
 And so we live, or else we have no life.

THE EXCURSION.

Then, with a sigh, I sometimes feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright,
Like those reflected in yon quiet pool,
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
To great and small disturbances exposed.”
More had she said—but sportive shouts

were heard;
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two
boys,

Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after
us.

When we had cautiously embark'd, the pair
Now for a prouder service were address'd:
But an inexorable law forbade,
And each resign'd the oar which he had
seized.

Whereat with willing hand I undertook
The needful labour—grateful task!—to me
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
A youth, I practised this delightful art;
Toss'd on the waves alone, or, 'mid a crew
Of joyous comrades. Now the reedy marge
Clear'd, with a strenuous arm I dipp'd the
oar

Free from obstruction; and the boat ad-
vanced

Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
That disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert,
cleaves

With corresponding wings th' abyss of air.
“Observe,” the Vicar said, “yon rockly isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall
guide the helm,
While thitherward we bend our course; or
while

We seek that other, on the western shore,—
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs
Supporting gracefully a massy dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the deep.”

“Turn where we may,” said I, “we cannot
err

In this delicious region.” Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scatter'd
groves,

And mountains bare, or clothed with an-
cient woods,

Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of
place,

From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portray'd

By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone

Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!

Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet
speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up by
chance;

As if some friendly genius had ordain'd
That, as the day thus far had been enrich'd
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
A gipsy fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair isle with birch-trees fringed—
and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook
The beverage drawn from China's fragrant
herb.

Launch'd from our hands, the smooth stone
skimm'd the lake;

With shouts we roused the echoes; stiller
sounds

The lovely girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the distant
rocks

To be repeated there, but gently sank
Into our hearts, and charm'd the peaceful
flood.

Rapaciously we gather'd flow'ry spoils
From land and water; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the
waves,

And court the wind; and leaves of that shy
plant

(Her flowers were shed), the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun
withholds

Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her
sweets.

Such product and such pastime, did the
place

And season yield; but, as we re-embark'd,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said

In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
“The fire that burnt so brightly to our wish,
Where is it now? Deserted on the beach
It seems extinct; nor shall the fanning
breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gain'd? Behold an emblem
here

Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!
And, in this unpremeditated slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude!”

This plaintive note disturb'd not the repose
Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnacle moves: then, coasting creek
and bay,

Glades we beheld, and into thickets peep'd,

Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our
 eye
 To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls.
 Thus did the bark, meandering with the
 shore,
 Pursue her voyage, till a point was gain'd
 Where a projecting line of rock, that framed
 A natural pier, invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
 We clomb a green hill's side, and thence
 obtain'd,
 Slowly, a less and less obstructed sight
 Of the flat meadows and indented coast
 Of the whole lake, in compass seen: far off,
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old church-
 tower,
 In majesty presiding o'er the vale
 And all her dwellings; seemingly preserved
 From the intrusion of a restless world
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
 With resting-place of mossy stone; and
 there
 We sate reclined, admiring quietly
 The frame and general aspect of the scene;
 And each not seldom eager to make known
 His own discoveries; or to favourite points
 Directing notice, merely from a wish
 T' impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
 That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget
 When these particular interests were effa-
 ced

From every mind! Already had the sun,
 Sinking with less than ordinary state,
 Attain'd his western bound; but rays of
 light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
 Retired behind the mountain tops or veil'd
 By the dense air—shot upwards to the
 crown

Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide;
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,
 Pierced through their thin ethereal mould,
 ere we,

Who saw, of change were conscious, had
 become

Vivid as fire-clouds separately poised,
 Innumerable multitude of forms
 Scatter'd through half the circle of the sky;
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues
 Which from the unapparent fount of glory
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to re-
 ceive.

That which the heavens display'd, the liquid
 deep

Repeated; but with unity sublime!

THE EXCURSION.

ADDRESS TO THE SUPREME BEING.

"ETERNAL Spirit! universal God!
 Power inaccessible to human thought
 Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast
 deign'd

To furnish; for this image of Thyself,
 To the infirmity of mortal sense
 Vouchsafed; this local, transitory type
 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest hea-
 ven,

The radiant cherubim;—accept the thanks
 Which we, Thy humble creatures, here con-
 vened,

Presume to offer; we who from the breast
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
 The faint reflections only of thy face,
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
 Imperishable majesty stream'd forth
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of
 earth

Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
 Of all dishonour—cleansed from mortal
 stain.

Accomplish, then, their number; and con-
 clude

Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
 The consummation that will come by stealth
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
 The sting of human nature. Spread the law,
 As it is written in thy holy book,
 Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
 The high behest, and every heart obey:
 Both for the love of purity, and hope
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will
 And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
 To have a nearer view of Thee in heaven.
 Father of good! this prayer in bounty
 grant,

In mercy grant it to thy wretched sons.
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
 And cruel wars expire. The way is mark'd,
 The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
 Alas! the nations, who of yore received
 These tidings, and in Christian temples
 meet

The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger
 still;

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
 Proffer'd to all, while yet on earth detain'd.
 So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,
 Who, in the anguish of their souls, bewail
 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
 ask,

Shall it endure? Shall enmity and strife,
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their
 seed;

And the kind never perish? Is the hope

Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive
When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell

In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studious of mutual benefit—and he,
Whom morning wakes, among sweet dew
and flowers

Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself? The law of faith,
Working through love, such conquest shall
it gain,

Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And with that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfill'd, the hope accomplish'd; and thy
praise

Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

"Once, while the name Jehovah was a sound
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bow'd their
heads

To gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
Gods which themselves had fashion'd, to
promote

Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.

Then in the bosom of yon mountain cove,
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnized; and there,
Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods,
Of those dread idols, some, perchance, re-
ceived

Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swoln cataracts (which now are heard
Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome,
Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks,

Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary faculties to see
The thing that hath been as the thing that is,
Aghast we might behold this spacious mere
Bedimm'd with smoke, in wreaths volumi-
nous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,
To Taranis erected on the heights
By priestly hands, for sacrifice perform'd
Exultingly, in view of open day
And full assemblage of a barbarous host;
Or to Andates, female power! who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

A few rude monuments of mountain stone
Survive; all else is swept away.—How bright
The appearances of things! From such how
changed

The existing worship; and, with those com-
pared,

The worshippers how innocent and blest!
So wide the difference, a willing mind
At this affecting hour might almost think
That Paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again; and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

"Whence but from Thee, the true and only
God,
And from the faith derived through Him
who bled

Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil; as if one extreme
Were left—the other gain'd. O ye, who
come

To kneel devoutly in yon reverend pile,
Call'd to such office by the peaceful sound
Of sabbath bells; and ye who sleep in
earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallow'd
walls!

For you, in presence of this little band
Gather'd together on the green hill-side,
Your Pastor is embolden'd to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
mands have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and him, who is en-
dow'd

With scantiest knowledge, master of all
truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.

Conscious of that abundant favour shower'd
On you, the children of my humble care;
On your abodes, 'mid this beloved land,
Our birthplace, home, and country, while
on earth

We sojourn,—loudly do I utter thanks
With earnest joy, that will not be sup-
press'd.

These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
These fertile fields, that recompense your
pains;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty
heads,

Or hush'd; the roaring waters, or the still;—
They see the offering of my lifted hands—
They hear my lips present their sacrifice—
They know if I be silent, morn or even:
For though in whispers speaking, the full
heart

Will find a vent; and thought is praise to
Him,

Audible praise to Thee, omniscient Mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all blessings
flow!"

THE EXCURSION.

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., was born at Edinburgh in 1771. His early youth was passed between the pleasures of hunting, the study of the law, and an indulgence of his taste in reading old plays, romances, travels, and marvellous adventures. He was an able antiquary; his natural genius rendered him a poet; and his correct judgment has subsequently caused him to be regarded as the patron of literature. From the commencement of his literary career in 1792, to the year of his decease, he was constantly producing some popular or talented work. In 1811 he removed to Abbotsford, where he pursued his literary labours with unremitting activity. In 1825 the firm of Constable & Co. at Edinburgh, having proposed a cheap series of original and selected works, engaged Sir Walter Scott to compose a "Life of Buonaparte." Soon after this, these publishers failed, and Scott found himself involved, on their behalf, for accommodation bills, to the enormous amount of 120,000 pounds. The estate of Abbotsford had been settled on Sir Walter's eldest son, on his marriage, and it was therefore beyond the reach of the creditors; but though he had very little property to answer the immense amount of his debts, there was still a vast source of profit remaining—his literary talents. "Gentlemen," said he to his creditors, "time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." He further proposed, in their behalf, to ensure the sum of 22,000 pounds upon his life, which proposal was accepted, and he sat down at the age of fifty-five, to the task of redeeming, by the exertion of his talents as a public writer, a debt exceeding 100,000 pounds. In 1827 he produced a work in nine volumes which realized the sum of 12,000 pounds, being at the rate of 33 pounds a day for the time he had devoted to it. Early in 1831, symptoms of paralysis began to be manifested. In 1832 he went to Rome, inspected the classical antiquities of that city with great interest, and visited Tivoli, Albani, and Frascati; but, feeling his strength rapidly declining he determined to return; wishing to die in his native country. On his arrival in London it was found that medical assistance was useless, and he was conveyed by sea to Newhaven, where he landed on the 9th of July, reached Abbotsford on the 11th, and after lingering for two months in a state of almost total insensibility, he died on the 21st of September, 1832.

THE AGED MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn:
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.

A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never clos'd the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the *Latest Minstrel* sung.—

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem fram'd of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and
die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave:
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TEVIOT.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid?—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE MINSTREL'S HARP.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:

Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn,
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier;
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CALEDONIA.

O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be *Thou* the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

SONG.

"SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champ-
ing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy bounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé!"

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SONG.

"Not faster yonder rower's might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line,
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honour'd meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;

Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A TEAR.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious Fathers shed
Upon a duteous Daughter's head!

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CORONACH.

"He is gone on the mountain
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the cars that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!"

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!
 The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
 Foul demons of the earth and air,
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
 And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SUN-RISE.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
 Summoning revellers from the lagging
 dance,
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse
 of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes
 of woe,
 Are witness'd by that red and struggling
 beam!
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its
 stream;
 The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and
 jail,
 The love-lorn wretch starts from torment-
 ing dream;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes
 his feeble wail.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"THE Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
 For, ere he parted, he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
 Where shall we find, in a foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—

There is no breeze upon the fern,
 Nor ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eyre nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance,
 The sun's retiring beams?
 —I see the dagger crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!

"Their light-arm'd archers far and near
 Survey'd the tangled ground;
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frown'd;
 Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
 The stern battalia crown'd.
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum;
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 There breathed no wind their crests to
 shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad;
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
 That shadow'd o'er their road.
 Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirr'd the roe;
 The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
 Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—

And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood?—
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!—
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levell'd low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bride.—
 'We 'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We 'll drive them back as tame.'

"Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below;
 And, with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurl'd them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang!
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank:
 —'My banner-man, advance!
 I see,' he cried, 'their column shake!—
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!—
 The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where was Roderick then?
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was pour'd;
 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

LAMENT.

"AND art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
 For thee shall none a requiem say?
 —For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The shelter of her exil'd line,
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
 Thy fall before the race was won,
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,
 But would have given his life for thine.—
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,
 The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
 And when its notes awake again,
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine!"

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow
 dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descend-
 ing;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her
 spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert
 wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lend-
 ing,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder mins-
 trelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers
 blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of
 housing bee.
 Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel
 harp!
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway!
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long
 way,

Through secret woes the world has never
known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier
day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is
thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy
string!

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing,
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely
bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant
spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare
thee well!

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SONG.

TO THE MOON.

HAIL to thy cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!
How should thy pure and peaceful eye
Untroubled view our scenes below,
Or how a tearless beam supply
To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,
As once by Greta's fairy side;
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow
Did then an angel's beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,
For while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

ROBERT.

AN EVENING SCENE.

THE sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,

Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given!
Thus aged men, full loath and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more.

ROBERT.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

"O, LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!"

"Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!"

"Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!"

"Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree!"

"Yes, twine for me the cypress bough
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay still a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree!"

ROBERT.

ENNUI.

THERE is a mood of mind, we all have
known
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,

When the tired spirits lose their sprightly
 tone,
 And nought can chase the lingering hours
 away,
 Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
 And wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
 Obscured the painting, and mistuned the lay,
 Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
 For who for sympathy may seek that can-
 not tell of pain.

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
 When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain
 Clouding that morn which threatens the heath
 cock's brood;
 Of such in summer's drought, the anglers
 plain,
 Who hope the soft mild southern shower in
 vain;
 But more than all the discontented fair,
 Who father stern and sterner aunt, restrain
 From county-ball or race occurring rare,
 While all her friends around their vest-
 ments gay prepare.

Ennui!—or as our mothers call'd thee,
 Spleen!
 To thee we owe full many a rare device!
 Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
 The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice.
 The turning-lathe for framing gim crack
 nice;
 The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst
 claim,
 Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and
 mice,
 (Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
 And much of trifling grave, and much of
 buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy
 glance
 Compiled, what bard the catalogue may
 quote!
 Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
 But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth
 wrote,
 That bears thy name and is thy antidote;
 And not of such the strain my Thomson
 sung,
 Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
 What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—
 Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier
 list among!

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares as-
 sail.
 For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
 And con right vacantly some idle tale,
 Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
 Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
 And doubtful slumber half supplies the
 theme;

While antique shapes of knight and giant
 grim,
 Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
 And the Romancer's tale becomes the
 Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
 Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
 Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;
 And find, to cheat the time, a powerful
 spell

In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
 Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
 Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
 Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roe,
 Though taste may blush and frown, and
 sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes un-
 sought,
 Arrange themselves in some romantic lay;
 The which, as things unfitting graver
 thought,
 Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—
 These few survive—and proudly let me say,
 Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his
 frown;
 They well may serve to while an hour away,
 Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
 Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time
 she drops it down.

INTRODUCTION TO HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

DURHAM.

GREY towers of Durham! there was once a
 time
 I view'd your battlements with such vague
 hope,
 As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
 Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
 A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
 Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
 Her flattering dreams would in perspective
 ope
 Some reverend room, some prebendary's
 stall,—
 And thus Hope me deceived as she decei-
 veth all.

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
 Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the
 Scot,
 And long to roam these venerable aisles,
 With records stored of deeds long since
 forgot;
 There might I share my Surtee's happier lot,
 Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
 To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
 And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
 Restoring priestly chant and clang of
 knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
But still that northern harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time,
And fain its numbers would I now command
To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire,
Saw Saxon's Eadmer's towers begirt by
winding Wear.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with
gold,
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the
rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast
shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on
Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no
more
Come rural sounds, our kindred banks to
cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts
it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our
ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clang-
ing wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal
train,

Some age-struck wanderer gleans few
ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have
pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading
realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain
stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's
way,

And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—

Oh! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn
not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely sons can vie,

Though faint its beauties as the tints re-
mote
That gleam through mist in autumn's even-
ing sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and
dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest
bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer
harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West repro-
ved

Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye, the eve be-
guiles;

'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,

Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty
of the Isles.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.

"WHENCE the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland moun-
tain,

Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?

Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here
From England's love, or France's fear?

"No!—thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faery spell.

Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,

Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped, with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn!

"Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

THE VOYAGE THROUGH THE WESTERN ISLES.

MERRILY, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound, like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvass strain;
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laughed again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's caverned shore.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark
O'er the broad ocean driven;
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark
The steerman's hand hath given;
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,
And each his ashen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o'er,
And at the Island Lord's command,
For hunting spear took warrior's brand.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay

That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself it seemed would raise,
A minister to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high fault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard,—but witness mine!"

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they wakened the men of the wild
Tiree,
And the chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though pealed the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;
No time for matin and for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike lord
Their signal saw, and grasped his sword,
And verdant Islay called her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings in Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains!

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

WAR.

OH, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams, as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!

Such transports wake, severe and high,
 Amid the pealing conquest cry;
 Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
 Muster the remnants of a host,
 And as each comrade's name they tell,
 Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
 Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
 Vow to revenge them or to die!—
 Warriors! and where are warriors found,
 If not on martial Britain's ground?
 And who, when waked with note of fire,
 Love more than they the British lyre?—
 Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!
 That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
 At which the heart-strings vibrate high,
 And wake the fountains of the eye!

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

ON A THUNDER STORM.

WRITTEN IN 1783; WHEN SIR WALTER SCOTT
 WAS TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

LOUD o'er my head though awful thunders
 roll,
 And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Yet 'tis Thy voice, my God, that bids them
 fly,
 Thy arm directs those lightnings through
 the sky,
 Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
 And harden'd sinners thy just vengeance
 fear.

ON THE SETTING SUN.

1783.

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,
 And beauteous tints, serve to display
 Their great Creator's praise;
 Then let the short-liv'd thing call'd man,
 Whose life 's comprised within a span,
 To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
 And tints so gay and bold,
 But seldom think upon our God,
 Who tinged those clouds with gold.

THE VIOLET.

1797.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
 May boast itself, the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.
 Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining

I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

HELLVELLYN.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hell-
 vellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd
 misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle
 was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-
 tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defend-
 ing,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was
 ascending,
 When I mark'd the sad spot where the wan-
 derer had died.

Dark-green was the spot 'mid the brown
 mountain-heather
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd
 in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to
 weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenant-
 less clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely ex-
 tended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite
 attended,
 The much-lov'd remains of her master de-
 fended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence
 was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft
 didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks didst
 thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
 heart?
 And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem
 read o'er him—
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore
 him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd
before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should
depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant
has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-
lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is
shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the
torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners
are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is
streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek moun-
tain-lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff
huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his
dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert
lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover
flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy
dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

VERSES FROM WAVERLEY.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood—Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply:
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.

In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale—
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms.

TO AN OAK-TREE,

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF—, IN THE HIGH-
LANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE
GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas when thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resign'd,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's
gloom!

Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

WAVERLY.

SAINT CLOUD.

PARIS, September 5, 1815.

SOFT spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride,
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

1816.

ONCE again,—but how changed since my
wand'rings began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan
and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the
roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst
thou burn?

With the scenes of my youth on its raptures
return?

Can I live the dear life of illusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd
with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor
and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were
thrown;

The streams were of silver, of diamond the
dew,

The land was an Eden, far fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was
on fire

At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of
their lyre:

To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and
clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase
and the hall;

And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from
on high,

Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is
nigh.

It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once
more

Could renew all the glories the boasted of
yore.—

Yet why at remembrance, fond heart
shouldst thou burn?

They were days of delusion, and cannot re-
turn.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid, who
stood by

And listed my lay, while she turn'd from
mine eye?

Was she, too, a vision just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted
to dew?

Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that
her eye

Had been but a star-glance that shot through
the sky,

And her voice that was moulded to me-
lody's thrill,

Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was
still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this
 poor heart,
 Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to
 part;
 To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
 While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one
 to share.
 Not then had I said, when life's summer was
 done,
 And the hours of her autumn were fast
 speeding on,
 "Take the fame and the riches ye brought
 in your train,
 And restore me the dream of my spring-tide
 again."

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.
 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice be-
 tween.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.
 But present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To tempest the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!
 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

IVANHOE.

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS' DUN.

1822.

ON Ettrick Forest's mountains' dun,
 'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
 And seek the heath-frequenting brood
 Far through the noonday solitude;
 By many a cairn and trenched mound,
 Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
 And springs where grey-hair'd shepherds
 tell,
 That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
 'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
 When to the hook the salmon springs,
 And the line whistles through the rings;
 The boiling eddy see him try,
 Then dashing from the current high,
 Till watchful eye and cautious hand
 Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
 With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
 On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
 And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
 Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
 Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
 And from the bank our band appears
 Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
 How we succeed, and how we fail,
 Whether at Alywn's lordly meal,
 Or lowlier board of Ashestiel;
 While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
 Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
 Days free from thought, and nights from
 care,
 My blessing on the Forest fair!

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

1822.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft hath de-
 coy'd me,
 At the close of the evening through
 woodlands to roam,
 Where the forester, lated, with wonder
 espied me
 Explore the wild scenes he was quitting
 for home.
 Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers
 wild speaking
 The language alternate of rapture and
 woe:
 Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-
 strings are breaking,
 The pang that I feel at our parting can
 know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when
 there came sorrow,
 Or pale disappointment to darken my
 way,
 What voice was like thine, that could sing
 of to-morrow,
 Till forgot in the strain was the grief of
 to-day!
 But when friend's drop around us in life's
 weary waning,
 The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst
 not assuage;
 Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet
 remaining,
 The languor of pain, and the chillness of
 age.
 'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents
 bewailing,
 To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on
 the plain,
 And a maiden hung o'er him with aid un-
 availing,
 And held to his lips the cold goblet in
 vain;
 As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild
 Numbers,
 To a bard when the reign of his fancy is
 o'er,
 And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy
 slumbers—
 Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee
 no more!

THE MAID OF ISLA.

1822.

Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
 That looks on troubled wave and sky,
 Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
 Contend with ocean gallantly?
 Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
 Why does she war unequal urge?—
 Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.
 Oh, Isla's maid, you sea-bird mark,
 Her white wing gleams through mist and
 spray,
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
 As to the rock she wheels away;—
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
 Why to the shelter should she come
 Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
 Oh, maid of Isla, 'tis her home?
 As breeze and tide to yonder skiff
 Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
 Where sea-birds close their weary wing.

Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
 Still Isla's maid, to thee I come;
 For in thy love, or in his grave,
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV.
 GEORGE SCOTT.

1830.

To YOUTH, to age, alike, this tablet pale
 Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
 Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier:
 The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
 Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
 With opening talents and a generous heart,
 Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine
 own?
 Lo! here their end—as monumental stone.
 But let submission tame each sorrowing
 thought,
 Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight
 was fought.

LINES ON FORTUNE.

"By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, Sir Walter consulted a skilful mechanist, by name Fortune, about a contrivance for the support of his lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it."

Vide LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on
 me?

And will my Fortune never better be?
 Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
 And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?

No—let my ditty be henceforth—

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest
 me!

A kinder Fortune man did never see!
 Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my
 knee of pain,
 I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again.—

TIME.

1816.

"WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it pass'd away?"—

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice
 cried;
 "So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—

Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shi-
ver,
And measureless thy joy or grief
When TIME and thou shalt part for
ever.

THE ANTIQUARY.

SOUTHEY.

It has been said, "that the Life of Robert Southey is a picture the very first sight of which elicits boundless satisfaction; frequent and very close inspection qualifies delight; a last and parting look would seem to justify the early admiration."

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born on the 12th of August, 1774, in Bristol. His Father was a linen-draper; but, although a man of the highest integrity, was unsuccessful in trade, and Southey was brought up by his Mother's maiden Aunt, Miss Tyler, who had a great passion for theatres and actors, and the boy accompanied his Aunt to the theatres before he was seven years old. This familiarity with the drama of course directed his reading so that by the time he was eight years old he had read Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and at nine commenced writing a tragedy. He was sent to a small day-school in Bristol, and afterwards to another at Corstone, near Bath. At thirteen he had mastered Spenser, and, through translations, Tasso and Ariosto, and become acquainted with Ovid and Homer. In 1787, in his fourteenth year he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained four years and from whence he was dismissed for contributing a sarcastic article on corporal punishment to a publication the boys had set on foot. In 1793 he entered Baliol College, Oxford. His Uncle the Rev. Mr. Hill wished him to go into the church; but Southey had no religious opinions to justify this. In 1795 was published a post 8vo volume of 125 pages: "Poems; containing the Retrospect, Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, etc., by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, of Baliol College, Oxford." In the same year he delivered lectures in Bristol, in conjunction with Coleridge; Southey on History, and Coleridge on Politics and Ethics. Southey had two years before written "Joan of Arc", an epic of great length, but had not had means to print it. It was published in 1796 by Joseph Cottle of Bristol, who offered fifty guineas for it, and fifty copies for the author's subscribers. "It is a work," says Mr. Hazlitt, "in which the love of liberty is inhaled like the breath of Spring, mild, balmy, heaven-born—that is, full of fears, and virgin-sighs, and yearnings of affection after truth and good, gushing warm and crimsoned from the heart." His Uncle, Mr. Hill, who held the appointment of a chaplain in Portugal, arrived in England, and proposed a visit to Portugal to wean him from what was supposed to be an imprudent attachment; but on the day of his departure, he was married to Edith Fricker. They parted immediately after the ceremony, and the wife retired, wearing her wedding-ring attached to a ribbon round her neck. After a stay of six months, in Lisbon, Southey returned, and, accompanied by his wife, went to London, and entered himself a student at Gray's Inn. After twelve-months he gave up this—to him—irksome toil. In 1800 he again visited Portugal, accompanied by his wife, for the benefit of his health. In 1801 he obtained the appointment of Private Secretary to the then Chancellor of Exchequer in Ireland, with a salary of 400 pounds a year. On arriving in Dublin, he found he had nothing to do, and the Minister proposed he should undertake the education of his son. This proposal Southey rejected, and gave up his appointment a few months after. He returned to Bristol and obtained a connexion with Messrs. Longman and Rees. He then settled at Greta, in Cumberland, where he resided to the end of his life. His life exhibits many traits of his sympathy for misfortune; and an able writer in a leading journal says,—“If Biography be not utterly worthless, these illustrations of Southey's character have an inestimable value. Look at him, pen in hand, the indefatigable day labourer in his

literary seclusion, with no inheritance but his vigorous intellect, no revenue but such as his well-stored mind and matchless industry can furnish, perfect in the manifold relation of husband, brother, father, friend, and by his chosen labours delighting and instructing the world, as well as ministering to the daily happiness of his needy circle,—Look, we say, and confess that heroism is here which conquerors might envy." In 1806 he was at the same time engaged in writing "The History of Portugal;" "Espriella's Letters;" "The Chronicle of the Cid;" and "The Curse of Kehema." In 1807 he produced "Specimens of the later English Poets," and "Palmerin of England," a translation from the Portuguese. In 1813, on the death of Mr. Pye, the offer of the appointment of Poet Laureate was made to Scott, but he declined it; he recommended Southey as the most competent, therefore upon him it was conferred. Southey's Prose Works are numerous and valuable, abounding in sound information and useful, just reflection. His poetical Works are replete with genius and feeling; he possessed a warm imagination, a powerful grasp of thought, and a style noble and unaffected; but he often allowed his fancy to roam uncontrolled by his judgment. He died in March 1843.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

I.

How BEAUTIFUL is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor
stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon di-
vine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray,
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the
sky.

How beautiful is night!

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?

No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.

The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless
boy,

They at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia na-
med,

They wished their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one

Half-wakened from a midnight dream of
blood.

But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.

At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her
eyes
To heaven, exclaiming, "Praised be the
Lord!

He gave, He takes away!
The Lord our God is good!"

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

THE VOYAGE.

Not with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
Dear native Isle! oh, not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessened on the view,
Cast back the long involuntary look!

The morning cheered our outset; gentle airs
Curled the blue deep, and bright the sum-
mer-sun

Played o'er the summer-ocean, when our
barks

Began their way.

And they were gallant barks,
As ever through the raging billows rode!
And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.
Their sails all swelling with the eastern
breeze,

Their tightened cordage clattering to the
mast,

Steady they rode the main; the gale aloft
Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling waters
hissed

Before, and frothed, and whitened far be-
hind.

Day after day with one auspicious wind,
Right to the setting sun we held our
course.

My hope had kindled every heart, they blest

The unvarying breeze, whose unabating
strength
Still sped us onward; and they said that
Heaven
Favoured the bold emprise.

How many a time,
Mounting the mast-tower-top, with eager
ken

They gazed, and fancied in the distant sky
Their promised shore, beneath the evening
cloud,

Or seen, low-lying, through the haze of
morn!

I, too, with eyes as anxious watched the
waves,

Though patient, and prepared for long de-
lay;

For not on wild adventure had I rushed
With giddy speed, in some delirious fit
Of fancy; but in many a tranquil hour
Weighed well the attempt, till hope matured
to faith.

Day after day, day after day, the same,—
A weary waste of waters! still the breeze
Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
One even course; a second week was gone,
And now another passed, and still the same,
Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea!
What marvel if, at length, the mariners,
Grew sick with long expectance? I beheld
Dark looks of growing restlessness, I heard
Distrust's low murmuring: nor availed it
long

To see and not perceive. Shame had awhile
Repressed their fear, till, like a smothered
fire,

It burst, and spread with quick contagion
round,

And strengthened as it spread. They spake
in tones

Which might not be mistaken; they had
done

What men dared do,—ventured where never
keel

Had cut the deep before; still all was sea,
The same unbounded ocean! to proceed
Were tempting Heaven.¹

* * *

In despairing mood
I sought my solitary cabin; there,
Confused with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,
And to remembrance and reflection lost,
Knew only I was wretched.

Thus entranced
Cadwallon found me; shame, and grief, and
pride,
And baffled hope, and fruitless anger, swel-
led

Within me. All is over! I exclaimed;

¹ *Heaven*. These circumstances are taken from
the account of that voyage of Columbus in which he
discovered the New World.

Yet not in me, my friend, hath time pro-
duced

These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness;
I have not failed, Cadwallon! Nay, he cried,
The coward fears which persecuted me,
Have shown what thou hast suffered. We

have yet

One hope: I prayed them to proceed a day,—
But one day more;—this little have I gained,
And here will wait the issue; in yon bark
I am not needed,—they are masters there.

One only day! The gale blew strong, the
bark

Sped through the waters; but the silent
hours

Who make no pause, went by; and centred
still,

We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
Close round our narrow view, when that

brief term,
The last poor respite of our hopes, expired.

They shortened sail, and called, with coward
prayer,

For homeward winds. Why, what poor
slaves are we!

In bitterness I cried: the sport of chance;
Left to the mercy of the elements,

Or the more wayward will of such as these,
Blind tools and victims of their destiny!

Yea! Madoc! he replied; the elements
Master indeed the feeble powers of man!

Not to the shores of Cambria¹ will thy ships
Win back their shameful way! or He, whose

will
Unchains the wind, hath bade them minister
To aid us, when all human hope was gone,

Or we shall soon eternally repose
From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the

deep,
And heavily, upon the long low swell,
The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.

The reef-points rattled on the shivering
sail;

At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
Anon with unremitting fury raged;

High rolled the mighty billows, and the
blast

Swept from their sheeted sides the showery
foam.

Vain were now all the seamen's homeward
hopes,

Vain all their skill;—we drove before the
storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,

And pause at times, and feel that we are
safe;

Then listen to the perilous tale again,

¹ *Cambria*, the ancient Name of Wales.

Sublime above this worldly sphere,
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne,
 And there a new-born river lies,
 Outspread beneath its native skies,
 As if it there would love to dwell
 Alone and unapproachable.
 Soon flowing forward and resigned
 To the will of the creating Mind,
 It springs at once, with sudden leap,
 Down from the immeasurable steep.
 From rock to rock, with shivering force re-
 bounding,
 The mighty cataract rushes; heaven
 around,
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar re-
 sounding,
 And Meru's summit shaking with the
 sound,
 Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling
 spray
 Dances aloft; and ever there, at morning,
 The earliest sun-beams haste to wing their
 way,
 With rainbow-wreaths the holy flood adorn-
 ing;
 And duly the adorning moon at night
 Sheds her white glory there,
 And in the watery air
 Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.
 A mountain-valley, in its blessed breast,
 Receives the stream which there delights to
 lie,
 Untroubled and at rest,
 Beneath the untainted sky.
 There in a lovely lake, it seems to
 sleep,
 And thence through many a channel,
 dark and deep,
 Their secret way the holy waters
 wind,
 Till, rising underneath the root
 Of the tree of life on Hemakoot,¹
 Majestic forth they flow to purify man-
 kind.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

THE DOG.

WHILE thus Florinda spake, the dog, who
 lay
 Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
 And wistfully, had recognised at length,
 Changed as he was, and in those sordid
 weeds,
 His royal master. And he rose and licked
 His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
 With eyes whose human meaning did not
 need
 The aid of speech, and moaned as if at once
 To court and chide the long-withheld caress.

¹ Hemakoot, a fabulous mountain.

A feeling uncommixed with sense of guilt
 Or shame, yet painfulest, thrilled through
 the king;
 But he, to selfcontrol now long inured,
 Represt his rising heart, nor other tears,
 Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
 Than seemed to follow on Florinda's words.
 Looking toward her then, yet so that still
 He shunned the meeting of her eye, he said,
 Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
 For Heaven, O lady! I will think the man
 Hath not, by his good angel, been cast off
 For whom thy supplications rise. The Power
 Whose justice doth, in its unerring course,
 Visit the children for the sire's offence,
 Shall He not, in his boundless mercy, hear
 The daughter's prayer, and for her sake re-
 store
 The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
 In earnest and continual duty join;—
 How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
 To whom the cry is raised! Thus having
 said,
 Deliberately, in self-possession still
 Himself, from that most painful interview
 Dispeeding he withdrew. The watchful dog
 Followed his footsteps close. But he retired
 Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
 To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
 Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
 And threw his arms around the dog, and
 cried,
 While tears streamed down, Thou, Theron,
 then hast known
 Thy poor lost master, Theron, none but
 thou!

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

THE VALE OF COVADONGA.

THERE was a stirring in the air, the sun
 Prevailed, and gradually the brightening
 mist
 Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
 Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
 Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
 Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the
 spear,
 Or a strong voice, pitched to full compass,
 make
 Its clear articulation heard distinct.
 A venturesome dalesman, once ascending there
 To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and
 hung
 Among the heather, wondrously preserved:
 Therefore had he with pious gratitude
 Placed on that overhanging brow a Cross,
 Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
 And from the vale conspicuous. As the
 Moors
 Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen,

Known by his arms, and from the crag a
voice
Pronounced his name,—Alcahman, ho!
look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
It had divided there, and opened round
The Cross; part clinging to the rock be-
neath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
To shape and substance. In the midst there
stood
A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
The other raised in menacing act: below
Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast
was armed
And helmeted her head. The Moor turned
pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well be-
lieved
She rested with the dead. What ho! she
cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God,
To answer for the innocent blood! This
hour,
Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell,
this hour,
I summon thee to judgment!—In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!
Thus she closed
Her speech; for taking from the Primate's
hand
That oaken cross which at the sacring rites
Had served for crosier, at the cavern's
month
Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
From voice to voice on either side it past
With rapid repetition—In the name
Of God! For Spain and Vengeance! and
forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and
stones,
And loosened crags, down, down they rolled
with rush,
And bound, and thundering force. Such
was the fall,
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundation is cast
down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long strait, the
crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with
sounds,
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and de-
spair,
And death,—the wild and agonizing cry

Of that whole host in one destruction
whelmed.
Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
The valliant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish
there,¹—
Horseman and infantry, they perish all,—
The outward armour and the bones within
Broken and bruised and crushed. Echo pro-
longed
The long uproar: a silence then ensued,
Through which the sound of Deva's stream
was heard,
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet;
The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered
prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death,
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
Fierce and unmitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that
hour.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

NARRATIVE OF JOAN OF ARC.

"A SIMPLE tale," the mission'd Maid replied,
"Yet may it well employ the journeying
hour;
And pleasant is the memory of the past.
"Seest thou, Sir Chief, where yonder for-
est skirts
The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows
As on the farther bank the distant towers
Of Vaucouleur? there in the hamlet Arc
My father's dwelling stands; a lowly hut,
Yet nought of needful comfort wanted it,
For in Lorraine there lived no kinder lord
Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
In flocks and herds was rich. A toiling man,
Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
Affection had no root. I never knew
A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,
And deem'd the cares that infancy demands
Irkome, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
And would have made me fear them, but my
soul
Possess'd the germ of steady fortitude,
And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
And wrathful chastisement. Yet was the
voice
That spake in tones of tenderness most
sweet

¹ The battle of Covadogan is one of the great mi-
racles of Spanish history. It was asserted for many
centuries without contradiction, and it is still believed
by the people, that when the Moors attacked Pelayo
in the cave, their weapons were turned back upon
themselves; that the Virgin Mary appeared in the
clouds; and that part of mountain fell upon the In-
fidels, and crushed those who were flying from the
destruction.

I must be honoured by myself: all else,
The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady
wind,
Worthless.'

So saying, from his belt he took
The encumbering sword. I held it, listening
to him,
And, wistless what I did, half from the
sheath
Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gazed
upon it,
And shuddering as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,
'It is most horrible with the keen sword
To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
I could not strike a lamb.'

He answer'd me,
'Maiden, thou hast said well. I could not
strike
A lamb. But when the invader's savage
fury
Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's
shriek

As he does writhe upon his cursed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace the wife
Even on her murder'd husband's gasping
corse!

Almighty God! I should not be a man
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him
down.

Think well of this, young man!' he cried,
and seiz'd
The hand of Theodore; 'think well of this,
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;
Think well of this! You have a tender mo-
ther;

As you do wish that she may die in peace,
As you would even to madness agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her
scream

In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms,
Think that there are such horrors; that
even now,

Some city flames, and haply as in Roan,
Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's
breast

Yet hangs for food. Oh God! I would not
lose
These horrible feelings tho' they rend my
heart.'

'When we had all betaken us to rest,
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd
The high-soul'd warrior's speech. Then Ma-
delon

Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
Had closed; her sorrows were not register'd
In the rolls of Fame: but when the tears
run down

The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be
heard

In Heaven against the oppressor? will not
God

In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
The sceptre of the wicked? Thoughts like
these

Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
I slept; nor then reposed my heated brain,
For visions rose, sent as I do believe
From the Most High. I saw a high-tower'd
town

Hemmed in around, with enemies begirt,
Where Famine, on a heap of carcasses,
Half envious of the unutterable feast,
Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with
gore.

I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp,
And there was revelry: the loud lewd laugh
Burst on my ears, and I beheld the chiefs
Even at their feast plan the device of death.
My soul grew sick within me: then me-
thought,

From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of
tempests,

A giant arm burst forth, and dropt a sword
That pierced like lightning thro' the mid-
night air.

Then was there heard a voice, which in
mine ear

Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage.

'From that night I could feel my burthen'd
soul

Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.

I sat in silence, musing on the days

To come, unheeding and unseeing all

Around me, in that dreaminess of soul

When every bodily sense is as it slept,

And the mind alone is wakeful. I have
heard

Strange voices in the evening wind; strange
forms

Dimly discover'd throng'd the twilight air.

They wondered at me who had known me
once

A cheerful, careless damsel. I have seen

Mine uncle gaze upon me wistfully,

A heaviness upon his aged brow,

And in his eye such meaning, that my heart

Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all

The mighty future labouring in my breast,

But that methought the hour was not yet
come.

'At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe

Wall'd in from human succour; to the event

All look'd with fear, for there the Fate of
France

Hung in the balance. Now my troubled
soul

Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every
eye,

I loved to wander where the forest shade

Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds
 Of shadowy vastness, such as made my
 Throb loud: anon I paused, and in a state
 Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

"There is a fountain in the forest, call'd
 The fountain of the Fairies: when a child,
 With most delightful wonder I have heard
 Tales of the Elfin tribe that on its banks
 Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
 The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
 Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
 By the woods bounded like some little isle.
 It ever hath been deem'd their favourite

tree;
 They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
 And bask them in the moonshine. Many a
 Hath the woodman shown his boy where
 On the green-sward beneath its boughs,

Their nightly dance, and bade him spare
 the tree.

Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
 And made it holy; and the villagers
 Would say that never evil thing approached
 Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful
 pleasure

That fill'd me by that solitary spring,
 Ceas'd not in riper years; and now it woke
 Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

"Lonely the forest spring: a rocky hill
 Rises beside it, and an aged yew
 Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
 The waters; cavern'd there, unseen and
 slow

And silently they well. The adder's tongue,
 Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy glen,
 Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose
 wavy dip

Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient
 woods

Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
 Nor ever sound profanes it, save such
 sounds

As Silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
 Or the low murmuring of the scarce-heard
 stream.

"A blessed spot! oh, how my soul enjoy'd
 Its holy quietness, with what delight,
 Escaping humankind, I hastened there
 To solitude and freedom! Thitherward
 On a spring eve I had betaken me,
 And there I sat, and mark'd the deep red
 clouds

Gather before the wind, the rising wind,
 Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the
 last,

Seem'd as they rock'd my senses. Soon the
 night
 Darken'd around, and the large rain-drops
 fell

Heavy; anon with tempest rage the storm
 Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy
 rain

Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
 And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
 Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
 Made a wild music. On a rock I sat,
 The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul.

And when the thunders peal'd and the long
 flash

Hung durable in heaven, and to mine eye
 Spread the grey forest, all remembrance
 left

My mind, annihilate was every thought;
 A most full quietness of strange delight
 Suspended all my powers; I seem'd as
 though

Diffused into the scene.

At length a light
 Approach'd the spring; I saw my uncle
 Claude;

His grey locks dripping with the midnight
 storm.

He came, and caught me in his arms, and
 cried,

"My God! my child is safe!"
 I felt his words

Pierce in my heart; my soul was over-
 charged;

I fell upon his neck and told him all;
 God was within me; as I felt I spake,
 And he believed.

Ay, Chieftain, and the world
 Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
 Will raise up indignation, and pour out
 His wrath, and they shall perish who op-
 press."

JOAN OF ARC. I.

THE RETROSPECT.

As on I journey through the vale of years,
 By hopes enlivened or deprest by fears,
 Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured store
 To view the days that will return no more.

And yes! before thine intellectual ray,
 The clouds of mental darkness melt away!

As when, at earliest day's awakening dawn
 The hovering mists obscure the dewy lawn,
 O'er all the landscape spread their influence
 chill,

Hang o'er the vale, and wood, and hide the
 hill;

Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of day,
 Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll away,
 The prospect opens on the traveller's sight,

And hills, and vales, and woods reflect
 the living light.

O thou, the mistress of my future days,
Accept thy minstrel's retrospective lays;
To whom the minstrel and the lyre belong,
Accept, my Edith, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought and grief, or happiness and you;
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt to prove
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of
love.

Corston, twelve years in various fortunes
fled

Have past in restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale beneath the master's rule
I roamed an inmate of the village school.

Yet still will memory's busy eye retrace
Each little vestige of the well-known
place;

Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful
joy

Where merriment has cheered the careless
boy;

Well-pleased will fancy still the spot survey
Where once he triumphed in the childish
play

Without one care where every morn he
rose,

Where every evening sunk to calm repose.
Large was the house, though fallen by vary-
ing fate

From its old grandeur and manorial state.
Lord of the manor here, the jovial squire
Once called his tenants round the crackling
fire;

Here while the glow of joy suffused his face
He told his ancient exploits in the chase,
And proud his rival sportsmen to surpass
He lit again the pipe, and filled again the
glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
The echoing clangour of the huntsman's
horn;

No more the eager hounds with deepening
cry

Leapt round him as they knew their pastime
nigh;

The squire no more obeyed the morning
call,

Nor favourite spaniels filled the sportsman's
hall;

For he, the last descendant of his race,
Slept with his fathers and forgot the chase.

Thou now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic rule;

Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law;

Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and won-
drous wise I ween.

Even now through many a long long year
I trace

The hour when first with awe I viewed his
face;

Even now recall my entrance at the dome,
'Twas the first day I ever left my home!

Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched
day,

Nor taught me to forget my earliest fears,
A mother's fondness, and a mother's tears;

When close she prest me to her sorrowing
heart

As loath as even I myself to part.
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,

With painful effort hid my onward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief,
And each new object weans the child from
grief.

Like April showers the tears of youth de-
scend,

Sudden they fall, and suddenly they end;
A fresher pleasure cheers the following
hour,

As brighter shines the sun after the April
shower.

Methinks even now the interview I see,
The mistress's kind smile, the master's glee;

Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,

Of spacious play-ground, and of wholesome
air;

The best instruction, and the tenderest
care;

And when I followed to the garden door
My father, till through tears I saw no more,

How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And how they never spake so civilly
again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to dwell,
When memory spreads around her sadden-
ing spell,

When discontent, with sullen gloom o'er-
cast,

Turns from the present and prefers the
past?

Why calls reflection to my pensive view
Each trifling act of infancy anew,

Each trifling act with pleasure pondering
o'er,

Even at the time when trifles please no
more?

Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I
know

The days of childhood are but days of woe;
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant
sours

The tranquil calm of childhood's easy hours;
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,

Those easy hours for ever left behind;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress

When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remembered years
 When one small acre bounded all my fears;
 And therefore still with pleasure I recall
 The tapestried school, the bright brown
 boarded hall,
 The murmuring brook, that every morning
 saw
 The due observance of the cleanly law,
 The walnuts, where, when favour would
 allow,
 Full oft I went to search each well-stript
 bough;
 The crab-tree whence we hid the secret
 hoard
 With roasted crabs to deck the wintry
 board.
 These trifling objects then my heart possest,
 These trifling objects still remain imprest;
 So when with unskilled hand the idle hind
 Carves his rude name within the sapling's
 rind,
 In after years the peasant lives to see
 The expanding letters grow as grows the
 tree,
 Though every winter's desolating sway
 Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves
 away,
 That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
 Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.

Oh, while well pleased the lettered traveller
 roams
 Among old temples, palaces, and domes,
 Strays with the Arab o'er the wreck of
 time,
 Where erst Palmyra's towers arose sublime,
 Or marks the lazy Turk's lethargic pride,
 And Grecian slavery on Ilyssus' side,
 Oh, be it mine aloof from public strife
 To mark the changes of domestic life,
 The altered scenes where once I bore a
 part,
 Where every change of fortune strikes the
 heart.
 As when the merry bells with echoing
 sound
 Proclaim the news of victory around,
 Rejoicing patriots run the news to spread
 Of glorious conquest, and of thousands
 dead,
 All join the loud huzza with eager breath,
 And triumph in the tale of blood and death;
 But if extended on the battle-plain,
 Cut off in conquest, some dear friend be
 slain,
 Affection then will fill the sorrowing eye,
 And suffering nature grieve that one
 should die.

Cold was the morn and bleak the wintry
 blast
 Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last,

My bosom bounded as I wandered round
 With silent step the long-remembered
 ground,
 Where I had loitered out so many an hour,
 Chased the gay butterfly, and cull'd the
 flower,
 Sought the swift arrow's erring course to
 trace,
 Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.
 I saw the church where I had slept away
 The tedious service of the summer day;
 Or listening sad to all the preacher told,
 In winter waked, and shivered with the
 cold.
 Oft have my footsteps roamed the sacred
 ground
 Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep
 around,
 Oft traced the mouldering castle's ivied
 wall,
 Or aged convent tottering to its fall,
 Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
 As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again;
 For many a long-lost pleasure came to
 view,
 For many a long-past sorrow rose anew;
 Where whilom all were friends I stood
 alone,
 Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw un-
 known.

There where my little hands were wont to
 rear
 With pride the earliest salad of the year;
 Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
 Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their heads
 obscene:
 Still all around was sad, I saw no more
 The playful groupe, nor heard the playful
 roar;
 There echoed round no shout of mirth and
 glee,
 It seemed as though the world were
 changed like me.

Enough! it boots not on the past to dwell,
 Fair scene of other years a long farewell.
 Rouse up, my soul! it boots not to repine.
 Rouse up! for worthier feelings should be
 thine,
 Thy path is plain and straight—that light is
 given—
 Onward in faith—and leave the rest to
 heaven.

TO URBAN.

Lo! where the livid lightning flies
 With transient furious force
 A moment's splendour streaks the skies,
 Where ruin marks its course:

Then see how mild the font of day
 Expands the stream of light;
 Whilst living by the genial ray,
 All nature smiles delight.

So boisterous riot, on his course
 Uncurb'd by reason, flies;
 And lightning-like its fatal force,
 Soon lightning-like it dies:
 Whilst sober Temperance, still the same,
 Shall shun the scene of strife;
 And, like the sun's enlivening flame,
 Shall beam the lamp of life.

Let noise and folly seek the reign
 Where senseless riot rules;
 Let them enjoy the pleasures vain
 Enjoy'd alone by fools.
 Urban! those better joys be ours,
 Which virtuous science knows,
 To pass in milder bliss the hours,
 Nor fear the future woes.

So when stern time their frames shall seize,
 When sorrows pay for sin;
 When every nerve shall feel disease,
 And conscience shrink within;
 Shall health's best blessings all be ours,
 The soul serene at ease,
 Whilst science gilds the passing hours,
 And every hour shall please.

Even now from solitude they fly,
 To drown each thought in noise;
 Even now they shun Reflection's eye,
 Depriv'd of man's best joys.
 So, when Time's unrelenting doom
 Shall bring the seasons' course,
 The busy monitor shall come
 With aggravated force.

Friendship is ours: best friend, who knows
 Each varied hour to employ;
 To share the lighted load of woes,
 And double every joy;
 And science too shall lend her aid,
 The friend that never flies,
 But shines amid misfortune's shade
 As stars in midnight skies.

Each joy domestic bliss can know
 Shall deck the future hour;
 Or if we taste the cup of woe,
 The cup has lost its power;
 Thus may we live, till death's keen spear,
 Unwish'd, unfear'd, shall come;
 Then sink, without one guilty fear,
 To slumber in the tomb.

THE MISER'S MANSION.

Thou mouldering mansion, whose embattled side
 Shakes as about to fall at every blast;
 Once the gay pile of splendour, wealth, and pride,
 But now the monument of grandeur past.

Fall'n fabric! pondering o'er thy time-trac'd walls,
 Thy mouldering, mighty, melancholy state;
 Each object to the musing mind recalls
 The sad vicissitudes of varying fate.

Thy tall towers tremble to the touch of time,
 The rank weeds rustle in thy spacious courts;
 Fill'd are thy wide canals with loathly slime,
 Where, battenning undisturb'd, the foul toad sports.

Deep from her dismal dwelling yells the owl,
 The shrill bat flits around her dark retreat;
 And the hoarse daw, when loud the tempests howl,
 Screams as the wild winds shake her secret seat.

'Twas here Avaro dwelt, who daily told
 His useless heaps of wealth in selfish joy;
 Who lov'd to ruminate o'er hoarded gold,
 And hid those stores he dreaded to employ.

In vain to him benignant heaven bestow'd
 The golden heaps to render thousands blest;
 Smooth aged penury's laborious road,
 And heal the sorrows of affliction's breast.

For, like the serpent of romance, he lay
 Sleepless and stern to guard the golden sight;
 With ceaseless care he watched his heaps by day,
 With causeless fears he agoniz'd by night.

Ye honest rustics, whose diurnal toil
 Enrich'd the ample fields this churl possess;
 Say, ye who paid to him the annual spoil,
 With all his riches, was Avaro blest?

Rose he, like you, at morn, devoid of fear,
 His anxious vigils o'er his gold to keep?
 Or sunk he, when the noiseless night was near,
 As calmly on his couch of down to sleep?

Thou wretch! thus curst with poverty of
 soul,
 What boot to thee the blessings fortune
 gave?
 What boots thy wealth above the world's
 control,
 If riches doom their churlish lord a
 slave?

Chill'd at thy presence grew the stately
 halls,
 Nor longer echo'd to the song of mirth;
 The hand of art no more adorn'd thy
 walls,
 Nor blazed with hospitable fires the
 hearth.

On well-worn hinges turns the gate no
 more,
 Nor social friendship hastes the friend to
 meet;
 Nor, when the accustom'd guest draws near
 the door,
 Run the glad dogs, and gambol round
 his feet.

Sullen and stern Avaro sat alone,
 In anxious wealth amid the joyless hall,
 Nor heeds the chilly hearth with moss o'er-
 grown,
 Nor sees the green slime mark the mould-
 ering wall.

For desolation o'er the fabric dwells,
 And time on restless pinion, hurried
 by;
 Loud from her chimney'd seat the night-
 bird yells,
 And through the shatter'd roof descends
 the sky.

Thou melancholy mansion! much mine
 eye
 Delights to wander o'er thy sullen gloom,
 And mark the daw from yonder turret fly,
 And muse how man himself creates his
 doom.

For here, had justice reign'd, had pity
 known
 With genial power to sway Avaro's
 breast,
 These treasure'd heaps which fortune made
 his own,
 By aiding misery might himself have
 blest.

And charity had oped her golden store,
 To work the gracious will of heaven in-
 tent,
 Fed from her superflux the craving poor,
 And paid adversity what heaven had
 lent.

Then had thy turrets stood in all their state,
 Then had the hand of art adorn'd thy
 wall,
 Swift on its well-worn hinges turn'd the
 gate,
 And friendly converse cheer'd the echoing
 hall.

Then had the village youth at vernal hour
 Hung round with flowery wreaths thy
 friendly gate,
 And blest in gratitude that sovereign power
 That made the man of mercy good as
 great.

The traveller then to view thy towers had
 stood,
 Whilst babes had lispt their benefactor's
 name,
 And call'd on Heaven to give thee every
 good,
 And told abroad thy hospitable fame.

In every joy of life the hours had fled,
 Whilst time on downy pinions hurried
 by,
 'Till age with silver hairs had grac'd thy
 head,
 Wean'd from the world, and taught thee
 how to die.

And, as thy liberal hand had shower'd
 around
 The ample wealth by lavish fortune
 given,
 Thy parted spirit had that justice found
 And angels hymn'd the rich man's soul
 to heaven.

HOSPITALITY.

"LAY low yon impious trappings on the
 ground,
 Bend, superstition, bend thy haughty head,
 Be mine supremacy, and mine alone:"
 Thus from his firm establish'd throne,
 Replete with vengeful fury, Henry said.
 High Reformation lifts her iron rod,
 But lo! with stern and threatful mien,
 Fury and rancour desolate the scene,
 Beneath their rage the Gothic structures
 nod.
 Ah! hold awhile your angry hands;
 Ah! here delay your king's commands,
 For Hospitality will feel the wound!
 In vain the voice of reason cries,
 Whilst uncontroll'd the regal mandate flies.

Thou, Avalon! in whose polluted womb
 The patriot monarch found his narrow
 tomb;

Where now thy solemn pile, whose antique
head
With niche-fraught turrets awe-inspiring
spread,
Stood the memorial of the pious age?

Where wont the hospitable fire
In cheering volumes to aspire,
And with its genial warmth the pilgrim's
woes assuage.

Low lie thy turrets now,
The desert ivy clasps the joyless hearth;
The dome which luxury rear'd,
Though Hospitality was there rever'd,
Now, from its shatter'd brow,
With mouldering ruins loads the unfre-
quented earth.

Ye minstrel throng,
In whose bold breasts once glow'd the tune-
ful fire,
No longer struck by you shall breathe the
plaintive lyre:

The walls, whose trophied sides along
Once rung the harp's energetic sound,
Now damp and mossy-mantled load the
ground;
No more the bold romantic lore
Shall spread from Thule's distant shore;
No more intrepid Cambria's hills among,
In hospitable hall, shall rest the child of
song.

Ah, Hospitality! soft Pity's child!

Where shall we seek thee now?
Genius! no more thy influence mild
Shall gild affliction's clouded brow;
No more thy cheering smiles impart
One ray of joy to sorrow's heart;
No more within the lordly pile

Wilt thou bestow the bosom-warming smile.
Whilst haughty pride his gallery displays,
Were hangs the row in sullen show
Of heroes and of chiefs of ancient days,
The gaudy toil of Turkish loom
Shall decorate the stately room;
Yet there the traveller, with wistful eye,
Beholds the guarded door, and sighs, and
passes by.

Not so where o'er the desert waste of sand
Speeds the rude Arab wild his wandering
way;

Leads on to rapine his intrepid band,
And claims the wealth of India for his
prey;

There, when the wilder'd traveller dis-
trest,

Holds to the robber forth the friendly hand,
The generous Arab gives the tent of rest,
Guards him as the fond mother guards her
child,

Relieves his every want, and guides him
o'er the wild.

Not so amid those climes where rolls
along

The Oronoko deep his mighty flood;
Where rove amid their woods the savage
thrung,

Nurs'd up in slaughter, and inur'd to
blood;

Fierce as their torrents, wily as the snake
That harps his venom'd tooth in every
brake,

Aloft the dreadful tomahawk they rear,
Patient of hunger, and of pain,

Close in their haunts the chiefs remain,
And lift in secret stand the deadly spear.

Yet, should the unarm'd traveller draw
near,

And proffering forth the friendly hand,
Claim their protection from the warrior
band;

The savage Indians bid their anger cease,
Lay down the ponderous spear, and give
the pipe of peace!

Such virtue Nature gives: when man with-
draws

To fashion's circle, far from nature's laws,
How chang'd, how fall'n the human
breast!

Cold prudence comes, relentless foe!
Forbids the pitying tear to flow,

And steals the soul of apathy to rest;
Mounts in relentless state her stubborn
throne,

And deems of other bosoms by her own.

SONNET.

I PRAISE thee not, Ariste, that thine eye
Knows each emotion of the soul to
speak;

That lilies with thy face might fear to vie,
And roses can but emulate thy cheek.

I praise thee not because thine auburn hair
In native tresses wantons on the wind;

Nor yet because that face, surpassing fair,
Bespeaks the inward excellence of mind:

'Tis that soft charm thy minstrel's heart has
won,

That mild meek goodness that perfects
the rest;

Soothing and soft it steals upon the
breast,

As the soft radiance of the setting sun,
When varying through the purple hues of
light,

The fading orbit smiles serenely bright.

SONNET.

As slow and solemn yonder deepening knell
Tolls through the sullen evening's shadowy gloom,

Alone and pensive, in my silent room,
On man and on mortality I dwell.

And as the harbinger of death I hear,
Frequent and full, much do I love to muse
On life's distemper'd scenes of hope and fear;

And passion varying her chameleon hues,
And man pursuing pleasure's empty shade,
'Till death dissolves the vision. So the child

In youth's gay morn with wondering
pleasure smil'd,
As with the shining ice well-pleas'd he play'd;

Nor as he grasps, the crystal in his play,
Heeds how the faithless bauble melts away.

SONNET.

TO THE FIRE.

My friendly fire, thou blazest clear and bright,

Nor smoke nor ashes soil thy grateful flame;

Thy temperate splendour cheers the gloom of night,

Thy genial heat enlivens the chill'd frame.

I love to muse me o'er the evening hearth,
I love to pause in meditation's sway;

And whilst each object gives reflection birth,

Mark thy brisk rise, and see thy slow decay:

And I would wish, like thee, to shine serene,
Like thee, within mine influence, all to cheer;

And wish at last, in life's declining scene,
As I had beam'd as bright, to fade as clear:

So might my children ponder o'er my shrine,

And o'er my ashes muse, as I will muse o'er thine.

SONNET.

TO REFLECTION.

HENCE, busy torturer, wherefore should mine eye,

Revert again to many a sorrow past?

Hence, busy torturer, to the happy fly,

Those who have never seen the sun o'er-cast

By one dark cloud, thy retrospective beam,

Serene and soft, may on their bosoms gleam,

As the last splendour of the summer sky.

Let them look back on pleasure, ere they know

To mourn its absence; let them contemplate

The thorny windings of our mortal state,

Ere unexpected bursts the cloud of woe;

Stream not on me thy torch's baneful glow,

Like the sepulchral lamp's funereal gloom,

In darkness glimmering to disclose a tomb.

TO LYCON.

I.

ON yon wild waste of ruin thron'd, what form

Beats her swoln breast, and tears her unkempt hair?

Why seems the spectre thus to court the storm?

Why glare her full-fix'd eyes in stern despair?

The deep dull groan I hear,

I see her rigid eye refuse the soothing tear.

Ah! fly her dreadful reign,

For desolation rules o'er all the lifeless plain;

For deadliest nightshade forms her secret bower,

For oft the ill-omen'd owl

Yells loud the dreadful howl,

And the night spectres shriek amid the midnight hour.

Pale spectre, Grief! thy dull abodes I know,

I know the horrors of thy barren plain,

I know the dreadful force of woe,

I know the weight of thy soul-binding chain;

But I have fled thy drear domains,

Have broke thy agonizing chains,

Drain'd deep the poison of thy bowl,

Yet wash'd in Science's stream the poison from my soul.

Fair smiles the morn along the azure sky,

Calm and serene the zephyrs whisper by,
And many a flow'ret gems the painted plain;

As down the dale, with perfumes sweet,

The cheerful pilgrim turns his feet,

His thirsty ear imbibes the throstle's strain;

And every bird that loves to sing

The choral song to coming spring,

Tunes the wild lay symphonious through
the grove,
Heaven, earth, and nature, all incite to love.

Ah, pilgrim! stay thy heedless feet,
Distrust each soul-subduing sweet,
Dash down alluring pleasure's deadly bowl,
For through thy frame the venom'd
juice will creep,
Lull reason's powers to sombrous sleep,
And stain with sable hue the spotless soul;
For soon the valley's charms decay,
In haggard grief's ill-omen'd sway,
And barren rocks shall hide the cheering
light of day:

Then reason strives in vain,
Extinguish'd hope's enchanting beam for
aye,
And virtue sinks beneath the galling
chain,
And sorrow deeply drains her lethal bowl,
And sullen fix'd despair benumbs the nerve-
less soul.

Yet on the summit of yon craggy steep
Stands Hope, surrounded with a blaze of
light;
She bids the wretch no more despondent
weep,
Or linger in the loathly realms of night;
And Science comes, celestial maid!
As mild as good she comes to aid,
To smooth the rugged steep with magic
power,
And fill with many a wile the longly-linger-
ing hour.

Fair smiles the morn, in all the hues of
day
Array'd, the wide horizon streams with
light;
Anon the dull mists blot the living ray,
And darksome clouds presage the stormy
night:
Yet may the sun anew extend his ray,
Anew the heavens may shine in splen-
dour bright;
Anew the sunshine gild the lucid plain,
And nature's frame reviv'd, may thank the
genial rain.

And what, my friend, is life?
What but the many-weather'd April-day!
Now darkly dimm'd by clouds of strife
Now glowing in propitious fortune's ray;
Let the reed yielding bend its weakly
form,
For, firm in rooted strength, the oak defies
the storm.

If thou hast plann'd the morrow's dawn to
roam
O'er distant hill or plain,

Wilt thou despond in sadness at thy home,
Whilst heaven drops down the rain?
Or will thy hope expect the coming day,
When bright the sun may shine with un-
remitted ray?

Wilt thou float careless down the stream of
time,
In sadness borne to dull oblivion's shore,
Or shake off grief, and "build the lofty
rhyme,"
And live 'till Time himself shall be no
more?

If thy light bark have met the storm,
If threatening clouds the sky deform,
Let honest truth be vain; look back on
me,
Have I been "sailing on a summer's sea?"
Have only zephyrs fill'd my swelling sails,
As smooth the gentle vessel glides along?
Lycon, I met unscar'd the wintry gales,
And sooth'd the dangers with the song:
So shall the vessel sail sublime,
And reach the port of fame adown the
stream of time.

II.

AND does my friend again demand the
strain,
Still seek to list the sorrow-soothing
lay?
Still would he hear the woe-worn heart
complain
When melancholy loads the lingering
day?
Shall partial friendship turn the favouring
eye,
No fault behold, but every charm descry;
And shall the thankless bard his honour'd
strain deny?

"No single pleasure shall your pen bestow:"
Ah, Lycon! 'tis that thought affords de-
light;
'Tis that can soothe the wearying weight of
woe,
When memory reigns amid the gloom of
night:

For fancy loves the distant scene to see,
Far from the gloom of solitude to flee,
And think that absent friends may some-
times think of me.

Oft when my steps have trac'd the secret
glade,

What time the pale moon glimmering on
the plain
Just mark'd where deeper darkness dyed
the shade,

Has contemplation lov'd the night-bird's
strain:
Still have I stood, or silent mov'd and slow,

In vain by restless conscience driven
 Lord William left his home,
 Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
 In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
 But could not fly despair;
 He sought his home again, but peace
 Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
 The months appear'd to roll;
 And now the day returned that shook
 With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
 Return without dismay,
 For well had conscience kalendered
 Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! The rains
 Fell fast with tempest roar,
 And the swoln tide of Severn spread
 Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
 In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
 And strove with noisy mirth to drown
 The anguish of his soul.

The tempest as its sudden swell
 In gusty howlings came,
 With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
 To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
 His lonely couch he prest,
 And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
 To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
 Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
 Such and so pale as when in death
 He grasp'd his brother's hand;

Such and so pale his face as when
 With faint and faltering tongue,
 To William's care, a dying charge
 He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
 My orphan Edmund guard—
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
 Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convuls'd
 With agonizing fear,
 He only heard the storm of night,—
 'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
 His inmost soul appals:
 "What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
 The water saps thy walls!

He rose in haste; beneath the walls
 He saw the flood appear,
 It hemm'd him round. 'Twas midnight now,
 No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy; for now
 A boat approached the wall,
 And eager to the welcome aid
 They crow'd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
 "'Twill bear but one away:
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye
 In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice
 Even in that hour of woe,
 That, save their Lord, there was not one
 Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
 His terror was so sore;
 Thou shalt have half my gold, he cried,
 Haste, haste to yonder shore.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat,
 Went light along the stream,
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paus'd, methought I heard
 A child's distressful cry!
 'Twas but the howling wind of night,
 Lord William made reply.

Haste, haste! ply swift and strong the oar!
 Haste, haste across the stream!
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

I heard a child's distressful scream,
 The boatman cried again.
 Nay hasten on—the night is dark—
 And we should search in vain.

Oh God! Lord William dost thou know
 How dreadful 'tis to die?
 And canst thou without pity hear
 A child's expiring cry?

How horrible it is to sink
 Beneath the chilly stream,
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
 In vain for help to scream?

The shriek again was heard: it came
 More deep, more piercing loud;
 That instant o'er the flood the moon
 Shone through a broken cloud:

And near them they beheld a child,
 Upon a crag he stood,
 A little crag, and all around
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar; the boat
Approach'd his resting place,
The moon-beam shone upon the child
And show'd how pale his face.

Now reach thine hand! the boatman cried,
Lord William reach and save!
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold and damp and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he scream'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-
fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she
sighs:
She never complains—but her silence im-
plies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will
seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through her rags do the winds of the winter
blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and
her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the
day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been.
The traveller remembers who journeyed
this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled her guests with
delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at
night
When the wind whistled down the dark
aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled
the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:

But Richard was idle and worthless, and
they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and
say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was
the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt
bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil de-
light
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the
fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade
replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now be
well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble
to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by
fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit ap-
pear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he re-
plied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her
side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage
allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture
there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary com-
ply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was
high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through
the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded
the maid
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt
not afraid;

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and
 their shade
 Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the
 rude blast
 Howled dismally round the old pile:
 Over weed-covered fragments still fearless
 she past,
 And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
 Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly
 drew near,
 And hastily gathered the bough;
 When the sound of a voice seemed to rise
 on her ear:
 She paused, and she listened, all eager to
 hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over
 her head,
 She listened,—nought else could she
 hear,
 The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her
 bosom with dread,
 For she heard in the ruins distinctly the
 tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless
 with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there:
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud
 shone clear,
 And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians
 appear,
 And between them a corpse did they
 bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle
 cold!
 Again the rough wind hurried by,—
 It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it
 rolled—
 She felt, and expected to die.

“Curse the hat!” he exclaims; “nay, come
 on here, and hide
 The dead body,” his comrade replies.
 She beholds them in safety pass on by her
 side—
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage sup-
 plied,
 And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at
 the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around,
 Then her limbs could support their faint
 burthen no more,

And exhausted and breathless she sunk on
 the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story im-
 part,
 For a moment the hat met her view;—
 Her eyes from that object convulsively
 start,
 For—O God! what cold horror then thrilled
 through her heart
 When the name of her Richard she knew!
 Where the old abbey stands on the common
 hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen;
 His irons you still from the road may espy,
 The traveller beholds them, and thinks with
 a sigh,
 Of poor Mary the maid of the inn.

DONICA.

In Finland there is a castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshow either the death of the governor, or some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under the water.

It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, “Fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?” when taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

The following ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to *The Hierarchies of the blessed Angels*; a poem by Thomas Heywood, 1635.

HIGH on a rock whose castled shade
 Darkened the lake below,
 In ancient strength majestic stood
 The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
 Durst never cast his net,
 Nor ever swallow in its waves
 Her passing wings would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
 In wild alarm would run,
 Though parched with thirst, and faint beneath
 The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze
 The long lank sedges waved,
 All white with foam, and heaving high
 Its deafening billows raved;

And when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffled swept
Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathomed depths did send
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he,
Donica was the maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn,
Flushed o'er her clear white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast;
Her parents loved the maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair and mild the air,
Along the lake they stray;
The eastern hill reflected bright
The fading tints of day.

And brightly o'er the water streamed
The liquid radiance wide;
Donica's little dog ran on
And gamboled at her side.

Youth, Health, and Love bloomed on her
cheek,
Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sighed through the long lank sedge;
The air was hushed; no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathomed lake sent forth
Strange music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sailed
The solemn sounds of death.

As the deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The senseless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shrieked,
And loud he called for aid,

And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the death-pale maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recovered reached
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheek
Returned the lively hue;
Her cheeks were deadly white, and wan,
Her lips a livid blue.

Her eyes so bright and black of yore,
Were now more black and bright,
And beamed strange lustre in her face
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gamboled by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his altered mistress howled,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the maid the less;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharmed
He would not brook delay,
But pressed the not unwilling maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
They hailed the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

And as they at the altar stood
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallowed tapers dimly streamed
A pale sulphureous light.

And as the youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he shriek, for lo!
A spirit met his view,
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame
Howling the demon fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The living form fell dead.

THE SPIRIT.
FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Now WHICH is the road across the common,

Good woman! in pity declare;
No path can I trace, for the night is dark,
And I fear me before the far turnpike I mark,
Some grim-visaged ghost will appear."

"The ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve,

And this is the first of the night,"
Cried the woman. "Now, why dost thou look at me so?
And why do thine eyes so fearfully glow?
Good stranger, forbear thy affright.

"I tell thee that across the common,
This cart-track thy horse must pursue,
Till close by thy feet two gibbets thou meet,

Where the rains and the tempests the highwaymen beat,
That a traveller once murder'd, like you."

The horseman replied, "I have no terror
Of men who in midnight plan;
But a ghost that pops on one before or behind,

And around him sees clearly while mortals are blind,—
Ay, that tries the heart of the man.

"Is there no road but by those gibbets?"
"No road," the woman replied.

"But though with the wind each murderer swings
They both of them are harmless things,
And so are the ravens beside."

"What, are there ravens there?—those creatures

That are so black and blue!
But, are they ravens? I inquire,
For I have heard by the winter's fire,
That phantoms the dead pursue."

The woman replied, "They are night-ravens

That pick the dead men's eyes;
And they cry qua, with their hollow jaw;
Methinks I one this moment saw!
To the banquet at hand he flies.

"Now fare thee well!" The traveller,
silent,

Whilst terror consumed his soul,
Went musing on. The night was still,
And every star had drunk his fill
At the brim of oblivion's bowl.

And now he near to the gibbets approach'd!
The black men waved in the air;
He raised his head, and cast a glance,
Yet heeded them not, though they seemed to dance,
For he determin'd not to fear.

Wherefore, he cried, should men incline
To fear where no danger is found!
He scarce had said, when, in the dark night,
Beside him appear'd a spirit in white!
He trembled, and could not look round.

He gallop'd away! the spirit pursued!
And the murderers' irons they scream!
The gibbets are past, and now fast and more fast,
The horseman and spirit outstrip the loud blast,
Though neither have courage to speak.

Now both on the verge of the common arrive,
Where a gate the free passage denied.
The horseman his arm outstretch'd to expand
The gate to admit him, when, cold o'er his hand,
The mouth of the spirit did glide.

He started! and swift through the still darker lane
Gallop'd fast from the being he fear'd;
But yet, as the shadow the substance pursues,
The spirit behind, by a side-glance he views,
And more luminous now it appear'd!

The turnpike he reach'd; "Oh, tell me," he cried,

"I can neither look round or go on;
What spirit is this which has follow'd me here

From the common? good master, I dreadfully fear,
Speak! speak! or my sense will be gone!"

"Ah, Jenny," he cried, "thou crafty old jade!

Is it thee? I'll beat thy bones bare.
Good gentleman, fear not, no spirit is nigh,

Which has follow'd you here from the common hard by,
'Tis only old Gaffer's grey mare!"

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

If thy debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,
Exact not too hardly thy due,

For he who preserves a poor man from
 want
 May preserve him from wickedness too.
 If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval
 cried,
 Never, never unmerciful be!
 For, remember it is by the mercy of God,
 That thou art not as wicked as he.
 At sixty and seven the hope of heaven
 Is my comfort, old Christoval cried,
 But if God had cut me off in my youth,
 I might not have gone there when I died.
 You shall have the farm, young Christoval,
 My good master Henrique said,
 But a surety provide, in whom I can con-
 fide,
 That duly the rent shall be paid.
 I was poor, and I had not a friend on
 earth,
 And I knew what to say;
 We stood by the porch of St. Andres'
 church,
 And it was on St. Isidro's day.
 Accept for my surety St. Isidro,
 I ventured to make reply;
 The saint in heaven may perhaps be my
 friend,
 But friendless on earth am I.
 We entered the church and came to his
 grave,
 And I fell on my bended knee;
 I am friendless, holy St. Isidro,
 And I venture to call upon thee.
 I call upon thee my surety to be,
 Thou knowest my honest intent,
 And if ever I break my plighted word
 Let thy vengeance make me repent!
 I was idle, the day of payment came on,
 And I had not the money in store,
 I fear'd the wrath of St. Isidro,
 But I fear'd Henrique more.
 On a dark dark night I took my flight,
 And hastily fled away,
 It chanced by St. Andres' church
 The road I had chosen lay.
 As I pass'd the door I thought what I had
 swore
 Upon St. Isidro's day,
 And I seem'd to fear because he was near,
 And faster I hasten'd away.
 So all night long I hurried on
 Pacing full many a mile,

I knew not his avenging hand
 Was on me all the while.
 Weary I was, and safe I thought,
 But when it was daylight
 I had I found been running round
 And round the church all night.
 I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees,
 And for pardon devoutly I pray'd:
 When my master came up—What, Chris-
 toval,
 You are here betimes, he said.
 I have been idle, good master! I cried,
 Good master, and I have been wrong,
 And I have been running round the church
 In penance all night long.
 If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,
 Go home and thy fault amend;
 I will not oppress thee, Christoval,
 May the Saint thy labour befriend.
 Homeward I went a penitent,
 And I never was idle more;
 St. Isidro blest my industry
 As he punish'd my fault before.
 When my debtor was poor, old Christoval
 said,
 I have never exacted my due,
 I remembered Henrique was good to me,
 And copied his goodness too.
 When my neighbour has sinn'd, old Chris-
 toval said,
 I have ever forgiven his sin,
 For I thought of the night by St. Andres'
 church,
 And remember'd what I might have
 been.

HENRY THE HERMIT.

It was a little island where he dwelt,
 A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
 Short scanty herbage spotting with dark
 spots
 Its gray stone surface. Never mariner
 Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,
 Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
 Anchored beside its shore. It was a place
 Befitting well a rigid anchorite,
 Dead to the hopes, and vanities, and joys,
 And purposes of life; and he had dwelt
 Many long years upon that lonely isle;
 For in ripe manhood he abandoned arms,
 Honours and friends and country and the
 world,

And had grown old in solitude: That isle
Some solitary man in other times
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry
found
The little chapel which his toil had built
Now by the storms unroofed; his bed of
leaves
Wind-scattered; and his grave o'ergrown
with grass,
And thistles, whose white seeds, winged in
vain,
Withered on rocks, or in the waves were
lost.
So he repaired the chapel's ruined roof,
Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar-
stone,
And underneath a rock that shelter'd him
From the sea-blast, he built his hermi-
tage.
The peasants from the shore would bring
him food,
And beg his prayers; but human converse
else
He knew not in that utter solitude,
Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick
bed,
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
That summons he delayed not to obey,
Though the night tempest or autumnal
wind
Maddened the waves; and though the ma-
riner,
Albeit relying on his saintly load
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived,
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence, and age, and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at
last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the
less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity
Rose he at midnight from his bed of
leaves,
And bent his knees in prayer; but with
more zeal,
More self-condemning fervour, raised his
voice
For pardon for that sin, 'till that the sin
Repented was a joy like a good deed.

One night upon the shore his chapel bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far
sounds
Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarmed at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose.
The boatmen bore him willingly across,
For well the hermit Henry was beloved.
He hastened to the chapel; on a stone
Henry was sitting there, cold, stiff, and
dead,

The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady
light.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.—
 Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last?—
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 The few locks that are left you are
 grey;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old
 man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
 replied,
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigour
 at first,
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are
 gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
 replied,
 I remember'd that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse
 upon death!
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William
 replied;
 Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my
 God!
 And he hath not forgotten my age.

BALLADS AND METRICAL PIECES.

YOUTH AND AGE.

With cheerful step the traveller
 Pursues his early way,
 When first the dimly-dawning east
 Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
 He hastens up the height,
 And all he sees and all he hears,
 But only give delight.

And if the mist retiring slow,
 Roll round its wavy white,
 He thinks the morning vapours hide
 Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
 Departs the fading day,
 How wearily the traveller
 Pursues his evening way!

Then sorely o'er the craggy road
 His painful footsteps creep,
 And slow with many a feeble pause,
 He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
 They fill his soul with fear;
 He dreads some unseen precipice,
 Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
 Life's pleasant morning stage;
 Alas! the evening traveller feels
 The fears of wary age!

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose
 Turned up in scornful curve at yonder
 pig.

It would be well, my friend, if thou and I
 Had, like that pig, attained the perfectness
 Made reachable by Nature! why dislike
 The sow-born grunter?—he is obstinate,
 Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast

That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic-beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not
learnt

That pigs were made for man, born to be
brawn'd

And baconiz'd; that he must please to
give

Just what his gracious masters please to
take;

Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature
gave

For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps—hark, Jacob! dost thou hear that
horn?

Woe to the young posterity of pork!

Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!

Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.

His face,—nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair

To judge a lady in her dishabille?

Fancy it drest, and with saltpeter rouged.

Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like
that

The wanton hop marries her stately spouse;

So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair

Rings round her lover's soul the chain of
love.

And what is beauty but the aptitude

Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,

And thou wilt find that no imagined change

Can beautify this beast. Place at his end

The starry glories of the peacock's pride;

Give him the swan's white breast for his
horn-hoofs;

Shape such a fool and ankle as the waves

Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,

When Venus from the enamour'd sea
arose;—

Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of
him;

All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig-perfection.

The last charge—he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him

With noble and right-reverend precedents,

And show, by sanction of authority,

That 'tis a very honourable thing

To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest

On better ground the unanswerable de-
fence:

The pig is a philosopher, who knows

No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?

If matter,—why, the delicate dish that
tempts

An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel

That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no
more.

If matter be not, but as sages say,

Spirit is all, and all things visible

Are one, the infinitely modified,

Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the
mire

In which he stands knee-deep?

And there! that breeze

Pleads with me, and has won thee to smile

That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd
field

Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon
rise.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see

The holly tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise

As might confound the atheist's sophis-
tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen,

No grazing cattle through their prickly
round

Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves
appear.

I love to view these things with curious
eyes

And moralize;

And in the wisdom of the holly tree

Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant
rhyme,

Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though abroad perchance I might ap-
pear

Harsh and austere,

To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude;

Gentle at home amid my friend's I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I
know,

Some harshness show,

All vain asperities I day by day

Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should
be

Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green

The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

TO RECOVERY.

RECOVERY, where art thou?
 Daughter of Heaven, where shall we seek
 thy help?
 Upon what hallowed fountain hast thou
 laid,
 O nymph adored, thy spell?

By the grey ocean's verge,
 Daughter of Heaven, we seek thee, but in vain;
 We find no healing in the breeze that sweeps
 Thy thymy mountain's brow.

Where are the happy hours,
 The sunshine that so cheer'd the morn of life!
 For health is fled, and with her fled the joys
 That made existence dear.

I saw the distant hills
 Smile in the radiance of the orient beam,
 And gazed delighted that anon our feet
 Should visit scenes so fair.

I look'd abroad at noon,
 The shadow and the storm were on the hills!
 The crags that like a fairy fabric shone
 Darkness had overwhelm'd.

On you, ye coming years,
 So fairly shone the April gleam of hope,
 So darkly o'er the distance late so bright,
 Now settle the black clouds.

Come thou and chase away
 Sorrow and pain, the persecuting powers
 That make the melancholy day so long,
 So long the restless night.

Shall we not find thee here,
 Recovery, on the ocean's breezy strand?
 Is there no healing in the gales that weep
 The thymy mountain's brow?

I look for thy approach,
 O life-preserving Power! as he who strays
 Alone in darkness o'er the pathless marsh
 Watches the dawn of day.

THE FILBERT.

NAY gather not that filbert, Nicholas,
 There is a maggot there,—it is his house—
 His castle—Oh commit not burglary!
 Strip him not naked, 'tis his clothes, his
 shell,
 His bones, the very armour of his life,
 And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
 It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
 Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
 So easily may all things be destroyed!
 But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
 To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.

There were two great men once amused
 themselves

With watching maggots run their wriggling
 race

And wagering on their speed; but Nick,
 to us

It were no sport to see the pampered
 worm

Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
 Like to some barber's leathern powder bag
 Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauli-
 flowers

Spruce beau, or lady fair, or doctor grave.
 Enough of dangers and of enemies
 Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm or-
 dained,

Increase not thou the number! him the
 mouse

Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's
 defence

May from his native tenement eject;
 Him may the nut-hatch piercing with strong
 bill

Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard
 The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.

Man also hath his dangers and his foes,
 As this poor maggot hath, and when I muse
 Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
 The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
 It were a happy metamorphosis

To be enkernelled thus: never to hear
 Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
 Kings, Jacobines, and tax-commissioners,
 To feel no motion but the wind that shook
 The filbert tree, and rocked me to my rest;
 And in the middle of such exquisite food
 To live luxurious! the perfection this
 Of snugness! it were to unite at once
 Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
 And stoic independence of mankind.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the poor complain?

The rich man asked of me;—
 Come walk abroad with me, I said,
 And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white,
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold,
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast;

I ask'd her why she loister'd there,
When the night-wind was so chill;—
She turn'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still.

She told us that her husband served
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye,
Who with the wanton's hollow voice
Adress'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answer'd, she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy
bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting place

Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy
bee!

After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose-tree blossom was
ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
The summer in heaping and hoarding is
spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy
bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of thy ivy are
gone
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee!

METRICAL LETTER.

WRITTEN FROM LONDON.

MARGARET! my cousin,—nay you must not
smile,
I love the homely and familiar phrase;
And I will call thee cousin Margaret,
However quaint amid the measured line,
The good old term appears. Oh! it looks
ill
When delicate tongues disclaim old term of
kin,
Sirring and madaming as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travellers came to the red
gates
Half frozen. Trust me, cousin Margaret,
For many a day my memory hath played
The creditor with me, on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should
owe

So long a debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Loath indeed
were I

That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect: mine, Margaret, is a heart

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong,
For spider, thou art like the poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work as nature taught, with ceaseless
pains,
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet
 sounds!
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead
 tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude,
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the
 pomps
And pageantry of death that with such
 force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning
 train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable
 hearse
Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd
 sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various
 minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who
here
Are following their dead comrade to the
grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of
life

Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place, no dear delights of home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like the withered leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

TO A FRIEND SETTLED IN THE
COUNTRY.

RICHARD, the lot which fate to thee has
given
Almost excites my envy. This green field
Sweet solace to the wearied mind must
yield;
And yonder wide circumference of heaven,
At morn or when the day-star rides on
high,
Or when the calm and mellowed light of
even
Softens the glory of the western sky,
Spreads only varied beauties to thine
eye.
And when these scenes, these lovely scenes
so fair,
Hill, vale, and wood, are hidden from thy
sight,
Still through the deepness of the quiet air,
Canst thou behold the radiant host of
night,
And send thy spirit through the infinite,
Till lofty contemplation end in prayer.
Richard, the lot which fate to thee has
given,
I not unenvying shall recall to mind,
In that foul town, by other fate confined,
Where never running brook, nor verdant
field,
Nor yonder wide circumference of heaven,
Sweet solace to the wearied soul can yield.

TO A FRIEND,

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY YOUTH
AGAIN.

Do I REGRET the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William, nay, not so!
In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William, nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.
Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
When in his own dear home

The traveller rests at last,
 And tells how often in his wanderings
 The thought of those far off
 Has made his eyes o'erflow
 With no unmanly tears;
 Delighted, he recalls
 Through what fair scenes his charmed feet
 have trod.
 But ever when he tells of perils past,
 And troubles now no more,
 His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
 Flows rapid to his heart.

No, William, no, I would not live again
 The morning hours of life;
 I would not be again
 The slave of hope and fear;
 I would not learn again
 The wisdom by experience hardly taught.
 To me the past presents
 No object for regret;
 To me the present gives
 All cause for full content;—
 The future,—it is now the cheerful noon,
 And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
 With eyes alive to joy;
 When the dark night descends,
 My weary lids I willingly shall close,
 Again to wake in light.

REMEMBRANCE.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh."—*Alf.*

MAN hath weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms,—
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms?
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lightens as she counts the hours
 That hasten his return.
 From hard control and tyrant rules
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 The child's sad thoughts will roam,
 And tears will struggle in his eye
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind;

Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find?
 Then is not youth as fancy tells
 Life's summer prime of joy?
 Ah no! for hopes too long delayed
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 The fabled bliss destroy,
 And he remembers with a sigh
 The careless day of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on,
 But with the baseless hopes of youth
 Its generous warmth is gone;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage
 With feeble step and slow;
 New ills that latter stage await
 And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The sky-lark's early song,
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bells' sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
 The sweetest is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

AUTUMN.

NAY William, nay, not so; the changeful
year

In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading
leaves

That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these
trees

Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs; when not a flower
shall spread

Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyaunce—but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.

To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holyday: I call to mind
The school-boy days, when in the falling
leaves

I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas, when at morn I
took

My wooden calender, and counting up
Once more its often-told account, smooth'd
off

Each day with more delight, the daily
notch.

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of
man

Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-
broke,

Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, full of aches and
pains,

Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid
eye

Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to
you

Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair
world

See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth and water full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing
each,

Render life loathsome, and destroy the
hope

That should in death bring comfort. Oh
my friend,

That thy faith were as mine! that thou
couldst see

Death still producing life, and evil still

Working its own destruction; couldst be-
hold

The strifes and tumults of this troubled
world

With the strong eye that sees the promised
day

Dawn through this night of tempest! all
things then

Would minister to joy; then should thine
heart

Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst
feel

God, always, everywhere, and all in all.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, 1793.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green wood shade,
I love thee, winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When nature shrouds her in her trance
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the clustered berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So virtue diffident of strength
Clings to religion's firmer aid,
And by religion's aid upheld
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour
When nature, hid in winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom.

For nature soon in spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the flowret bloom.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1794.

COME, melancholy moralizer, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry
wreath;
With me engarland now
The sepulchre of Time!

Come, moralizer, to the funeral song!
I pour the dirge of the departed days;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring
round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day,
To mirth and indolence.

Mortal! whilst fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice,—rejoice that time flies
fast?

That night shall shadow soon thy summer
sun?
That swift the stream of years
Rolls to eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou
art!

Remember thou art man,
And death thine heritage!

Hast thou known love! doth beauty's better
sun

Cheer thy fond heart with capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

Oh state of happiness!—hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless
grove!

Winter is dark and cold;
Where now the charms of spring!

Sayest thou that fancy paints the future
scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stoled
maid

With stern and frowning front
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy
form.
When, as she sports her in some happier
mood,
Her many-coloured robes
Dance varying to the sun?

Ah! vainly does the pilgrim, whose long
road

Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-
vext height,
With anxious gaze survey
The quiet vale, far off.

Oh there are those who love the pensive
song,
To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant!
They at this solemn hour
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.

And he who bears affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The world a pilgrimage,
The grave the inn of rest.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT! and not one to heave the pious
sigh!

Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching
eye

For social scenes, for life's endearments
fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the
dead!

Poor wretched outcast! I will weep for
thee,

And sorrow for forlorn humanity.

Yes, I will weep; but not that thou art
come

To the stern sabbath of the silent tomb:
For squalid want, and the black scorpion
care,

Heart-withering fiends! shall never enter
there.

I sorrow now for the ills thy life has known,
As through the world's long pilgrimage,
alone,

Haunted by poverty and woe-begone,

Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey
on:

Thy youth in ignorance and labour past
And thine old age all barrenness and blast!
Hard was thy fate, which, while it doomed
to woe,

Denied thee wisdom to support the blow;
And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,
Abject of thought, the victim of distress,
To wander in the world's wide wilderness.

Poor outcast, sleep in peace! the wintry
storm
Blows bleak no more on thine unsheltered
form;
Thy woes are past; thou retest in the
tomb;—
I pause—and ponder on the days to come.

TO A FRIEND.

AND wouldst thou seek the low abode
Where peace delights to dwell?
Pause traveller on thy way of life!
With many a snare and peril rife
Is that long labyrinth of road:
Dark is the vale of years before;
Pause traveller on thy way!
Nor dare the dangerous path explore
Till old experience comes to lend his
leading ray.

Not he who comes with lanthorn light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright
With faltering feet and slow;
No! let him rear the torch on high,
And every maze shall meet thine eye,
And every snare and every foe;
Then with steady step and strong,
Traveller, shalt thou march along.

Though power invite thee to her hall,
Regard not thou her tempting call
Her splendour's meteor glare;
Though courteous flattery there await
And wealth adorn the doom of state,
There stalks the midnight spectre, Care;
Peace, traveller! does not sojourn there.

If fame allure thee, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow,
Where stands her stately pile;
For far from thence does peace abide,
And thou shalt find fame's favouring
smile
Cold as the feeble sun on Hecla's snow-clad
side.

And, traveller! as thou hopest to find
That low and loved abode,

Retire thee from the thronging road,
And sun the mob of human kind.
Ah! hear how old experience schools;
"Fly, fly the crowd of knaves und fools
And thou shalt fly from woe;
The one thy heedless heart will greet,
With Judas smile, and thou wilt meet
In every fool a foe!"

So safely mayst thou pass from these,
And reach secure the home of peace,
And friendship find thee there.
No happier state can mortal know,
No happier lot can earth bestow,
If love thy lot shall share.
Yet still content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless,
And virtue sojourn in the cell
Of hermit happiness.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house, nor hill canst thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The cloud shall pass away;
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

THE PERUVIAN'S DIRGE OVER THE BODY OF HIS FATHER.

REST in peace, my father, rest!
With danger and toil have I borne thy
corpse
From the stranger's field of death.

I bless thee, O wife of the sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toil'd in fear.
Thou badest the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from man;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O wife of the visible god?

Wretched, my father, thy life!
Wretched the life of the slave!
All day for another he toils!
Overwearied at night he lies down,
And dreams of the freedom that once he
enjoy'd.

Thou wert bless'd in the days of thy youth,
My father! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy hand
Bore its part of the general task;
And when, with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labour had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

Thou visible lord of the earth,
Thou god of my fathers, thou god of my heart,
O giver of light and of life!

When the strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
The fires should in lightnings have flash'd!—

Visible god of the earth,
The strangers mock at thy might!

To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee!
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!

But not in the caverns and dens,
O sun, are we mindless of thee!

We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

My father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy sires!
They placed their cross in thy dying grasp;—
They bore thee to their burial place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless priest
Mumbled his mystery words.

Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the fields where the strangers are laid?—

Alone, in danger and in pain,

My father, I bring thee here:

So may our god, in reward,

Allow me one faithful friend

To lay me beside thee when I am released!

So may he release me soon,

That my spirit may join thee there,

Where the strangers never shall come!

LYRICAL PIECES.

SONNET.

THINK, Valentine, as speeding on thy way
Homeward, thou hastest light of heart
along,

If heavily creep on one little day

The medley crew of travellers among,

Think on thine absent friend: reflect that
here

On life's sad journey comfortless he
roves,

Remote from every scene his heart holds
dear,

From him he values, and from her he
loves.

And when, disgusted with the vain and
dull

Whom chance companions of thy way
may doom,

Thy mind, of each domestic comfort full,

Turns to itself and meditates on home,

Ah, think what cares must ache within his
breast,

Who loathes the lingering road, yet has no
home of rest!

SONNET.

NOT to thee, Bedford! mournful is the tale
Of days departed. Time in his career

Arraigns not thee that the neglected
year

Hath past unheeded onward. To the vale
Of years thou journeyest; may the future
road

Be pleasant as the past! and on my friend
Friendship and love, best blessings! still
attend,

Till full of days he reach the calm abode

Where nature slumbers. Lovely is the age
Of virtue: with such reverence we be-
hold

The silver hairs, as some gray oak grown
old

That whilom mocked the rushing tempest's
rage,

Now like the monument of strength de-
cayed,

With rarely-sprinkled leaves, casting a
trembling shade.

TO A BROOK NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CORSTON.

AS THUS I bend me o'er thy babbling stream
And watch thy current, memory's hand
portrays

The faint-formed scenes of the departed
days,

Like the far forest by the moon's pale beam

Dimly descried, yet lovely. I have worn,
Upon thy banks, the livelong hour away,
When sportive childhood, wantoned
through the day,
Joyed at the opening splendour of the
morn,
Or, as the twilight darkened, heaved the sigh,
Thinking of distant home; as down my
cheek,
At the fond thought, slow stealing on
would speak
The silent eloquence of the full eye.
Dim are the long past days, yet still they
please
As thy soft sounds half heard, borne on the
inconstant breeze.

TO THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to
smile;
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds
awhile,
Which deepened dark anon, and fell in
rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return
again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he,
in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows
cease.

SONNET.

FAIR is the rising morn, when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the bard's enthusiast eye
Fades the meek radiance of departing
day;
But fairer is the smile of one we love,
Then all the scenes in nature's ample sway,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
The voice that bids us welcome. Such
delight,
Edith! is mine; escaping to thy sight
From the hard durance of the empty throng.
Too swiftly then towards the silent night,
Ye hours of happiness! ye speed along;
Whilst I, from all the world's cold cares
apart,
Pour out the feelings of my burthened heart.

SONNET.

How DARKLY o'er yon far-off mountain
frowns
The gathered tempest! from that lurid
cloud
The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful and
loud,
Though distant; while upon the misty
downs
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting
rain.
I never saw so terrible a storm!
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
Wraps his torn raiment round his shiver-
ing form,
Cold even as hope within him! I the while
Pause me in sadness, though the sun-beams
smile
Cheerily round me. Ah, that thus my lot
Might be with peace and solitude assigned,
Where I might, from some little quiet
cot,
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of man-
kind!

DURING A TEMPEST.

O God! save mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner!—In comfort here,
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the
 waves,—
The maddened waves,—and know no suc-
 cour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves,
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
And in the dread of death to think of her
Who as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale!
O God! have mercy on the mariner.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR A COLUMN
AT NEWBURY.

ART thou a patriot, traveller? on this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the
brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banner's: dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour? Hampden perished here,
The rebel Hampden, at whose glorious
name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both un-
corrupt,
Friends to their common country both,
they fought,

They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not
accord,
In charity remember these good men,
And quell each angry and injurious thought.

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-HILL.

THIS mound in some remote and dateless
day
Reared o'er a chieftain of the age¹ of
hills,
May here detain thee, traveller! from thy
road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some warrior sleeps below; his gallant
deeds
Haply at many a solemn festival
The bard has harped, but perished is the
song
Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren
downs
The wind that passes and is heard no
more.
Go, traveller, and remember when the
pomp
Of earthly glory fades, that one good deed
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of heaven.

FOR THE BANKS OF THE HAMPSHIRE AVON.

A LITTLE while, O traveller! linger here,
And let thy leisure eye behold and feel
The beauties of the place; yon heathy hill
That rises sudden from the vale so green,
The fall far stretching as the view can
reach
Under its long dark ridge, the river here
That, like a serpent, through the grassy
mead
Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in
light.
Nor fraught with merchant wealth, nor
fam'd in song,
This river rolls; an unobtrusive tide,
Its gentle charms may soothe and satisfy
Thy feelings. Look! how bright its pebbled
bed
Gleams through the ruffled current; and
that bank
With flag-leaves bordered, as with two-edged
swords!

¹ The northern nations distinguished the two periods when the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire, and when they were buried beneath the tumuli so common in this country, by the age of fire and the age of hills.

See where the water wrinkles round the
stem
Of yonder water lily, whose broad leaf
Lies on the wave,—and art thou not re-
fresh'd
By the fresh odour of the running stream?
Soon, traveller! does the river reach the
end
Of all its windings; from the near ascent
Thou wilt behold the ocean, where it
pours
Its waters and is lost. Remember thou,
Traveller! that even so thy restless years
Flow to the ocean of eternity.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the
breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool
sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how
clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows; and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless
speed
Yon glossy insect; on the sand below
How the swift shadow flits. The stream is
pure
In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital
wave:
But passing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for happiness?
Go, stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of innocence, and thou shalt find her there.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD OPPOSITE BALLIOL GATEWAY.

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast
walk'd
Uprightly through the world, proud thoughts
of joy
Will fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast sold thy
soul
And served a hireling, with apostate zeal,
The cause thy heart disowns, oh! cherish
well
The honourable shame that sure this place
Will wake within thee, timely penitent,
And let the future expiate the past.

FUNERAL SONG FOR THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

In its summer pride arrayed
Low our Tree of Hope is laid,
Low it lies; in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levell'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(Thus the end of pomp and power!)
Have the rites of death been paid:
Windsor in thy sacred shade,
Is the flower of Brunswick laid!

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of the funeral ground!
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summoned to the untimely tomb?
Late with youth and splendour crown'd,
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyaunce blest;
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity, and name, and grave;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth.
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resign'd,
And fix'd on heaven his heavenly mind,
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now he may in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,
Lies his bold dethroner too;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due:
Ill starred Prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue!
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim:
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe run red with slaughter,
On the day of Towcester's field;
Gathering in its guilty flood,
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood,
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain,
And the victory of Spain
Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament:

Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine:
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And our Lady's ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers'
Had a second time been ours.
The gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here:
Thou to whom all griefs were known:
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the throne.
Fatal Daughter, fatal Mother,
Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourn'd in blood her elevation;
Woodville in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou mayst say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below,
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be prest;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
Such as sisters use at meeting;
Joy, and Sympathy, and Love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb;
While together spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest.
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit;
No, by Fisher's hoary head,
By More, the learned and the good,
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,
By the life so basely shed,
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee,
May her happy spirit be!

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
The murdered monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secret, gave
Again to sight, that we may spy
This comely face, and waking eye;
There, thrice fifty years it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,

Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague of bloodier, baser birth
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth;
Such awful warning from the dead
Was given by that portentous eye;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye, whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground;
Even in your immortal spheres,
What fresh yearning will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears!
Us she leaves in grief and tears;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal;
Of a righteous war pursued,

Long, through evil and through good,
With unshaken fortitude;
Of peace, in battle here achieved;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke relieved,
Upon that Brabantine plain:
Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory
Of her father's splendid reign.
He, who wore the sable mail,
Might, at this heroic tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy herse.

LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, an essayist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born in London, in 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. In 1792 he obtained a situation in the accountant's Office of the East India Company, where he remained thirty-five years, till his salary had gradually risen to 700 pounds; when he was allowed to retire on a pension of 450 pounds per annum which he enjoyed until his death. In 1797 he began his literary career as a poet in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd. In 1808 he published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare; with Notes, etc." Besides these he wrote "Rosamund Gray," a tale; "John Woodvill," a tragedy; "Album Verses"; "Tales from Shakspeare"; "The adventures of Ulysses," etc., in some of which he was assisted by his Sister Mary Lamb, with whom he lived. As he wrote for amusement, not from necessity, his writings are select but not numerous, and replete with piquancy and playfulness. He died, December 27, 1834.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Yet could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

TO CHARLES LLOYD,
AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

ALONE, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks, my Lloyd, the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring,

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,
For loves and friendships far away?

In brief oblivion to forego
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here:

For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek;
And, with an o'ercharg'd bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh! sweet are all the Muses' lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird;
'Twas long since these estranged ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds
In memory's ear in after time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For, when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless, solitude
When I return, as heretofore,

Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD
WAS DROWNED.

SMILING river, smiling river,
On thy bosom sun-beams play;
Though they 're fleeting, and retreating,
Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,
Choked with ooze and grav'ly stones,
Deep immersed, and unheard,
Lies young Edward's corse: his bones

Ever whitening, ever whitening,
As thy waves against them dash;
What thy torrent, in the current,
Swallow'd, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless
Things had feelings in this case;
What so blindly, and unkindly,
It destroy'd, it now does grace.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had com-
panions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful
school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to tra-
verse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou art more than a
brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's
dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they
have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are de-
parted;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A BALLAD,

NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR,
IN THE WAYS OF A NOBLE'S PALACE, AND A
POOR WORKHOUSE.

To the tune of the "Old and Young Courtier."

In a costly palace Youth goes clad in gold;
In a wretched workhouse Age's limbs are
cold:
There they sit, the old man by a shivering
fire,
Still close and closer cowering, warmth is
their desire.

And not distinguish'd from its neighbour-
barn,
Safe by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely
tells

The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,
Well-earned the bread of service:—hers
was else

A mountain spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image; I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's
house;

And how the prattling tongue of garrulous
age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble forms dis-
course

Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced
Maiden high-born, but wayward disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless
Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
Thy honour'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to
tell,

How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her *heavenly Master*. I have
seen

That reverend form bent down with age and
pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or with-
drew
Her trust in him, her faith, and humble
hope,—

So meekly had she learn'd to bear her
cross—
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ; much comfort she had thence
derived,
And was a follower of the NAZARENE.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the
voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,

Whom thoughts abstruse or high have
chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and
tired

Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink
in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,
A lone enthusiast maid. She loves to walk
In the bright visions of empyreal light,
By the green pastures, and the fragrant
meads

Where the perpetual powers of Eden blow;
By crystal streams, and by the living waters,
Along whose margin grows the wondrous
tree

Whose leaves shall heal the nations; under-
neath

Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
From pain and want, and all the ills that
wait

On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

IN THE ALBUM OF A CLERGYMAN'S LADY.

AN Album is a Garden, not for show
Planted, but use, where wholesome herbs
should grow.

A Cabinet of curious porcelain, where
No fancy enters, but what's rich or rare.
A Chapel, where mere ornamental things
Are pure as crowns of saints, or angels'
wings.

A List of living friends; a holier Room
For names of some since mouldering in the
tomb,

Whose blooming memories life's cold laws
survive;

And, dead elsewhere, they here yet speak,
and live.

Such, and so tender, should an Album be;
And, Lady, such I wish this book to thee.

IN MY OWN ALBUM.

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought and care,
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeatures" there;

And time with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall;

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines;

And vice hath left his ugly blot;
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fainly began—but finish'd not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit;
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look—
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

CROWN me a cheerful goblet, while I pray
A blessing on thy years, young Isola;
Young, but no more a child. How swift
have flown

To me thy girlish times, a woman grown
Beneath my heedless eyes! in vain I rack
My fancy to believe the almanac
That speaks thee Twenty-One! Thou
shouldst have still
Remain'd a child, and at thy sovereign will
Gambol'd about our house, as in times
past.

Ungrateful Emma, to grow up so fast,
Hastening to leave thy friends!—for which
intent,
Fond Runagate, be this thy punishment.

After some thirty years, spent in such bliss
As this earth can afford, where still we miss
Something of joy entire, may'st thou grow
old
As we whom thou hast left! That wish was
cold.

O far more aged and wrinkled, till folks say,
Looking upon thee reverend in decay,

"This Dame, for length of days and virtues
rare,
With her respected Grandsire may com-
pare."

Grandchild of that respected Isola,
Thou shouldst have had about thee on this
day

Kind looks of Parents to congratulate
Their Pride grown up to woman's grave
estate;

But they have died, and left thee to advance
Thy fortunes how thou may'st, and owe to
chance

The friends which nature grudg'd. And
thou wilt find,

Or make such, Emma, if I am not blind
To thee and thy deservings. That last strain
Had too much sorrow in it. Fill again
Another cheerful goblet, while I say
"Health, and twice health to our lost
Isola."

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

WHAT makes a happy wedlock? What has
fate

Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?
Good sense—good humour;—these are tri-
vial things,

Dear M—that each trite encomiast sings.
But she hath these, and more. A mind
exempt

From every low-bred passion, where con-
tempt,

Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found
A harbour yet; an understanding sound;
Just views of right and wrong; perception
full,

Of the deformed, and of the beautiful,
In life and manners; wit above her sex,
Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse
decks;

Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,
To gladden woodland walk, or winter
hearth;

A noble nature, conqueror in the strife
Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,
Strengthening the veins of virtue, past the
power

Of those whose days have been one silken
hour,

Spoil'd fortune's pamper'd offspring; a keen
sense

Alike of benefit, and of offence,
With reconciliation quick, that instant
springs

From the charged heart with nimble angel
wings;

While grateful feelings, like a signet sign'd
By a strong hand, seem burnt into her
mind.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each Mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,—
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,—
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of
Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill;
For his country he sigh'd when at twilight
repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad de-
votion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful
emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken
stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and
danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven
flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me
no more!

A hero's bride! this desert bower
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call—'My love lies bleeding.'
 "This purple flower my tears have nursed;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
 Oh! hearken, stranger to my voice!
 This desert mansion is my choice!
 And blest, though fatal, be the star
 That led me to its wilds afar:
 For here these pathless mountains free
 Gave shelter to my love and me;
 And every rock and every stone
 Bore witness that he was my own.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
 But woe to them, that wrapt in blood
 The tissue of my story!
 Still as I clasp my burning brain
 A death-scene rushes on my sight;
 And rises o'er and o'er again,
 The bloody feud—the fatal night,
 When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
 They call'd my hero basely born,
 And bade him choose a meaner bride
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
 And Cathal of the bloody hand:
 Glory (they said) and power and honour
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
 But he, my loved one, bore in field
 A meaner crest upon his shield.

"Ah, brothers! what did it avail
 That fiercely and triumphantly
 Ye fought the English of the pale
 And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry!
 And what was it to love and me
 That barons by our standard rode,
 Or peal-fires for your jubilee
 Upon a hundred mountains glowed?
 What though the lords of tower and dome,
 From Shannon to the North-sea foam;
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride
 Could break the knot that love had tied?
 No:—let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
 But ties around this heart were spun,
 That could not, would not, be undone!

"At bleating of the wild watch-fold
 Thus sang my love—Oh, come with me;
 Our bark is on the lake, behold,
 Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree;
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
 Come with thy belted forester,
 And I, beside the lake of swans,
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;

And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play my clarshech by thy side.
 Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
 Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
 And I pursued, by moonless skies,
 The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star
 Of day-spring rushed we through the
 glade,
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
 Of Castle-Connor fade!
 Sweet was to us the hermitage
 Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,
 For man's neglect we loved it more,
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
 To search the game with hawk and spear;
 While I, his evening-food to dress,
 Would sing to him in happiness.
 But, oh, that midnight of despair!
 When I was doom'd to rend my hair.
 The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
 The night, to me, that had no morrow!

"When all was hushed, at even-tide,
 I heard the baying of their beagle:
 Be hushed! my Connocht Moran cried,
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
 Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,
 Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
 Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
 And, hark! again that nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers.
 Spare, spare him—Brazil, Desmond fierce!
 In vain—no voice the adder charms.
 Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
 Another's sword had laid him low—
 Another's and another's;
 And every hand that dealt the blow—
 Ah me! it was a brother's!
 Yes, when his moanings died away,
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,
 And I beheld—oh God! oh God!
 His life-blood oozing from the sod!

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
 Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
 Nor mass, nor ulla-lulla heard,
 Lamenting soothe his grave.
 Dragged to their hated mansion back,
 How long in thralldom's grasp I lay,
 I knew not, for my soul was black,
 And knew no chance of night or day.
 One night of horror round me grew;
 Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
 'Twas but when those grim visages,
 The angry brothers of my race,
 Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
 And check'd my bosom's power to sob;

Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire;
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight-skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
A ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek;
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.—
O stranger, by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves, all
mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down pow'rless fell!
And go to Athunree! (I cried)

High lift the banner of your pride!
But know, that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go, where the havoc of your kern
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow;
Dead as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away, away to Athunree!
Where downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizar from your dying face!

"A bolt that overhung our dome,
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look, that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw;
But now, behold! like cataracts
Came down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild:
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'"

MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, a respectable tradesman in Dublin, and was born on the 28th of May, 1780. He acquired the rudiments of his education under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Grafton Street, Dublin, a gentleman well-known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan. At the age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. In 1799 he became a member of the honorable Society of the Middle Temple, and in the course of the year 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse with notes. In 1801 he pro-

duced a volume of original poems, principally amatory, under the name of Little. In 1806, he published his remarks on the "Manners and Society of America" in a work entitled "Odes and Epistles." In 1817 the celebrated poem of "Lalla Rookh" appeared. In 1803 he was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. Mr. Sheridan says in speaking of Moore: "That there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat." Mr. Lake in his Biographical sketch of Moore says: "It appears to us that Mr. Moore is too lavish of his gems and sweets, and it may truly be said of him, in his poetical capacity, that he would be richer with half his wealth. His works are not only of rich materials and graceful design, but they are everywhere glistening with small beauties and transitory inspirations—sudden flashes of fancy that blaze out and perish; like earth-born meteors that crackle in the lower sky, and unseasonably divert our eyes from the great and lofty bodies which pursue their harmonious courses in a serener region." The same writer proceeds to say: "Mr. Moore's poetry is the thornless rose—its touch is velvet, its hue vermilion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Lord Byron's on the contrary, is a prickly bramble, or sometimes a deadly upas, of form uncouth and uninviting, that has its root in the clefts of the rock, and its head mocking the skies, that wars with the thunder-cloud and tempest, and round which the loud cataracts roar." He died in 1851.

THE MODE OF ISFAHAN.¹

THERE 's a bower of roses by *Bendemeer's*
stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the
day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a
sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's
song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the
year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there
yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm
Bendemeer?
No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er
the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while
freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers,
that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when sum-
mer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it
dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a
year!
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my
eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm
Bendemeer!

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.—LALLA ROOKH.

1 The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes, or *Perdas*, by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc. etc.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
"Mid flowers that never shall fade or
fall;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and
sea,
"And the stars themselves have flowers for
me.
"One blossom of Heav'n out-blooms them
all!
"Though sunny the Lake of cool *Cash-
mere*,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,¹
"And sweetly the founts of that Valley
fall;
"Though bright are the waters of *Sing-Su-
Hay*,
"And the golden floods that thitherward
stray,²
"Yet—oh! 'tis only the blest can say
"How the waters of heaven outshine them
all!

1 "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it."—FORSTER.

2 "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."

DESCRIPTION OF TIBET IN PINKERTON.

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 "From world to luminous world, as far
 "As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
 "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 "And multiply each through endless years,
 "One minute of Heaven is worth them
 all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 "'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 "*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
 "*Who brings to this Eternal gate*
 "*The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
 "Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 "'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the Sun:—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands¹
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for heav'n?—"I know
 "The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 "In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 "Beneath the pillars of *Chilminar*;²
 "I know where the Isles of Perfume are
 "Many a fathom down in the sea,
 "To the south of sun-bright *Araby*;³
 "I know too where the Genii hid
 "The jewell'd cup of their King *Jamshid*,⁴
 "With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 "But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 "Where was there ever a gem that shone
 "Like the steps of *Alla's* wonderful Throne?"

¹ "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum, or verge of the heavens."—FRYER.

² The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—D'HERBELOT, VOLNEY.

³ The isles of Panchaia.

⁴ "The Cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—RICHARDSON.

"And the drops of Life—oh! what would
 they be

"In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades!
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
 'Tis He of *Gazna*¹—fierce in wrath

He comes, and *India's* diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;²
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fame he slaughters,
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the *Peri* turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
 The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!
 Yet mark'd the *Peri* where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

¹ Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—

See his History in Dow and Sir J. MALCOLM.

² "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—UNIVERSAL HISTORY, Vol. 3.

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light,

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil

"On the field of warfare, blood like this,

"For Liberty shed, so holy is,

"It would not stain the purest rill,

"That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!

"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,

"A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

"Tis the last libation Liberty draws

"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave

The gift into his radiant hand,

"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave

"Who die thus for their native land.—

"But see—alas!—the crystal bar

"Of Eden moves not—holier far

"Than e'en this drop the boon must be,

"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,

Now among *Afric's* Lunar Mountains,¹

Far to the South, the *Peri* lighted;

And sleeked her plumage at the fountains

Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth

Is hidden from the sons of earth,

Deep in those solitary woods,

Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of their Nile,

And hail the new-born Giant's smile!²

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,³

The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;

And now hangs listening to the doves

In warm *Rosetta's* vale⁴—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings

Of the white pelicans that break

The azure calm of *Mæris' Lake*.⁵

'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright

Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night

Those valleys and their fruits of gold

Basking in heav'n's serenest light;—

Those groups of lovely date-trees bending

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,

Like youthful maids, when sleep descending

Warns them to their silken beds;⁶—

1 "The Mountains of the Moon or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise."—BRUCE.

2 "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names Abey and Alawy, or the Giant.—

ASIAT. RESEARCH. Vol. I. p. 387.

3 See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotts, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

4 "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—SONNINI.

5 Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mæris.

6 "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—DAFAR EL HADAD.

Those virgin lilies, all the night

Bathing their beauties in the lake,

That they may rise more fresh and bright,

When their beloved Sun's awake;—

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem

The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness

Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,

Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting,

Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)

Some purple-wing'd Sultana¹ sitting

Upon a column, motionless

And glittering, like an Idol bird!—

Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,

Amid those scenes so still and fair,

The Demon of the Plague hath cast

From his hot wing a deadlier blast,

More mortal far than ever came

From the red Desert's sands of flame!

So quick, that every living thing

Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,

Like plants, where the Simoom hath passed,

At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,

Is rankling in the pest-house now,

And ne'er will feel that sun again!

And oh! to see th' unburied heaps

On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—

The very vultures turn away,

And sicken at so foul a prey!

Only the fiercer hyæna stalks²

Throughout the city's desolate walks

At midnight, and his carnage plies—

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets

The glaring of those large blue eyes

Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,

"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—

"Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,

"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear

Around her, as the bright drops ran;

For there's a magic in each tear,

Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,

Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze

Were wantoning together, free,

Like age at play with infancy—

1 "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornaments of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—SONNINI.

2 Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," etc.

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well-known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard.
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, e'er its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's
 breath;—

Safe in her Father's princely halls,
 Where the cool air from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 "The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 "And, whether on its wings it bear
 "Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 "There,—drink my tears while yet they
 fall,—

"Would that my bosom's blood were
 balm,
 "And, well thou know'st I'd shed it all,
 "To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 "Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 "Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
 "The one, the chosen one, whose place
 "In life or death is by thy side?
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 "That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 "That I can live, and let thee go,
 "Who art my life itself?—No, no,—
 "When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 "Out of its heart must perish too!
 "Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 "Before like thee I fade and burn;
 "Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 "The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 "In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 "The enchanted pile of that holy bird,
 "Who sings at the last his own death lay,
 "And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleep-
 ing;—

While that benevolent *Peri* beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would
 waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the *Peri* soars above,
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,

1 "In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—RICHARDSON.

For the bright spirit at the gate
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of *Alla* swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!¹

But ah! even *Peris'* hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"
 The Angel said, as with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 "Written in light o'er *Alla's* head,
 "By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 "But, *Peri*, see—the crystal bar
 "Of Eden moves not—holier far
 "Than e'en this sigh the boon must be
 "That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses²
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below!
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls³
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
 As they were all alive with light;—
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of *Peristan*!
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,

1 "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his Beauties of Christianity.

2 Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from *Suri*, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous; hence, *Suristan*, the Land of Roses.

3 "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—BRUCE.

Of shepherd's ancient reed,¹ with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless *Peri*;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,²
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials which the wizard, Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet happily there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon,
 An erring Spirit to the skies!
 Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of even
 In the rich west begun to wither:—
 When, o'er the vale of *Balbec* winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,³
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like wing'd flowers or flying gems:
 And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small minaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the *Peri's* eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests!—there written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

1 The *Syrinx*, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—RUSSEL.

2 The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

3 "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—SONNINI.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lispings th' eternal name of God

From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh! 'twas a sight—that heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
E'en haughty *Eblis* of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When young and haply pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!—
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know!

"There's a drop," said the *Peri*, "that
down from the moon
"Falls through the withering airs of
June

"Upon *Egypt's*¹ land, of so healing a
power,

"So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour

"That drop descends, contagion dies,

"And health reanimates earth and skies!—

"Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

"The precious tears of repentance fall?"

¹ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
"One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them
all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd *Peri* knew,
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—

"To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and
sad

"Are the diamond turnets of *Shadukiam*,¹

"And the fragrant bowers of *Amber-
abad*!"

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,

"Passing away like a lover's sigh!—

"My feast is now of the Tooba tree,²

"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!"

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone

"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—

"Oh, what are the brightest that e'er have
blown,

"To the lote-tree, springing by *Alla's*
Throne,³

"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!"

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—

"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S
daughter!

(Thus warbled a *PERI* beneath the dark
sea)

¹ The Country of Delight,—the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

² The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet.—See Sale's Prelim. Disc.—"Tooba," says D'Herbelot, "signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness."

³ Mahomet is described, in the 53th Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green
water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in
thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee
growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witch-
ery came,
Like the wind of the south¹ o'er a summer
lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its
frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny high-
lands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember
the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl
Islands,
With nought but the sea-star² to light up
her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is
burning,³
And calls to the palm-groves the young
and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime re-
turning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is
told.

The young village maid, when with flowers
she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival
day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her
tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror
away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero! forget
thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll
set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows
in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of
the billow

¹ "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings
of lutes, that they never can be tuned while it lasts."
STEPHEN'S PERSIA.

² "One of the greatest curiosities found in the
Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-
fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, re-
sembling the full moon surrounded by rays."
MIRZA ABU TALEB.

³ For a description of the merriment of the date-
time, of their work, their dances, and their return
home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with
the fruits, see KEMPFER, *Amœnitat. Exot.*

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest
amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept;¹
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd
chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian²
are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy
bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet foun-
tain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on
that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps
in this wave.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASH-
MERE,
With its roses the brightest that earth
ever gave,³
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as
clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over
their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er
the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve
throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring
to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she
goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are
gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of
its own.

¹ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a
concretion of the tears of birds.—
See TREVoux, CHAMBERS.

² "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called
the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—
STRUY.

³ "The rose of Kashmire for its brilliancy and
delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the
East."—FORSTER.

Here the music of pray'r from a minaret
 swells,
 Here a Magian his urn full of perfume is
 swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian
 dancer is ringing,¹
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly
 shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
 When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall
 of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle
 of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the
 young people meet.—
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight
 awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it
 breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of
 the sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the
 day,
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing
 away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like
 a lover
 The young aspen-trees² till they tremble
 all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of
 first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance
 unfurl'd,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal³
 that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the
 world!

ALAS!—HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE.

ALAS!—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were
 rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heav'n was all tranquillity!
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken,

1 "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."—*Song of Jayadeva*.

2 "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall."—BERNIER.

3 "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—FORSTER.

Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

THERE 'S A BLISS.

THERE 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel
 has told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly
 tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never
 cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till
 they die!
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering
 bliss;
 And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

TO THE FLYING-FISH.¹

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
 O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
 And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
 And live amid the glorious skies;
 Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
 How like the wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and heaven!
 But when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,
 And sink into the waves again;
 Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,

1 It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which they can to prove a kindred similitude between them: συγγενειαν τοις πεποιμένοις προς τα ψηλα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!
O Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below!
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul has dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

TO THE FIRE-FLY.¹

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall loose their
bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

EPISTLE

TO

LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Καὶ μὴ θαυμάσης μήτ' εἰ μακρότερον
γέγραφα τὴν ἐπιστολήν, μηδ' εἰ τι
περιζυγότερον ἢ πρεσβυτικώτερον εὐρή-
καμεν ἐν αὐτῇ.

ISOKRAT. Epist. IV.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heav'n within his view:

¹ The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettaient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avait ravie etc. etc." See: L'Histoire des Antilles, Art. 2., chap. 4. Liv. 1.

Well might the novice hope, the sanguine
scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much
before!

But, tracing as we do, through age and
clime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of
crime,
The thinking follies and the reas'ning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying
frame

Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to
make

A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd
yet,

Nor tire of watching for the monstrous
birth

Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that Soul which God has
given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for
heaven;

O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

E'en here, beside the Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering
theme

Of days to come, when man shall conquer
fate,

Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's di-
vided reign

"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.

"There godlike liberty's herculean youth,

"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth

"To full maturity of nerve and mind,

"Shall crush the giants that bestride man-
kind!¹

"Here shall religion's pure and balmy
draught

"In form no more from cups of state be
quaff'd,

"But flow for all, through nation, rank, and
sect,

"Free as that heav'n its tranquil waves re-
flect.

¹ Thus Morse:—"Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge, etc. etc." p. 569.

"Around the columns of the public shrine
 "Shall growing arts their gradual wreath
 entwine,
 "Nor breathe corruption from their flower-
 ing braid,
 "Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to
 shade.
 "No longer here shall Justice bound her
 view,
 "Or wrong the many, while she rights the
 few;
 "But take her range through all the social
 frame,
 "Pure and pervading as that vital flame
 "Which warms at once our best and meanest
 part,
 "And thrills a hair while it expands a
 heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves
 to scan
 The brightness rather than the shades of
 man,
 That owns the good, while smarting with
 the ill,
 And loves the world with all its frailty
 still—
 What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
 The generous hope, with all that heav'nly
 heat,
 Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
 The thoughts of growing, e'en on earth, di-
 vine!
 Yes, dearest FORBES, I see thee glow to
 think
 The chain of ages yet may boast a link
 Of purer texture than the world has known,
 And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth e'en the glorious
 dream
 Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain
 gleam
 Which bids us give such dear delusion
 scope,
 As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
 No, no, believe me,—'tis not so—e'en now,
 While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
 The showy smile of young presumption
 plays,
 Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
 E'en now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
 Burns with the taint of empires near their
 death,
 And, like the nymphs of her own withering
 clime,
 She's old in youth, she's blasted in her
 prime!¹

¹ "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous dispatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, Vol. I. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
 The foul Philosophy, that sins by rule,
 With all her trains of reas'ning, damning
 arts,
 Begot by brilliant heads on worthless
 hearts,
 Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
 The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
 Already has she pour'd her poison here
 O'er every charm that makes existence
 dear;
 Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,
 The op'ning bloom of every social grace,
 And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
 Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her
 fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton
 tide
 Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
 The fervid follies and the faults of such
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too
 much;
 Then might experience make the fever less,
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess;
 But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
 All youth's transgression with all age's
 chill,
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest
 rage,
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely vent'ring in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated
 strife,
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and
 fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand
 And greedy spirit through this bart'ring
 land;
 Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
 So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
 And conscience, truth, and honesty are
 made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!¹

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
 Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by
 fate,
 To show the world, what high perfection
 springs
 From rabble senators, and merchant kings—

republican intrigue on one side and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to very honest politicians, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

¹ "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales."—MONTESQUIEU, de l'Esprit des lois. Liv. xx, Chap. 2.

E'en here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for
hire!

Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's
foes,¹

Who could their monarch in their purse
forget,

And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,²
Have prov'd at length the mineral's tempt-
ing hue,

Which makes a patriot, can unmake him
too.³

Oh! freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, where they number'd
all

From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn con-
trol,

And shout for rights, with rapine in their
soul!

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and
rights,

Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,⁴
And all the piebald polity that reigns

In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle
God!

Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod

1 I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the Colonies found it necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

2 The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

3 See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, through Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer, than to the occurrences which he has related, and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

4 In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree, which must ultimately be ruinous.

O'er creatures like himself, with souls from
thee,

Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been
nam'd,

Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard freedom
waves

Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves!
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made
brute!

But, oh my FORBES! while thus, in
flow'rless song,

I feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world,
were nursed!

Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne
they serv'd—

Thou gently lull'd in dreams of classic
thought,

By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been!
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures
spread

By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Bright'ning the young conceptions of thy
heart?

Forgive me, FORBES—and should the song
destroy

One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who
can!

Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

... τὴνδε τὴν πόλιν φίλως
ἔειπὼν· ἐπαξία γάρ.
SOPHOCLE. ŒDIP. COLON. v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his
eye;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

ALL THAT 'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

INDIAN AIR.

I.

ALL that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

II.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AIR.—THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

I.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

II.

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evenings bells!

III.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

PORTUGUESE AIR.

I.

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou
wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart
his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and
lone;—

II.

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all
seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

SCOTCH AIR.

I.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland 's dead,
And all but he departed!

1 The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

RUSSIAN AIR.

I.

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now burst upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

II.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.

OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

CASHMERIAN AIR.

I.

OH! No—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now!

II.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

SCOTCH AIR.

I.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou ro'v'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day,

And all that thou wishest, and all that thou
lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

II.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

FRENCH AIR.

I.

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings!
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
The brightest and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

II.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.
Let 's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light—
Then lost for evermore!
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS!

WELSH AIR.

I.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew
thee,
All thou'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

II.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;

Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

FRENCH AIR.

I.

OH! Days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Mem'ry die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whisp'ring of joys that yet remain—
No, no, ne'er more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

II.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me—
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh! 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN!

SUNG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See, those groups of Angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their sunny brows from Eden bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

II.

Hark—their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the heavenly Son,
He, whose home is in the skies,—
The Holy One!

GO NOW, AND DREAM.

SICILIAN AIR.

I.

Go now, and dream o'er that joy in thy
slumber—

Moments so sweet again ne'er thou shalt
number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour never
flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere
it dies!

II.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting,
so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then
did—
But, ah! never more will the beam she saw
burn
In those happy eyes at your meeting return.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

NEAPOLITAN AIR.

I.

TAKE hence the bowl; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

II.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die!
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

FRENCH AIR.

I.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest, soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

II.

By friendship we oft are deceived,
And find the love we clung to past;
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves

Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, etc.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

NEAPOLITAN AIR.

I.

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we 're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

II.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,
Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not, e'en in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP. ?

HOLY be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all, who wake to weep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he!
Hark! Hark! did I hear a vesper swell?
No, no—it is my loved Pilgrim's prayer:
No, no—'twas but the convent bell
That tolls upon the midnight air.
Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep!
Now, now again the voice I hear!
Some holy man is wand'ring near.

O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming
Dark is the way, and midnight coming.
Stranger, I've been o'er moor and moun-
tain,

To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And Pilgrim, say, where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar.
Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes,
Here he shall rest still morning blushes.
Peace to them, whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial-rite 's begun—
'Tis time for our reposing.

Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er:
'Tis my master! 'tis my master! Welcome
here once more;
Come to our shed—all toil is over;
Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH!

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

I.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Where the Song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour,
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender—
Every joy the land surroudeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

II.

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Every flower of life declineth!
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

III.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

NOW LET the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Victory sits on the Christian's helm
To guide her holy band:
The knight of the cross this day shall
whelm
The men of the Pagan land.
Oh! bless'd who in the battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies!

Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.

OH! YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

I.

Oh, yes when the bloom of Love's boyhood
is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no
decay;
And, though Time may take from him the
wings he once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as
before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of
flying away.

II.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not
stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments
will crown:
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens
away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing
of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes
down.

THE SONG OF WAR.

I.

The song of war shall echo through our
mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of Slavery's lingering chains—
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never, till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's song be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

II.

The song of war shall echo through our
mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
"To gild your wines and light your foun-
tains."
Oh! never, till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's song be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

I.

When twilight dewdrops are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love!
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven?

II.

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
There's not a flower, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in Heaven!

VIEW OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA. FROM THE JURA.¹

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!

I stood entranced and mute—as they
Of ISRAEL think th' assembled world
Will stand upon the awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,

¹ Between Vattay and Gex.

Among the opening clouds shall shine,
 Divinity's own radiant sign!
 Mighty MONT BLANC! thou wert to me,
 That minute, with thy brow in Heaven,
 As sure a sign of Deity
 As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
 Nor ever, where I destined yet
 To live my life twice o'er again
 Can I the deep-felt awe forget—
 The ecstasy that thrill'd me then!
 'Twas all that consciousness of power,
 And life, beyond that mortal hour;—
 Those mountings of the soul within
 As thoughts of Heaven—as birds begin
 By instinct in the cage to rise,
 When near their time for change of skies—
 That proud assurance of our claim
 To rank among the Sons of Light,
 Mingled with shame—oh, bitter shame!—
 As having risk'd that splendid right,
 For aught that earth, through all its range
 Of glories, offers in exchange!
 'Twas all this, at the instant brought,
 Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
 'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
 This purely ever-man might grow,
 E'en upon earth, a thing divine,
 And be once more the creature made
 To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No—never shall I lose the trace
 Of what I felt in this bright place.
 And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
 Should I, oh God! e'er doubt thy power,
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,
 At the same calm and glowing hour,
 And here, at the sublimest shrine
 That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
 Rekindle all that hope divine,
 And feel *my* immortality!

The Fall of Venice not be lamented.—
—Former Glory.— Expedition against Con-
stantinople.— Giustinianis.— Republic.—
Characteristics of the old Government.—
Golden Mouths.—Brazen Mouths.—Spies.
Dungeons.—Present Desolation.—

MOURN not for VENICE—let her rest
 In ruin, 'mong those States unblest'd,
 Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
 Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
 No—let us keep our tears for them,
 Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
 Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
 Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
 But from high daring in the cause
 Of human Rights—the only good
 And blessed strife, in which man draws
 His powerful sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for VENICE—though her fall
 Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
 Swept o'er her—she deserves it all,
 And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
 Thus perish every King and State
 That run the guilty race she ran,
 Strong but in fear, an only great
 By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
 And all those days of glory gone,
 When the world's water east and west,
 Beneath her white-wing'd commerce
 shone;
 When with her countless barks she went
 To meet the Orient Empire's might,¹
 And the GIUSTINIANIS sent
 Their hundred heroes to that fight.²

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
 But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too
 (Thanks of that Power who, soon or late,
 Hurls to the dust the guilty Great),
 Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
 The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
 That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
 Where the Republic's standard stood!

Desolate VENICE! when I track
 Thy haughty course through cent'ries
 back,—
 Thy ruthless power, obey'd but cursed,
 The stern machinery of thy State,
 Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
 Had stronger fear not chill'd e'en hate;
 Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
 Thy own unblushing SARPI³ taught,—
 Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
 Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death,—⁴
 Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
 Shut against humble Virtue's name,⁵
 But open'd wide for slaves who sold
 Their native land to thee and shame,—⁶

¹ Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

² "La famille des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit cent combattants; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait."—Histoire de Venise, par DARU.

³ The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an overcharged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy seriously incalculated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

⁴ Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see DARU, vol. II. p. 141.

⁵ "A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talents ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisants pour s'asseoir avec elle."—DARU.

⁶ Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

Thy all-pervading host of spies,
 Watching o'er every glance and breath,
 Till men look'd in each other's eyes,
 To read their chance of life or death,—
 Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
 And legalized th' assassin's knife,—¹
 Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
 And racks, and Leads ² that burn out life;
 When I review all this, and see
 What thou art sunk and crush'd to now;
 Each harpy maxim, hatch'd by thee,
 Return'd to roost on thy own brow,—
 Thy Nobles, towering once aloft,
 Now sunk in chains—in chains, that have
 Not e'en that borrow'd grace, which oft
 The master's fame sheds o'er the slave,
 But are as mean as e'er were given
 To stiff—neck'd Pride by angry Heaven—
 I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
 And smiling o'er the reck, repeat—
 "Thus perish every King and State,
 "That tread the step which VENICE trod,
 "Strong but in fear, and only great
 "By outrage against man and God!"

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMBEREST thou that setting sun,
 The last I saw with thee?
 When loud we heard the evening gun
 Peal o'er the twilight sea.
 The sounds appear'd to sweep
 Far o'er the verge of day,
 Into realms beyond the deep
 They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
 In pensive dreams of thee,
 I sit to hear that evening gun
 Peal o'er the stormy sea:
 And while o'er billows curl'd
 The distant sounds decay,
 I weep, and wish from this rough world,
 Like them to die away.

SONG.

SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales,
 Gentle river! thy current runs,
 Shelter'd safe from winter gales
 Shaded cool from summer suns:

¹ By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the Power.

² "Les prisons des plombs, c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais."

Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide
 Fenced with flowery shelter round;
 No rude tempest wakes the tide,
 All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
 When, woo'd by whispering groves in
 vain,
 Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
 To mingle with the stormy main.
 And thou, sweet youth! too soon wilt pass
 Into the world's unshelter'd sea:
 Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas!
 All hope of peace is lost for thee.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go WHERE glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
 Oh! then remember me.

IRISH MELODIES.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE
IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy
skies!

Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

IRISH MELODIES.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE
ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as
light,

And as free from a pang as they seem to
you now;

Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of
to-night

Will return with to-morrow to brighten
my brow.

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment
adorns;

And the heart, that is soonest awake to the
flowers,

Is always the first to be touch'd by the
thorns!

But send round the bowl, and be happy
awhile—

May we never meet worse, in our pilgri-
mage here,

Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with
a smile,

And the smile that compassion can turn
to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven
knows!

If it were not with friendship and love
intertwin'd;

And I care not how soon I may sink to
repose,

When these blessings shall cease to be
dear to my mind!

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the
purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they
believ'd;

And the heart that has slumber'd in friend-
ship securest,

Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

But send round the bowl, while a relic of
truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall
be mine,—

That the sunshine of love may illumine our
youth,

And the moon-light of friendship console
our decline.

IRISH MELODIES.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may
glow,

While the tide runs in darkness and cold-
ness below,

So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm
sunny smile,

Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws

Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
woes,

To which life nothing darker or brighter
can bring,

For which joy has no balm and affliction no
sting!—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment
will stay,

Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's
bright ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it
in vain,

It may smile in his light, but it blooms not
again.

IRISH MELODIES.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet

As that vale, in whose bosom the bright wa-
ters meet;

Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o'er
the scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of
green;

'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or
hill,

Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite
still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom,
 were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
 more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature
 improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
 we love.

Sweet vale of AVOCA! how calm could I
rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace!

IRISH MELODIES.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE EN-
DEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
 charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in
 my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment
 thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
 heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine
own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
known,
To which time will but make thee more
dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when
he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he
rose!

IRISH MELODIES.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its Memory lives in Music's breath !

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IRISH MELODIES.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er
him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend
that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's
light,
While it shines thro' our hearts, will im-
prove them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more
bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love
them!
And, as buried saints have shed perfume
Through shrines where they've been ly-
ing,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning
bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

IRISH MELODIES.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

IRISH MELODIES.

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome
 the hour,
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in
 your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd
 it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with
 you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may
 remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway
 of pain—
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision
 that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring
 with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure
 fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and
 each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or
 bright,
 My soul, happy friends! shall be with you
 that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and
 your wiles,
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with
 your smiles!
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay
 cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he
 were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
 destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow
 and care,

And bring back the features that joy us'd
 to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories
 fill'd!
 Like the vase in which roses have once been
 distill'd—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if
 you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round
 it still.

IRISH MELODIES.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet!
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When Sorrow itself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light:
 If thus, too, the cold world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:—
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

IRISH MELODIES.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are
 unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre
 begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of
 our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all
 from within;

Oh! it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport
we may;—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay
sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade
away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass
us by
Like a leaf on the stream that will never
return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with
pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing
urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can
sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never
knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as
they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow
is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid
 their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed
 about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own
 weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from
 mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection ap-
 pears;—
And e'en tho' to smiles it may first owe its
 birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out
 by tears!

WHENE’ER I SEE THOSE SMILING
EYES.

WHENE’ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill’d with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav’n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE
THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make
amends
For all the long years I've been wander
ing away?
To see thus around me my youth's early
friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as
o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—
what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by
wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses
again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the
heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so
long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they
were part,
Still round them, like visions of yester-
day, throng
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on
the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings
to light.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall
glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
Though oft we may see looking down on
the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining
through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay
shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still
ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morn-
ing once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the
most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold
dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo
it near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life
is gone,
To meet in some world of more perma-
nent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hasten-
ing on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But come—the more rare such delights to
 the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless
 them the more,
 They 're ours when we meet—they are
 lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer and fly
 when 'tis o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we
 drink,
 Let sympathy pledge us, through plea-
 sure, through pain,
 That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through
 the chain.

EPISTLE

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE
 AZORES.

BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! if like Crotona's sage,
 By any spell my hand could dare
 To make thy disk, its ample page,
 And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
 How many a friend, whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
 The recollection, kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise, never to forget,
 And all my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

Oh *Strangford*! when we parted last,
 I little thought the times were past,
 For ever past, when brilliant joy
 Was all my vacant heart's employ:
 When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
 We thought the rapid hours too few,
 Our only use for knowledge then
 To turn to rapture all we knew!
 Delicious days of whim and soul!
 When, mingling lore and laugh together,
 We lean'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
 And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather!
 I little thought that all were fled,
 That ere that summer's bloom was shed,
 My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
 That wafts me to the distant world!

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
 To cool the reason's burning rays,
 The heart may let its wanton wing
 Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!

And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
 Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter hopes could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more!

E'en now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
 Oh! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides!
 The only envious cloud that lowers
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heav'n of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
 Invisible, at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the melting smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,
 Oh! I should have full many a tale
 To tell of young Azorian maids.

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
 Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
 Good night, my *Strangford*!—ne'er forget
 That, far beyond the western sea
 Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

STANZAS.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
 The storms of the morning pursued us
 no more,
 And the wave, while it welcom'd the mo-
 ment of rest,
 Still heav'd as remembering ills that were
 o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the
 hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as
 the dead,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for
the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the
Vale,

Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh
on her brow!

Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for
flying

From this gloomy world, while its gloom
was unknown—

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly,
in dying,

Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her
own.

Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she
flew

To that land where the wings of the soul
are unfurl'd,

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold
dew,

Looks radiantly down on the tears of this
world.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go, LET me weep! there's bliss in tears,

When he who sheds them inly feels

Some lingering stain of early years

Effaced by every drop that steals.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe

Fall dark to earth and never rise;

While tears that from repentance flow,

In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,

When he who sheds them inly feels

Some lingering stain of early years

Effaced by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew

More idly than the summer's wind,

And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,

But left no trace of sweets behind.

The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves

Is cold, is faint, to those that swell

The heart, where pure repentance grieves

O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well!

Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew

More idly than the summer's wind,

And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,

But left no trace of sweets behind.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

As down in the sunless retreats of the
ocean,

Sweet flowers are springing no mortal
can see,

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of de-
votion,

Unheard by the world, rises silent to
Thee,

My God! silent to Thee—

Pure, warm, silent to Thee:

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of de-
votion,

Unheard by the world, rises silent to
Thee!

As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim
sea,

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
Thee,

My God! trembling to Thee—

True, fond, trembling to Thee:

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
Thee!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove

That flies alone to some sunny grove,

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,

All vestal white, in the limpid spring.

There, if the hovering hawk be near,

That limpid spring in its mirror clear

Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,

And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this dove;

Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book

Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,

In whose holy mirror, night and day,

Thou wilt study heaven's reflected ray:—

And should the foes of virtue dare,

With gloomy wing to seek thee there,

Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie

Between Heaven and thee, and trembling
fly!

Oh! be like the dove;

Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

ANGEL of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear!
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there!

Hope and her sister Faith were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die.
But long as Love, almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, O Charity, dwell above,
Smiling for ever by his side.

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY?

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so
splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering
o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven
extended,
And hear him swear by thee that time's
no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast consuming
ray—
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that
day?

When through the world thy awful call hath
sounded—
“Wake, O ye dead, to judgment wake, ye
dead!”
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes sur-
rounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant
head;
While earth and heaven before him pass
away—
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear
that day?

When, with a glance the eternal judge shall
sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and
bright,
And say to those, “Depart from me for
ever!”
To these, “Come, dwell with me in endless
light!”
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear
that day?

OH! TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

OH! teach me to love Thee, to feel what
Thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my
heart

Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone!

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and
through blame,
Oh! still let me, living and dying the
same,

In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away!

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by
my birth

To pain and affliction, to darkness and
dearth,

On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light.—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire—
But when he swept its chords along,
Even angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-
guish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently
kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

TO THE MORNING.

BEAMS of the day-break faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tir'd with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, numbered night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy
wreathes
That round my rural casement twine:
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes,
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the
mental strife,
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame
of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars till the unrisen sun
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
Till on the mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn
of day.

Oh Heaven! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colours drest.
Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view!
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the dear blue face of morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky,
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy
folds adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,

The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie?
Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
To ope on him no more.
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile:
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whisp'ring willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear
moonless night.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful
cypress twine.

Though fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not
laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To twin my eye
From vanity
And point to scenes of bliss that never,
never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in
the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled
in her pall.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is
laid.—

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throb-
bing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my
bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours
vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the
zephir
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did
Gray

Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wan-
ton'd.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad jour-
ney's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may
find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as
death.
I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor
earth-worm
Of its predestin'd dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with ozers, just as sleep the
cotters.
Yet may not undistinguish'd be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And oh! (if heavenly beings may look
down
From where, with cherubin inspir'd, they sit,
Upon this little dim-discovered spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance below
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the
wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling
woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred
skies.
Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the
earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would
lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sex-
ton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the
dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Expos'd to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the village ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor
hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children
round,

And slowly spell the rudely sculptur'd
rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd
spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the
grave,
And thought on cities, where ev'n ceme-
teries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mor-
tality,
Are not protected from the drunken in-
solence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heav'n, that here my pilgrimage may
close!
Yet, if this be deny'd, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of
waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?)—Yet
still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native re-
gions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll
think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

TO LOVE.

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove:
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

THE WANDERING BOY.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the
wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his
door;
When the chilling tear stands in my com-
fortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering
Boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my
breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had once a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd
vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its
sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd
away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers
a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads
the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor Wan-
dering Boy.

MY STUDY.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor,
So noble, large, 'tis scarcely able
To admit a single chair and table:
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold:
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture, I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table, wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant,
(Who, though I say 't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.

Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys :
 But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
 I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
 And lay me down to rest where the wild
 wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely
 grave.

SONNET.

LADY, thou weapest for the Maniac's woe,
 And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art
 young ;
 Oh may thy bosom never, never know
 The pangs with which my wretched heart
 is wrung.
 I had a mother once—a brother too—
 (Beneath yon yew my father rests his head :)
 I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
 But mother, brother, lover, all are fled !
 Yet, whence the tear, which dims thy lovely
 eye ?
 Oh ! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,
 The green sod soon upon my breast will
 lie,
 And soft and sound will be my peaceful
 sleep.
 Go thou, and pluck the roses while they
 bloom—
 My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

THE LULLABY.

SLEEP, Baby mine, enkerchieft on my
 bosom,
 Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding
 breast ;
 Sleep, Baby mine, not long thou'lt have a
 mother,
 To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.
 Baby, why dost thou keep this sad com-
 plaining,
 Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers
 fled ;
 Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly
 waning,
 And I would fain compose my aching head.
 Poor wayward wretch ! and who will heed
 thy weeping,
 When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt
 be :
 Who then will soothe thee, when thy
 mother's sleeping
 In her low grave of shame and infamy !
 Sleep, Baby mine—To-morrow I must leave
 thee,
 And I would snatch an interval of rest ;

Sleep these last moments, ere the laws
 bereave thee,
 For never more thou'lt press a mother's
 breast.

LINES.

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still !"
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will ;
 Preach to the storm, and reason with
 Despair,
 But tell not Misery's son that life is fair !
 Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
 And every year with new delight hast told,
 Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd
 barge,
 Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant
 marge,
 Thou mayst extol life's calm, untroubled
 sea,
 The storms of misery never burst on thee !
 Go to the mat, where squalid want reclines,
 Go to the shade obscure, where Merit
 pines ;
 Abide with him whom penury's charms
 control,
 And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,
 Survey his sleepless couch, and, standing
 there,
 Tell the poor pallid wretch that life is fair !
 Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
 And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled :
 Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut
 eye,
 His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn
 sigh,
 His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
 And ask if Genius could inhabit there.
 Oh yes ! that sunken eye with fire once
 gleam'd,
 And rays of light from its full circlet
 stream'd ;
 But now Neglect has stung him to the core,
 And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast
 no more ;
 Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
 And added Grief compels him to the
 ground.
 Lo ! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
 The shades of death with gradual steps steal
 on ;
 And the pale mother, pining to decay,
 Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.
 Go, child of Fortune ! to his early grave,
 Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds
 wave ;
 Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
 On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.

Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is wondrous fair!
Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still
stretch'd forth,
T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee the unhappy's firm, unfailing
friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary Thought, who keep'st thy
vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call,
At this still midnight hour, this awful
season,
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome; while all around,
All, all save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the
hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few.—The sand of
life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought, and let us me-
ditate,
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the
knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to
earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and
dreary,
Though Hope for me has smil'd but to de-
ceive,
And disappointment still pursued her bland-
ishments,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—fu-
turity.
Aye, I had plann'd full many a sanguine
scheme
Of earthly happiness,—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,

Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding
hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of black oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of
Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London.—Some short bustle 's
caus'd,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all 's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless
tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured
stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
For better things!—I hop'd I should not
leave
The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
Henceforth, oh world, no more of thy de-
sires!
No more of hope! the wanton vagrant
Hope!
I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
And my tir'd soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for
Heaven.

FRAGMENT.

OH! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's de-
lusive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost dif-
fuse,
And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's
ruddy hues,
E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power
subdues.
Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth,
Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there
bloom'd,
And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering
tooth
I knew would never stay, till, all consum'd,
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.
But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as, swift,
Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest
snow,
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
Though still intelligence beam'd in the
glance,

The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
 Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
 And soon she calmly sunk in death's re-
 pugnant trance.
 Even when her end was swiftly drawing
 near,
 And dissolution hover'd o'er her head;
 Even then so beauteous did her form ap-
 pear,
 That none who saw her but admiring said,
 Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
 Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,
 Bent lowly down upon the languid—

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the West the fading day-streaks
 fly,
 And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
 Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
 And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive
 lay.
 Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I
 woo'd
 The maid of musings by yon moaning wave;
 And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which
 now renew'd,
 Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
 The busy world pursues its boisterous way,
 The noise of revelry still echoes round,
 Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;
 Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
 Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow
 cease,
 And 'neath the green-sward sleep—the sleep
 of peace!

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight.—On the globe dead slumber
 sits,
 And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;
 Save when the hollow gust, that swell by
 fits,
 In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
 I wake alone to listen and to weep,
 To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
 And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
 To think of days that never can return.
 By the pale ray I raise my languid head,
 My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
 And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with
 dread,
 Tells thou dost light me to the silent
 tomb.
 Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last
 ray
 Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment
 think,
 That we, thy children, when old age shall
 shed
 Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere should
 sink
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that
 day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold
 brink.
 Banish the thought!—where'er our steps
 may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a
 tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts
 to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful
 home;
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

YES, 'T WILL BE OVER SOON.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish my feverish brain;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unwary'd pain.
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest
 grow,—
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting ev'ning will
 soar,
 When Henry's name is heard no more
 below.
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
 They laugh in health, and future evils
 brave;
 Them shall a wife and smiling children
 bless,
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
 God of the just,—Thou gavest the bitter
 cup;
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me de-
 cay,
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day,
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy
 prey,
 O let the aërial music round my bed,

Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
 That I may bid my weeping friends good bye,
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my
 last.

THY JUDGMENTS, LORD, ARE JUST.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st
 to wear
 The face of pity, and of love divine;
 But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not
 spare,
 While heaven is true, and equity is thine.
 Yes, oh my God!—such crimes as mine, so
 dread,
 Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
 Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
 And even thy mercy dares not plead for
 me!
 Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
 Did from mine eyes the endless torrents
 flow;
 Smite—it is time—though endless death
 ensue,
 I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
 But on what spot shall fall thine anger's
 flood,
 That has not first been drench'd in Christ's
 atoning blood?

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

"Do I not feel?" The doubt is keen as steel.
 Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
 My heart can weep, when from my down-
 cast eye
 I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
 Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
 And smile the most when heaviest is my
 heart.
 On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
 'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound!
 When all was new, and life was in its spring,
 I liv'd an unlov'd solitary thing;
 Even then I learnt to bury deep from day,
 The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
 Even then I learnt for other's cares to feel;
 Even then I wept I had not power to heal:
 Even then, deep-sounding through the
 nightly gloom,
 I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd
 the wretched's doom.
 Who were my friends in youth?—The mid-
 night fire—
 The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
 To these I plained, or turn'd from outer
 sight,
 To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;

I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
 For vulgar pity mixt with vulgar scorn;
 The sacred source of woe I never ope,
 My breast's my coffer, and my God's my
 hope.
 But that I do feel, Time, my friend, will
 show,
 Though the cold crowd the secret never
 know;
 With them I laugh—yet, when no eye can see,
 I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
 Yes, thou didst wrong me, ***; I fondly
 thought,
 In thee I'd found the friend my heart had
 sought;
 I fondly thought that thou couldst pierce
 the guise,
 And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
 I fondly thought ere Time's last days were
 gone,
 Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
 Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and
 years
 Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
 We then shall feel that friendship has a
 power
 To sooth affliction in her darkest hour;
 Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
 And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

A HYMN.

O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.

And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way;
 'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! Hark! to God the Chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law;
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow!
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tir'd hedger lies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

DISCOVERED WRITTEN ON THE LEAF OF A
BOOK AND APPARENTLY LONG AFTER THE
FIRST CANTO OF

"THE CHRISTIAD."

THUS far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which
rung

With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are
o'er,

Or, when the breeze comes by moan, and are
heard no more.—

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?

Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!

I am a youthful traveller, in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile
that I am free.

* * *

COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON, a poet and physician, was born in 1707, and was a pupil of Boerhaave. He practised first at Dunstable, and next at St. Alban's. At the latter place, he had a lunatic asylum, of which Cowper was at one time an inmate. As a Poet he does not hold a high rank, but many of his productions are elegant, animated, and fraught with pure morality. He died in 1788.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, was the son of Captain Byron, and was born at Dover, January 22, 1788; he was the sixth in descent from his ancestor, Sir John Byron, who received the estate of Newstead as a grant from king Henry VIII. Deserted by her husband, who had squandered her fortune, Mrs. Byron retired with her son to Aberdeen, where she lived in perfect seclusion. Lord Byron was placed in the grammar school of that city; but, in 1798, he became possessed of the family title and estates, in consequence of the death of his great Uncle, who left no issue, when he was placed under the guardianship of Lord Carlisle, who sent him to Harrow. His health was very delicate, and his studies frequently interrupted. He evinced an early love of liberty, and independence, and a fixed aversion to control; which disposition often exposed him to animadversion during his career at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. On leaving Cambridge he resided at Newstead Abbey, and soon after published his "Hours of Idleness." This volume gave undoubted indications of talent, but was most severely and unjustly censured by the "Edinburgh Review." Lord Byron did not quietly submit to this criticism but retorted by his celebrated satire of "English bards and Scotch Reviewers," which rendered them objects of public laughter. At this time he met with a great disappointment; as, Miss Chaworth for whom he had contracted an early ardent attachment, married another. His course of life was now marked by extravagance and dissipation; a career equally injurious to his fortune and health. On coming of age he took his seat in the house of peers; but never delivered more than three speeches. To extricate himself from the Circean snares by which he was surrounded he resolved to travel with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, and visited Spain, Portugal and Greece. After an absence of two years he returned, and gave to the world the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage". This was quickly followed by "The Giaour;" "The Bride of Abydos;" "Lara," etc., and the noble bard became the poetical idol of the day. On January 1815 he married Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel; but this unhappy union was terminated by a final separation after the birth of a daughter. He again quitted England, and continually changed his place of residence. During this period he published in rapid succession the productions of his powerful and versatile muse; sometimes, replete with the purity of taste, imbued with noble sentiments and chivalric feelings; at other times, filled with vulgarity and licentiousness. In 1823 he resolved to devote his fortune, pen, and sword to the cause of the Greeks who were now struggling for freedom. No sooner was he called into action than he was attacked by a fever which terminated his life, at Messolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824; in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was deeply regretted by the Greeks by whom he was venerated for his personal exertions and pecuniary aid. It is seldom that such contradictory qualities appear in a character, as were displayed in that of Lord Byron. Possessing the power of reasoning beyond most men, he was capricious and undecided; with a poetic taste that approached the sublime, his writings are sometimes tinctured with reckless profligate sentiments which have proved the source of many unmoral consequences in others.

GOOD NIGHT.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the water blue!
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page¹
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly,
 More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;²
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above."

"My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again."—

"Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry."

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,³
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?"—

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek."

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?"—

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away."

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;

My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands."

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native Land—Good Night!"

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO I.

PARNASSUS.

OH, thou Parnassus!¹ whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native
 sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his
 string,
 Though from thy heights no more one
 Muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious
 name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest
 lore:

And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
 I tremble and can only bent the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on
 thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards have
 been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their
 lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it
 not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his
 grot,

¹ These stanzas were written in Castri, at the
 foot of Parnassus, now called Liakura, Dec. 1809.

¹ This "little page" was Robert Rushton, the son
 of one of Lord Byron's tenants.

² Seeing that the boy was "sorrowful" at the
 separation from his parents, Lord Byron, on reaching
 Gibraltar, sent him back to England under the care
 of his old servant Joe Murray.

³ William Fletcher, the faithful valet;—who after
 a service of twenty years ("during which," he says,
 "his Lord was more to him than a father,") received
 the *Pilgrim's* last words at Messolonghi, and did not
 quit his remains, until he had seen them deposited
 in the family vault at Hucknall. This unsophisticated
 "yeoman" was a constant source of pleasantry to his
 master.

And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their
grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon me-
lodious wave.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO I.

SOLITUDE.

NONE are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a
tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy
heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all un-
seen,
With the wild flock that never needs a
fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to
lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view
her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we
can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from dis-
tress!
None that, with kindred consciousness en-
dued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the
less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and
sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO II.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes, which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;¹
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure
meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet—

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in
once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's
opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear;

And when they smile because he deem'd it
near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too
well,

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody
bier,²

And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell:

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own love-
liness;

And there were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who would
guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
steed,

The mustering squadron, and the cladding
car,

¹ On the night previous to the action, it is said,
that a ball was given at Brussels.

² The father of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell
at Quatre Bras, received his death-wound at Jena.

Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror
dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gather-
ing" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes;—

How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills

Savage and shrill! But with the breath
which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers

With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,

And Evan's, Donald's¹ fame rings in each
clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall

grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the
day

Battle's magnificently-sterne array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which

when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and

pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
burial blent!

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO III.

¹ Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty five."

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings ex-
pand

Around me and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land

Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice state in state, throned on
her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers

At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:

And such she was;—her daughters had their
dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East

Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their
dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;

Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is
here.

States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not
die,

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,

The revel of the earth, the masque of
Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array

Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms de-
spond

Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Our is a trophy which will not decay

With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept away—

The keystones of the arch! though all were
o'er,

For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO IV.

ROME.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease
to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had
pour'd
Her orison's for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou
wed!

The husband of a year! the father of the
dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment
made;

Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her; and though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and
bless'd

Her and her hoped—for seed, whose promise
seem'd

Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'twas but
a meteor beam'd.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reck of popular breath the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath
rung

Its knell in princely ears till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange
fate

Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns and
hath flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes
soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother,—and now
there!

How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's
breast

Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and
oppress

The land which loved thee so, that none
could love thee best.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO IV.

REMORSE.

THE Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,

And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within its death!

THE GIAOUR.

KNOW YE THE LAND.

Know ye the land where the cypress and
myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in
their clime,

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of
the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to
crime?

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams
ever shine:

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd
with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the garden's of Gúl¹ in her
bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of
fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is
mute;

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues
of the sky,

In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they
twine

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of
the Sun—

Can he smile on such deeds as his children
have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS. CANTO I.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

A FABLE.

Sonnet on Chillon.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—

¹ "Gúl," the rose.

The heart which love of thee alone can
bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are con-
sign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyr-
dom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas
trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a
sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks
efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way.
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free.)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;

I only lived,—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had no strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no
 crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery:
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track,
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the
 while

Which made me both to weep and smile;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain.
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend

To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below.
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,¹
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast.
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade;

¹ Between the entrances of the Rhone and Ville-neuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees, and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not so resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home
with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them
less.

A strange doom is thy father's son's and
past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate¹ of
yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to
screen

My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their
reward;

My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which
marr'd

The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd
astray;

And I at times have found the struggle
hard,

And thought of shaking off my bonds of
clay:

But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

¹ Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have
roll'd

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still
uphold

A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase
pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to
bear,)

Have taught me a strange quiet, which was
not

The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers,
and brooks,

Which do remember me of where I dwelt,
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to
books,

Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like
thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which
create

A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes in-
spire:

Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most de-
sire,

And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh, that thou wert but with me!—but I
grow

The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may
show;—

I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no
more.

Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;

Sad havoc Time must with my memory
make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes be-
fore;

Though, like all things which I have loved,
they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; but I ask,
Of Nature that with which she will com-
ply—

It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My Sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I
see

Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would
have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not
wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with
Fame;

And yet they came unsought, and with me
grew,
And made me all which they can make—a
name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone be-
fore.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the
prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me
by.

And for the remnant which may be to
come,

I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded
sum

Of struggles, happiness at times would
steal,

And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal

That with all this I still can look around
And worship Nature with a thought
profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow de-
cline
We are entwined—let death come slow or
fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the
last!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,
COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR
TO HIM.

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening
gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the
grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's
tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation
beam'd:
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey;
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life re-
deem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of
fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief
reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would re-
late.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirits
soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of
day;
And weeping angels lead her to those
bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds
repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven
arraign,
And madly godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous
face;

Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the
hollow winds whistle;
Thou the hall of my fathers, art gone to
decay;
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and
thistle
Have chocked up the rose which late
bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to
battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Pales-
tine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every
blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that re-
main.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-string-
ing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for a war-
laurell'd wreath;
Near Askalon's towers John of Horistan
slumbers;
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by
death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of
Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England
they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress
ye;
How you fought, how you died; still her
annals can tell.

On Marston,¹ with Rupert,² 'gainst traitors
contending
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood
the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch their country
defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty
seal'd.

Shades of heroes farewell! your descendant,
departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you
adieu!

¹ The battle of Marston Moor, where the ad-
herents of Charles I. were defeated.

² Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to
Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the
reign of Charles II.

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance im-
parting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and
you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad sepa-
ration,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his re-
gret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emu-
lation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can
forget.

That fame and that memory, still will he
cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your
renown:
Like you will he live, or like you will he
perish:
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust
with your own.

1803.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

DORSET!¹ whose early steps with mine have
stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful
band
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;
Thee, on whose head a few short years will
shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the
throne.

Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may
raise,

View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the
knee

To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to
fawn,—

When these declare, "that pomp alone should
wait

On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging
fools,

That gallant spirits scorn the common
rules;"

Believe them not;—they point the path to
shame,

And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the
wrong;

Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of
truth,
Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy,
forbear;

For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing
day,

But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous
mind

A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.

Ah! though myself, by nature haughty,
wild,

Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite
child;

Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now
can tame,

I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of
power,

To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page
beside;

Then share with titled crowds the common
lot—

In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar
dead,

Except the dull cold stone that hides thy
head,

The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's
roll,

That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may
find

One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their
faults,

A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.

Fain would I view thee, with prophetic
eyes,

Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:

Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires dis-
play.

¹ George John Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset,
born November 15, 1793.

One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama
forth.

Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates
fit;

Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering
throng,

The pride of princes, and the boast of song.
Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their
name;

Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will
close

To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace and Friendship
all were mine:

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's
hue,

And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only
tell;

Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native
shore,

Receding slowly through the dark-blue
deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot
weep.

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful
mind

Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace be-
hind.

And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same
sphere,

Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other
by,

With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace

The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known
voice:

Still if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it
ought,

If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd
strain—

Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in
vain,

The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee
great. 1805.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW-ON-THE- HILL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved re-
collection

Embitters the present, compared with the
past;

Where science first dawn'd on the powers
of reflection,

And friendships were form'd, too roman-
tic to last;

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resem-
blance

Of comrades, in friendship and mischief
allied;

How welcome to me your ne'er-fading re-
membrance,

Which rests in the bosom, though hope
is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields
where we fought;

The school where, loud warn'd by the bell,
we resorted,

To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues
taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have pon-
der'd,

As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I
lay;

Or round the steep brow of the churchyard
I wander'd,

To catch the last gleam of the sun's set-
ting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators
surrounded,

Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'er-
thrown;

While, to swell my young pride, such ap-
plauses resounded,

—I fancied that Mossop¹ himself was out-
shone.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep im-
precation,

By my daughters, of kingdom and reason
deprived;

Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

¹ Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I re-
 gret you!
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my
 breast;
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget
 you:
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy
 possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore
 me,
 While fate shall the shades of the future
 unroll!
 Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect
 before me,
 More dear is the beam of the past to my
 soul.

But if, through the course of the years
 which await me,
 Some new scene of pleasure should open
 to view,
 I will say, while with rapture the thought
 shall elate me,
 "Oh! such were the days which my in-
 fancy knew!"

1806.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

THE TEAR.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies
 move,
 When Truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
 To mask detestation or fear;
 Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-
 telling eye
 Is dimm'd for a Time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is
 felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of
 the gale,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave which may soon
 be his grave
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful
 wreath
 In Glory's romantic career;
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to
 his bride,
 Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
 All his toils are repaid when, embracing the
 maid,
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! seat of Friend-
 ship and Truth,
 Where love chased each fast-fleeting
 year,
 Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last
 look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a
 Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary
 no more,
 My Mary to Love once so dear;
 In the shade of her bower I remember the
 hour
 She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she live ever blest!
 Her name still my heart must revere:
 With a sigh I resign what I once thought
 was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I de-
 part,
 This hope to my breast is most near:
 If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
 May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the re-
 gions of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier,
 As ye pass by the tomb, where my ashes
 consume,
 Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of
 woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear;
 No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
 All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26, 1806.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."¹

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's waves;
 Yet some shall never be forgot—
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

¹ Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," etc.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length an useless fane;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within;

Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh, point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek, —
Thy laws in Nature's works appear; —
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's
space;

Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,
 While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
 Though doom'd no more to quit the
 dead.

To Thee I breathe, my humble strain,
 Grateful for all thy mercies past,
 And hope my God, to thee again
 This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon¹ pride
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound!
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
 I ask but this—again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known
 before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er design'd for me:
 Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be?
 Once I beheld a splendid dream,
 A visionary scene of bliss:
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:
 How cheerless feels the heart alone,
 When all its former hopes are dead!
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or
 power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour.

¹ Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away and be at rest.¹

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.²

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each
 other,
 The friendships of childhood, though fleet-
 ing, are true;
 The love which you felt was the love of a
 brother,
 No less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle domi-
 nion;
 The attachment of years in a moment ex-
 pires:
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift waving
 pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquench-
 able fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida
 together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth,
 I allow:
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the
 weather!
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering
 now.

No more with affection shall memory blend-
 ing,
 The wonted delights of our childhood
 retrace:

¹ "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away, and be at rest." PSALM LV, 6.

² George John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born Oct. 26, 1781, succeeded his father, John Richard, July 28, 1795.

When pride steels the bosom, the heart is
unbending,
And what would be justice appears a
disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must
esteem you—

The few whom I love I can never up-
braid—

The chance which has lost may in future
redeem you,

Repentance will cancel the vow you have
made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is
affection,

With me no corroding resentment shall
live:

My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both
should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my
existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your
own;

You knew me unalter'd by years or by
distance,

Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retro-
spection!

The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond re-
collection,

And sigh for the friend who was formerly
yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not
for ever;

For time and regret will restore you at
last:

To forget our dissension we both should
endeavour,

I ask no atonement, but days like the
past.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF HARROW.

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches
sigh,

Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless
sky;

Where now alone I muse, who oft have
trod,

With those I loved, thy soft and verdant
sod;

With those who, scatter'd far, perchance
deplore,

Like me, the happy scenes they knew be-
fore:

Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee
still,

Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs
I lay,

And frequent mused the twilight hours
away;

Where, as they once were wont, my limbs
recline,

But, ah! without the thoughts which then
were mine:

How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,

And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last
farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd
breast,

And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying
hour,—

If aught may soothe when life resigns her
power,—

To know some humbler grave, some narrow
cell,

Would hide my bosom where it loved to
dwell;

With this fond dream, methinks, 't were
sweet to die—

And here it linger'd, here my heart might
lie;

Here might I sleep where all my hopes
arose,

Scene of my youth, and couch of my re-
pose;

For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling
shade,

Press'd by the turf where once my child-
hood play'd;

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I
loved,

Mix'd with the earth o'er which my foot-
steps moved;

Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youth-
ful ear,

Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged
here;

Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,

Still for ever, fare *thee well*:

Even though unforgiving, never

'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

DOMESTIC PIECES.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the day of my destiny 's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was ac-
quainted,
I shrink not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted,
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not con-
temn—

They may torture, but shall not subdue
me—

'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst
shake,—

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it cost me,
I could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath
perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall

It hath taught me that what I most
cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirits of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

DOMESTIC PIECES.

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in
the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer
than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would
flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle en-
twine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's
years,
On the land of my father's I rear'd thee
with pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with
my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround
thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal
hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is
the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade
thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy
wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a Stranger
would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a
while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall
run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to
smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are
done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the
weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist
thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty
display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of
death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may
shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's
breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly
wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy
laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter
his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in
thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this
spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly
to tread.

Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be for-
got:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of
the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's
glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young
simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments
of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

ON REVISITING HARROW.

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more
That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever!

September, 1807.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST
PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

1808.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY
SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of my tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,
AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,

Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow, before I go,
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.¹

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone
Though I fly to Istambol,²
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall
sink:

My thoughts their dungeon know too
well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

September, 1813.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

¹ Romaic expression of tenderness: It means:
"My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in
all languages.

² Constantinople.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of
 my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her
 name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her
 story
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my
 fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd
 me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me
 too far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread
 me thus lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war!
 Farewell to thee, France!—when thy dia-
 dem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of
 earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as
 I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy
 worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles
 were won,—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment
 was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's
 sun!
 Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty
 rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me
 then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy
 valleys;

Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it
 again—
 Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that sur-
 round us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my
 voice—

There are links which must break in the chain
 that has bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy
 choice!

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names un-
 known,
 Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it
 might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory
 task'd
 Through the thick deaths of half a cen-
 tury?
 And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not
 know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims
 so;
 He died before my day of Sextonship,
 And I had not the digging of this grave."
 And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
 The veil of Immortality? and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
 So soon, and so successful? As I said
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's
 thought,
 Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers;—as he
 caught
 As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
 Thus spoke he,—“I believe the man of
 whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their
 way
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
 Your honour pleases,”—then most pleased
 I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could
 spare

So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would
tell.

You are the fools, not I,—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd
eye,

On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name!

Diodati, 1816.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THEY say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first—they set the last.

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

July 1817.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

HEBREW MELODIES.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

HEBREW MELODIES.

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the
 dead!

Away! ye know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

HEBREW MELODIES.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue:
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an eminent Poet, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Sussex, was born at Field-place, in that county, in 1792. He was sent to Eton, where owing to his excentricity of character, he violated the rules of the school, and was removed to Oxford, much before the usual period. Here a continued course of youthful irregularities, and an open avowal of atheism occasioned his expulsion; which, added to an ill-assorted marriage totally estranged his family from him. On the birth of a boy and girl, he separated from his wife, who died shortly after. He then married Miss Godwin, Daughter of the Author of "Political Justice," and retired to Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote his "Revolt of Islam." He repaired to Italy with his second wife, and renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron. He was drowned in the wreck of his own sailing-boat in a violent storm, on his return from Leghorn to his house, on the gulf of Lerici, July 8, 1822. Fifteen days afterwards his body was discovered, and according to his request, which he had so frequently expressed to his friend Byron, was burnt on the sea-shore, and the ashes conveyed to Rome, where they are interred in the burial ground near the pyramid of Caius Cestus. He was a man of splendid talent, and endowed with a highly poetical mind; but his productions are unfortunately blighted by the pestilential miasma of infidelity.

^ "Cor Cordium"

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

WRITTEN IN 1820.

PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the
 light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
 And each flower and herb on Earth's dark
 breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with
 bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
 Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's
 sweet want,

As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mixed with fresh
 odour, sent

From the turf, like the voice and the in-
 strument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip
 tall,

And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour, within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath adorned,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberoses,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide
and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which drooping as day drooped too,

Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds, which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing
face
Told whilst the morn kissed the sleep from
her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than
Paradise:

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and
dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she
died!

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened,
were,

Or the waves of the Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and
slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low.

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the
grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did
pass;

From their sighs the wind caught a mourn-
ful tone,
And sate in the pines and gave groan for
groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its
soul;

Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noon-day sun looked clear and
bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf, and the moss below.

The lilies were drooping, and white, and
wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man,

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day by day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey,
and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is
dead,

Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind
past;

Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged
seeds

Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's
stem,

Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken
stalks

Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bow-
ers

Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with
many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's
back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels
loath,

Filled the place with a monstrous under-
growth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and
blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and
mould,

Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-
snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to
kill:

At morn they were seen, at noon they were
felt,

At night they were darkness no star could
melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noon-day
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches
soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every
pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a
sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-
throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living
death,
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath:
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and
bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs
again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and
stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came
back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and
docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined
charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCH-YARD.

LECHDALE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmo-
sphere
Each vapour that obscured the sun-set's
ray;
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes
of day:
Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest
glen.

They breathe their spells towards the de-
parting day,
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and
sea;
Light, sound, and motion own the potent
sway,
Responding to the charm with its own
mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower
grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they
pass.

Thou too, ærial Pile! whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,

And flowers azure, black, and streaked with
gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple
prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and
bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own wa-
tery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep
green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober
sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way,
That the same hues, which in their natural
bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and
gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to
whom?

TO-MORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and
weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.
In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just be-
gun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven
is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of me-
lody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows
her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen
it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so di-
vine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hid-
den want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what igno-
rance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crys-
tal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come
near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listen-
ing now.

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and
flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
shore;
Treachorous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

THE ISLE.

THERE was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun, nor showers, nor breeze,
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

THE OPENING.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep,
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep!
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud,
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

CHARACTERISTICS OF AUTUMN.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is
wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flow-
ers are dying,
And the year,

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of
leaves dead,

Is lying;
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her se-
pulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is
crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knell-
ing

For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the li-
zards each gone

To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on
tear.



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